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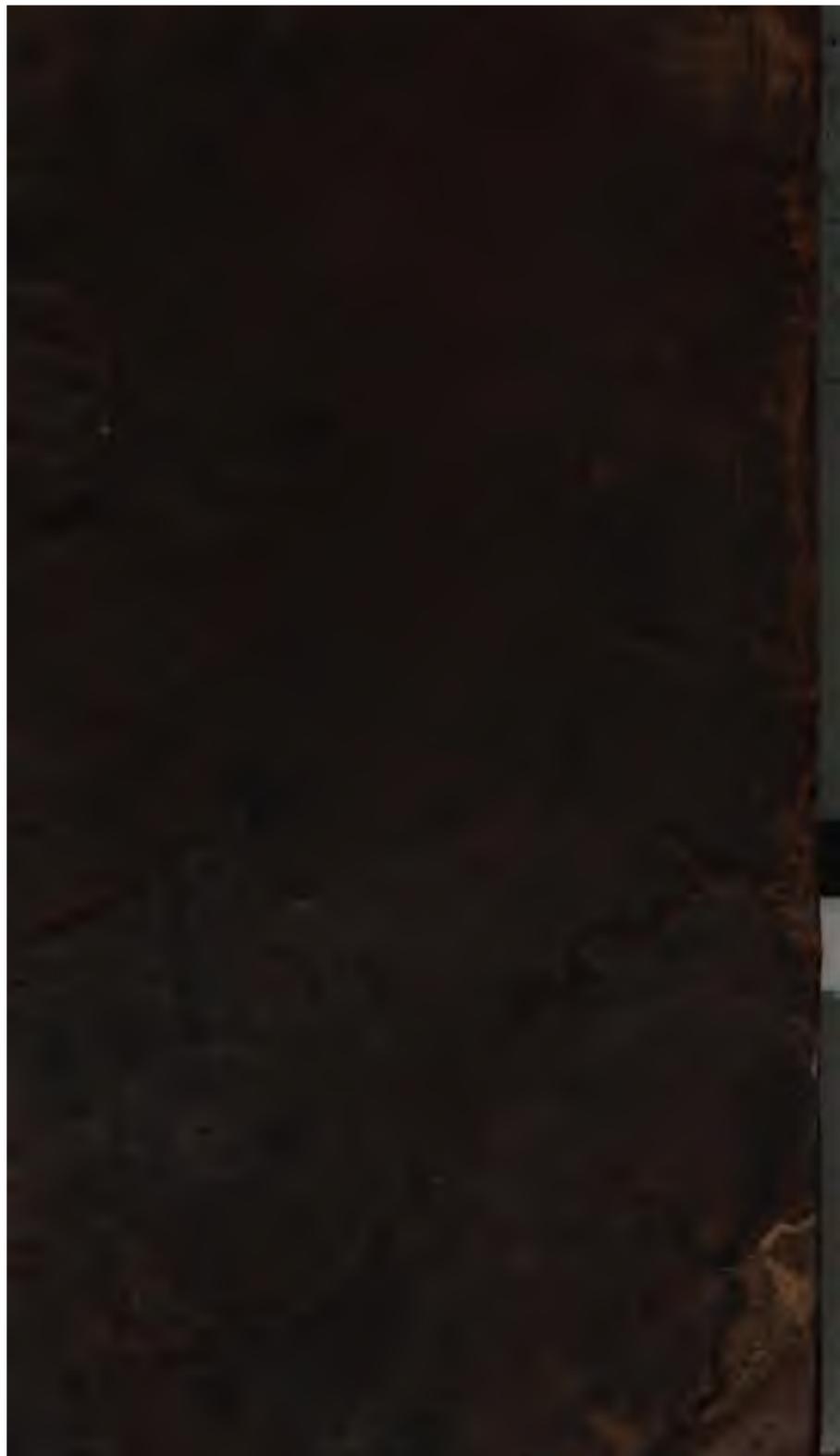
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*Mr. Samuel Butler*

# *HUDIBRAS.*

In THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

# *LATE WARS.*

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

# *ADDITIONS.*

---

To which is added

# *ANNOTATIONS,*

With an Exact

# *INDEX to the Whole.*

---

*Adorn'd with a new Set of Cuts, from the  
Designs of Mr. HOGARTH.*

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## *DUBLIN:*

Printed by S. POWELL,

For R. GUNNE, G. RISK, G. EWING, and W. SMITH,  
M DCC XXXII.





or: a

TO THE

# READER.



ŒTA nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Natural Genius and Propensity to so noble and sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe, that many very Learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themselves obnoxious to that Satirical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes:

Which made them, tho' it were in spight  
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

iv      To the R E A D E R.

On the other Side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endowed with a large Share of Nature, Shakespeare, D<sup>r</sup> Avenant, &c. have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they liv'd in. But as these last are, Raræ Aves in Terris ; so when the Muses have not disdain'd the Assistanes of other Arts and Sciences, we are then blest with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a Kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with H O R A C E have said,

Exegi Monumentum Aere perennius;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis Ira, nec Ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax aboler<sup>e</sup> Vetustas.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem was of this last Composition ; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, througbout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplish'd in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

RAPIN (in his Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us, he must have a Genius extraordinary ;

## To the READER.

v

*ty, great Natural Gifts; a Wit, just fruit-  
ful, piercing, solid and universal; an Un-  
derstanding, clear and distinct; an Imagina-  
tion, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of  
Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study,  
but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must  
be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity;  
Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and  
Vivacity for the beautiful Expression of  
them, &c.*

*Now, how justly this Character is due to  
our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader,  
and those of nicer Judgments, who had the  
Happiness to be more intimately acquainted  
with him.*

*The Reputation of this Incomparable Po-  
em is so thoroughly establish'd in the World,  
that it would be superfluous, if not imperti-  
nent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it.  
King CHARLES II. whom the Judici-  
ous Part of Mankind will readily acknow-  
ledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so  
great an Admirer of it, that he would often  
pleasantly quote it in his Conversation: How-  
ever, since most Men have a Curiosity to have  
some Account of such Anonymous Authors,  
whose Compositions have been Eminent for  
Wit or Learning; I have been desired to ob-  
lige them with such Informations, as I could*

receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the Mistakes of the Oxford *Antiquary*, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.





THE  
AUTHOR'S  
LIFE.

**S**AMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of *Strensham*, in the County of *Worcester*, and baptized there the 13th of *Feb.* 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he liv'd. However, perceiving in this Son an early Inclination to Learning, he made a Shift to have him educated in the Free-School at *Worcester*, under Mr.

viii      *The Author's Life.*

*Henry Bright*; where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little Time to *Cambridge*, but was never matriculated into that University, his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author return'd soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. *Jefferys* of *Earls-Croom*, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that Country, with whom he liv'd some Years, in an easy and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that noble Art, for which also he was afterwards entirely belov'd by Mr. *Samuel Cooper*, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was, after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, *Elizabeth Countess of Kent*, where he had not only the Opportunity to consult all Man-

Manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd some Time also with Sir *Samuel Luke*, who was of an ancient Family in *Bedfordshire*; but, to his Dishonour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper *Oliver Cromwell*, and then it was, as I am inform'd, he composed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate, more than Choice, seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks, yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisy, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restoration of King *Charles II.* those who were at the Helm, minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of *Juvenal* to be exactly verify'd in himself:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,  
Res Angusta Domi :

A. 5

And

x      *The Author's Life.*

And being endued with that innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to *Richard Earl of Carbury*, Lord President of the Principality of *Wales*, who made him Steward of *Ludlow-Castle*, when the Court there was reviv'd. About this Time, he married one Mrs. *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our *Oxford* Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Securities, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary to have been Secretary to his Grace *George Duke of Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor to the University of *Cambridge*; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that *Mecænas*. of all Learned and Witty Men, *Charles Lord Buckhurst*, the late Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a signal Instance,

as.

as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the great Vulgar or the small.

And having thus liv'd to a good old Age, admir'd by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L — vil of the T — le, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, at the West End of the said Yard, on the North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me Leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of *Michael Drayton* the Poet, as the Author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me.

And tho' no Monument can claim.  
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;  
*This Work*, which ne'er will die, shall be  
An Everlasting Monuinent to thee.

The

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murder'd the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisy, Novelty and Nonsense, might be predominant amongt us; and overthrew our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make Way for their *Blessed Anarchy and Confusion*, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not See*; so those who are not resolv'd to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. *Fowlis* of Presbytery, and Mr. *Walker* of Independence; but more especially to that incomparable History lately publish'd, wrote by *Edward Earl of Clarendon*, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbias'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wish, these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reflected on, which are not commonly

ly known, and some old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the less learned Readers, to explain them in some Additional Annotations at the End of this Edition.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success, I leave the Readers to judge: In the Year 63, there came out a spurious Book, call'd, *The Second Part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of *Whacum*, towards the latter End of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the *Dusch and Scotch Hudibras*, *Butler's Ghost*, the *Occasional Hypocrite*, and some others of the same Nature, which compar'd with this, (*Virgil Travesty* excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd *ad Ficum & Piperem*; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into *Latin*, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the *English* Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following *Similes* I have heard were done by the learned Dr. *Harmer*, once *Greek Professor at Oxon.*

*So learned Taliacotius from, &c.*

Sic adscitios nasos de clune torosi  
Vectoris, doctâ secuit *Taliacotius Arte* :  
Qui potuere parem durando æquare Parentem.  
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsum  
Una sympatheticum cœpit tabescere Rostrum.

*So Wind in the Hypocondres pent, &c.*

Sic Hypocondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura  
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum.  
Sed si summa petat, montisq; invalerit arcem.  
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

*So Lawyers, left the Bear Defendant, &c.*

Sic Legum mystæ, ne forsan Pax foret, Ursam  
Inter furantem se se, Actoremque molossum;  
Faucibus injicunt clavos dentesque refigunt.  
Luctantesque canes coris, femorisque revellunt.  
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,  
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.  
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,  
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.  
Ejâ ! agite ô cives, iterumque in prælia tradunt.

There are some Verses, which, for  
Reason of State, easy to be guess'd at,  
were thought fit to be omitted in the first  
Impression, as these which follow :

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard,  
To make good Subjects Traitors, strain hard?

Was

Was not the King, by Proclamation,  
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther Curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains*, which are in the Custody of Mr. L—vil; but not having the Happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in Hand,  
To plant a Church in barren Land :  
Nor ever thought it worth the while,  
A Swede or Russ to reconcile,  
For where there is no Store of Wealth,  
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health ;  
Spain in *America* had two Designs,  
To sell their Gospel for their Mines.  
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,  
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.  
Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,  
Which had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The *Oxford* Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsly, as he says, to be *William Pryn's*: The one entituled, *Mola Afinaria* : Or, *The Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen, press'd upon the Shouders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. • *London*, 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The

xvi      *The Author's Life.*

The other, Two Letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other, Pryn's Answer; in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, on *Du Vall*, a Notorious Highway-man, said to be wrote by our Author; but how truly, I know not..



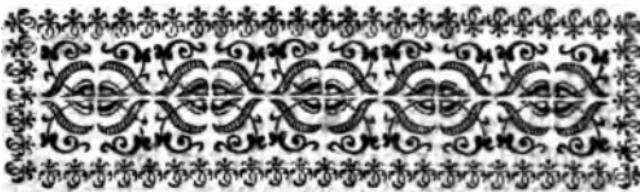
*HUDI-*



P. 16



P. S. Sculps



# HUDIBRAS.

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## The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing Worke,  
The Manner how he sally'd forth ;  
His Arms and Equipage are shwon ;  
His Horses Virtues, and his own.  
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the Middle.*

---

## CANTO I.

---

**W**HEN civil Dudgeon first grew high,  
And Men fell out they knew not why ;  
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears,

[When civil Dudgeon, &c.] Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the last Edition of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse ; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word so proper in that place, as Dudgeon is, for that of Fury, as it is in the last Editions : To take in Dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, a sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

And.

5 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,  
 For Dame *Religion* as for Punk :  
 Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,  
 Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :  
 When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded  
 10 With long-ear'd Rout to Battle sounded,  
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,  
 Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick :  
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon Dwelling,  
 And out he rode a Colonaelling.

15 A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd  
 Entitle him, *Mirrour of Knighthood* ;  
 That never bow'd his stubborn Knee  
 To any thing but Chivalry ;  
 Nor put up Blow, but that which laid

20 Right-Worshipful on Shoulder-Blade :  
 Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,  
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant :  
 Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,  
 That cou'd as well bind o'er, as waddle :  
 25 Mighty he was at both of these,  
 And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.  
 (So some Rats of amphibious Nature,  
 Are either for the Land or Water.)  
 But here our Authors make a Doubt,  
 30 Whether he were more Wise or Stout.  
 Some hold the one, and some the other ;  
 But howoe'er they make a Pother.  
 The Diff'rence was so small, his Brain  
 Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain ;  
 35 Which made some take him for a Tool  
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

24 *That cou'd as well, &c.*] Bind over to the Sessions, as  
 being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colo-  
 nel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and  
 a Committee-Man.

For't has been held by many, that  
*As Montaigne*, playing with his Cat,  
 Complains she thought him but an Ass,  
 40 Much more she wou'd Sir *Hudibras* ;  
 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight  
 To all his Challenges did write.)  
 But they're mistaken very much,  
 'Tis plain enough he was no such :  
 45 We grant, altho' he had much Wit,  
 H' was very shy of using it ;  
 As being loth to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about,  
 Unless on Holy-days, or so,  
 50 As Men their best Apparel do.  
 Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak *Greek*  
 As naturally as Pigs squeak :  
 That *Latin* was no more difficult,  
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle :  
 55 Being rich in both he never scanted  
 His Bounty unto such as wanted ;  
 But much of either wou'd afford  
 To many, that had not one Word.  
 For *Hebrew Roots*, altho' they're found  
 60 To flourish most in barren Ground,  
 He had such Plenty, as suffic'd  
 To make some think him Circumcis'd :

And

38 *As Montaigne, &c.*] *Montaigne*, in his *Essays*, supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his Time in playing with her.

62 *To make some, &c.*] Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment ; for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps,  
 Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.*

Are thus changed :

*And truly so perhaps he was,  
 'Tis many a pious Christian's Case.*

THE

And truly so he was, perhaps,  
Not as a Proteylete, but for Claps.

65 He was in *Logick* a great Critick,  
Profoundly skill'd in *Analytick* ;  
He cou'd distinguish, and divide  
A *Hair* 'twixt *Souih* and *South-West* side ;  
On either which he wou'd dispute,

70 Confute, change Hands, and still confute ;  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse ;  
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,  
And that a *Lord* may be an *Owl* ;

75 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Justice*,  
And *Rooks* *Committee*-*Men* and *Trustees*.  
He'd run in *Debt* by *Disputation*,  
And pay with *Ratiocination*.  
All this by *Syllogism*, true

80 In *Mood* and *Figure*, he wou'd do.  
For *Rhetorick*, he cou'd not ope  
His Mouth, but out there flew a *Trope* :

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a strange Reason why *Moses* impos'd the Law of Circumcision on the *Jews*, which how untrue soever, I will give the learned Reader an Account of, without translation, as I fin'd it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend Mr *William Baxter*, the great Restorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon Lib. L

*Curtis* ; quia pellicula immuniti sunt ; quia *Moses* Rex *Judeorum*, cuius *Legibus* regnatur, negligenter oculis medicinaliter effectus est & ne solus esset mortalis, omnes circumcidit valuit. *Vet. Schol.* Vocem oculis que incisitia Librarii excaderat separauimus ex conjectura, uti & medicinaliter effectus pro medicinalis effectu que nihil erant. Quis miretur eiusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excusse ? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra quinta haec habet ; *Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.*

66 Profoundly skill'd, &c.c.] *Analitique* is a Part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

And

And when he happen'd to break off  
 I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,  
 85 H' had hard Words, ready to shew Why,  
 And tell what Rules he did it by.  
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk :  
 For all a *Rhetorician's* Rules  
 90 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.  
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech  
 In Loftiness of Sound was rich ;  
 A *Babylonish* Dialect,  
 Which learned Pedants much affect ;  
 95 It was a party-colour'd Dreis  
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd Languages :  
 'Twas *English* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,  
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.  
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,  
 100 As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one ;  
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*,  
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce  
 A Leash of Languages at once.  
 105 This he as volubly would vent,  
 As if his Stock would ne'er be spent :  
 And truly, to support that Charge,  
 He had Supplies as vast and large :

99 *A Babylonish*, &c.] A Confusion of Languages, such as some of our Modern *Virtuosi* us'd to express themselves in.

103 *Or Cerberus himself*, &c.] *Cerberus*, a Name which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which they feign'd Door-Keeper of Hell, that caref'd the unfortunate Souls sent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again ; yet *Hercules* ty'd him up and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come ; which receive, and as it were devour all Things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that Heroick Actions are always victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

Where Truth in Person does appear,  
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

He knew what's what, and that's as high,

150 As Metaphysick Wit can fly.

In School-Divinity as able

As he that Hight Irrefragable;

A second Thomas, or at once,

To name them all, another Duns:

Profound

148 *Like Words congeal'd, &c.*] Some report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

151 *In School-Divinity as able,*  
*As be that Hight Irrefragable, &c.*

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Serpenticus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Vessi Etymolog. Baillot Jugemens de Scarron*, & *Peffevre's Apparatus*.

153 *A Second Thomas, or at once,*  
*To name them all, another Duns.*

*Thomas Aquinas*, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new modell'd the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most Illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John XXII*. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several Times printed.

*Johannes Dunscoetus* was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The *English* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The *English* say, he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* alledge he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called *Dunscoetus*: *Moreni*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

*Sextus*

155 Profound in all the Nominal  
 And Real Ways beyond them all ;  
 For he a Rope of Sand cou'd twist  
 As tough as Learned Sorbonist ;  
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull

160 That's empty when the Moon is full ;  
 Such as take Lodgings in a Head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He cou'd raife Scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a Trice,

165 As if Divinity had catch'd  
 The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne*, Novem. 8. 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in *Phyficks*, *Metaphysicks*, *Mathematicks* and *Astronomy* ; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures : That when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin ; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Oppofer of *Thomas Aquina's* Doctrine ; and, for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also, that an old Punter always called him the *Latby Doctor*.

158 *As tough as, &c.* ] *Sorbon* was the first and most considerable Collège of the University of *Paris* ; founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis* by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the Persuasion of the Learned *Alcynes*, who was one of the first Professors there ; since which Time it has been very famous. This College has been rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal *Ricbliu*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*. Those which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Sorbon*. *Claud. Hemeritus de Acad. Paris Secondam*, in *Annal.*

170 *Or, like a Mountebank, did wond  
And therself with Doubts profound,  
Only to shew what how small Pain*

175 *The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;  
Altho' by wond Proof we find,  
They always leave a Scar behind.  
He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
Coul'd tell in what Degree it lies :*

180 *And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it,  
Below the Moon, or else above it.  
What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride  
Came from her Closet in his Side :  
Whether the Devil tempted her*

185 *185 By a High-Dutch Interpreter :  
1: either of them had a Navel :  
Who first made Musick malleable :  
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,  
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.*

190 *All this, without a Glosse or Comment,  
He cou'd unriddle in a Moment,  
In proper Terms such as Men smatter,  
When they throw out and miss the Matter.  
For his Religion it was fit*

*190 To match his Learning and his Wit :*

173 *He knew, &c : There's nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise : Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them in the Beginning of his *History of the World* ; where those, who are unsatisfy'd, may be fully inform'd.*

180 *180 By a High-Dutch, &c. : *Geopius Bezenus* endeavours to prove, that *High-Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.*

181 *If either of, &c. : *Adam* and *Eve* being made, and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.*

182 *Who first made, &c. : Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.*

*"Twas*

'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blue,  
 For he was of that stubborn Crew  
 Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant  
 To be the true Church *Militant* :

195 Such as do build their Faith upon  
 The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun* ;  
 Decide all Controversy by  
 Infallible *Artillery* ;  
 And prove their Doctrine *Orthodox*

200 By Apostolick *Blows* and *Knocks* ;  
 Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolation,  
*A godly thorough Reformation*,  
 Which always must be carry'd on,  
 And still be doing, never done :

205 As if Religion were intended,  
 For nothing else but to be mended.  
 A Sect whose chief Devotion lies  
 In odd perverse Antipathies :  
 In falling out with that or this,

210 And finding somewhat still amiss :  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,  
 Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick.  
 That with more Care keep Holy-day  
 The wrong, than others the right Way :

215 Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to,  
 By damning those they have no mind to.  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for Spight.  
 The self-lame Thing they will abhor

220 One Way, and long another for.  
 Free-wili they one Way disavow,  
 Another, nothing else allow.  
 All Piety consists therein  
 In them, in other Men all Sin.

225 Rather than fail, they will defy  
 That which they love most tenderly ;

Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge* ;  
 Fat *Pig* and *Goose* itself oppose.

230 And blaspheme *Custard* thro' the *Nose*.

Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,  
 Like *Mahomet's* were *Ass* and *Widgeon*.  
 To whom our Knight, by fast Instinct  
 Of Wit and Temper, was so linkt,

235 As if Hypocrisy and Nonsense  
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
 We mean on th' Inside, not the Outward.  
 That next of all we shall discuss ;

240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus :  
 His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace  
 Both of his Wisdom and his Face ;  
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,

A sudden View it wou'd beguile.

245 The upper Part thereof was *Whey*,  
 The nether *Orange* mixt with *Grey*.  
 This hairy Meteor did denounce  
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns ;  
 With grisly Type did represent

250 Declining Age of Government ;  
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,  
 Its own Grave and the State's were made.  
 Like *Sampson's* Heart-breakers, it grew

In Time to make a Nation rue ;

255 Tho' it contributed its own Fall,  
 To wait upon the publick Downfall.

232 Like *Mahomet's* &c. ] *Mahomet* had a tame Dove  
 that us'd to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be  
 thought to whisper and inspire him. His *Ass* was so inti-  
 mate with him, that the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him  
 to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back a-  
 gain.

It was Monastick, and did grow  
 In holy Orders by strict Vow;  
 Of Rule as fullen and severe,  
 260 As that of rigid *Cordeliere*:  
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution;  
 And Martyrdom with Resolution;  
 To oppose itself against the Hate  
 And Vengeance of th' incensed State:

265 In whose Defiance it was worn,  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
 With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.  
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,

270 As long as Monarchy shou'd last,  
 But when the State shou'd hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A Sacrifice to Fall of State;

275 Whose Thread of Life the fatal Sisters  
 Did twist together with its Whakers,  
 And twine so close, that Time shou'd never,  
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever,  
 But with his rusty Sickle mow

280 Both down together at a Blow:  
 So Learned *Taliacotius*, from  
 The Brawny Part of Porter's Bum,

B 3.

Cut.

257 It was Monastick, and did grow  
 In holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had subdu'd the King; of which Order of Phantique Votaries, there were many in thos Times.

281 So Learned *Taliacotius*, &c. ] *Taliacotius* was an Italian Surgeon, that found out a Way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of Tuscany, and wrote a Treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he

Cut supplemental Notes, which  
Wou'd last as long as Parent Breech ;

285 But when the Date of *Nock* was out,  
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.  
His *Back*, or rather Burthen, show'd,  
As if it stoop'd with its own Load.  
For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire

290 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire ;  
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack .  
Of his own Buttocks on his Back :  
Which now had almost got the Upper-  
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.

295 To poise this equally he bore  
A *Paunch* of the same Bulk before :  
Which still he had a special Care  
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty Fare ;  
As *White-Pot*, *Butter-Milk*, and *Curds*,

300 Such as a Country-House affords ;

he dedicates to this Great Master ; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Operations in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein ; from hence our Author (*cum Poetica Licentia*) has taken his *Similes*.

289 For as *Aeneas* &c. ] *Aeneas* was the Son of *Anchoris* and *Venus* ; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinius*, was made King of *Latium*, and reign'd three Years ; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Aeneis*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father *Anchoris* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies. But being too sollicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Crena* ; which Mr. *Dryden* in his excellent Translation thus expresseth :

*Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,  
And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.  
What'ev'r befalls, your Life shall be my Care,  
One Death, or one Deliv'rance, we will share.  
My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you  
My faithful Consort, shall o'er Steps pursue.*

With

With other Victual, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon,  
 When of his Hose we come to treat,  
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

305 His Doublet was of sturdy Buff,  
 And 'tho' not Sword yet Cudgel-Proof ;  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use  
 Who fear'd no Blows but such as bruise.

His *Bresches* were of rugged Woollen,  
 310 And had been at the Siege of *Bullen* ;  
 To old King *Harry* so well known,  
 Some Writers held they were his own.  
 Thro' they were lin'd with many a Picce  
 Of Ammunition Bread and Cheese.

315 And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food  
 For Warriors that delight in Blood.  
 For, as we said, he always chose  
 To carry Victual in his Hose,  
 That often tempted Rats and Mice

320 The Ammunition to surprise :  
 And when he put a Hand but in  
 The one or t'other Magazine,  
 They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
 And from the wounded Foe drew Blood.

325 And 'till th' were storm'd and beaten out,  
 Ne'er left the fortify'd Redoubt ;  
 And tho' Knights Errant, as some think,  
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
 Because when thorough Desarts vast

330 And Regions desolate they past,  
 Where Belly-Timber above Ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one Word  
 Of their Provision on Record :

335 Which made some confidently write,  
 They had no Stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis false: for *Arthur* wore in Hall  
 Round Table like a Farthingal,  
 On which with Shirt pull'd out behind,  
 340 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.  
 Tho 'twas no Table some suppose,  
 But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose:  
 In which he carry'd as much Meat  
 As he and all the Knights cou'd eat,  
 345 When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,  
 They took their Breakfasts or their Nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We shou'd forget where we digrest.  
 As Learned Authors use, to whom  
 350 We leave it, and to th' Purpose come.  
 His puissant *Sword* unto his Side,  
 Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd:  
 With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold Broth,  
 And serve for Fight and Dinner both.  
 355 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,  
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pulletts;  
 To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,  
 He ne'er gave Quarter to any such.  
 The Trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,  
 360 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of some Body to hew and hack.

337 --- For *Arthur*, &c. ] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very Day. However, the History of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

359 ---- *Toledo* trusty, &c. ] The Capital City of *New Castile* in *Spain*, with an Archbischoprick and Primacy: It was very famous, amongst other Thingz, for tempering the best Metal for Swords, as *Damascus* was, and perhaps may be still,

The

The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt;

The Rancour of its Edge had fek:

365 For of the lower End two Handful  
It had devour'd, 'twas so Mantul,  
And so much scorn'd to lurch in Cafe,  
As if it durst not shew its Face.

In many desperate Attempts,  
370 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempns,  
It had appear'd with Courage bolder  
Than Serjeant *Bum* invading Shoulder,  
Oft had he ta'en Possession,  
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

375 This Sword a Dagger had his Page,  
That was but little for his Age:  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.  
It was a serviceable Dudgeon,

380 Either for Fighting or for Drudging.  
When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,  
It would scrape Trenchers or chip Bread:  
Toast Cheese or Bacon tho' it were,  
To bait a Mouse-trap 'twould not care.

385 'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth  
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.  
It had been Prentice to a Brewor,  
Where this and more it did endure;  
But left the Trade, as many more

390 Have lately done on the same Score.  
I' th' Holsters of the Saddle-bow  
Two aged Pistols he did stow,  
Among the Surplus of such Meat  
As in his Hose he cou'd not get.

399 But left the Trade, as many more  
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both Brewers.

395 These wou'd inveigle Rats with th' Scent,  
 To forage when the Cocks were bent ;  
 And sometimes catch 'em with a Snap,  
 As cleverly as th' ablest Trap.  
 They were upon hard Duty still,  
 400 And every Night stood Centinel,  
 To guard the Magazine i'th' Hose  
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes.  
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,  
 From peaceful Home set forth to fight.  
 405 But first with nimble active Force  
 He got on th' Outside of his Horse,  
 For having but one Stirrup ty'd  
 T' his Saddle, on the further Side,  
 It was so short, h' had much ado  
 410 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe.  
 But after many Strains and Heaves,  
 He got up to his Saddle-Eaves.  
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,  
 With so much Vigour, Strength and Heat,  
 415 That he had almost tumbled over  
 With his own Weight, but did recover,  
 By laying hold on Tail and Main ;  
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.  
 But now, we talk of mounting Steed,  
 420 Before we further do proceed,  
 It doth behove us to say something  
 Of that which bore our valiant Bumpkin.  
 The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall ;  
 425 I wou'd say Eye, for h' had but one,  
 As most agree, tho' some say none.  
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
 Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State,  
 At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,  
 430 Or mended Pace, than Spaniard whipt :

And

And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound,  
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :  
 That *Cæsar's Horse*, who, as Fame goes,  
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
 435 Was not by half so tender hoo't,  
 Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.  
 And as that Beast wou'd kneel and stoop  
 (Some write) to take his Rider up :  
 So *Hudibras* his ('tis well known),  
 440 Wou'd often do to set him down.  
 We shall not need to say what Lack  
 Of Leather was upon his Back :  
 For that was hidden under Pad,  
 And Breech of Knight full gall'd as bad.  
 445 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd  
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd :  
 For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,  
 'Twixt every two there was a Channel.  
 His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,  
 450 Which on his Rider he wou'd flurt ;  
 Still as his tender Side he prickt,  
 With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;  
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
 As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir.  
 455 To active Trot one Side of 's Horse,  
 The other wou'd not hang an Arse.  
 A Squire he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,  
 That in th' Adventure went his halt.  
 Tho' Writers, for more stately Tone,  
 460 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one :

433 *That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,*  
*Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes*

*Julius Cæsar* had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. *Vie-*  
*batur equo insigni ; pedibus prope humanis, & in modum dorsi*  
*torum unguulis fissis.* *Suet. in Jul. Cap. 61.*

And

And when we can with Metre safe,  
 We'll call him so; if not plain *Ralph*;  
 (For Rhime the Rudder is of Verses,  
 With which, like Ships they steer their Courses.)

465 An equal Stock of Wit and Valour  
 He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.  
 The mighty *Tyrian Queen*, that gain'd  
 With subtle Shreds a Tract of Land,  
 Did leave it with a Castle fair

470 To his great Ancestor, her Heir,  
 From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,  
 Fam'd for their Faith, and warlike Fights  
 Against the Bloody Canibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.

475 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well  
 As the bold *Trojan Knight*, seen Hell.  
 Not with a counterfeited Pals.  
 Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.  
 His Knowledge was not far behind

480 The Knight's, but of another Kind,  
 And he another Way came by't:  
 Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-Lights*.  
 A liberal Art, that costs no Pains  
 Of Study, Industry, or Brains.

485 His Wit was sent him for a Token,  
 But in the Carriage crackt and broken.

467 *The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd  
 With subtle Shreds a Tract of Land.*

*Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she cou'd compass with an Ox's Hyde, which she cut into Small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground as serv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

476 *As the bold, &c. ] Aeneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to use a golden Bough for a Pals to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they steal.

Like

Like Commendation Nine-pencecrookt.  
 With to and from my Love it tookt.  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth

490 To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth :  
 And very wisely wou'd lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
 But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too.

495 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,  
 Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this with *Hem* and *Cough*,  
 Prolongers to enlighten Stuff,  
 He cou'deep Mysterie's unriddle,

500 As easily as thread a Needle.  
 For as of Vagabonds we say,  
 That they are ne'er beside their Way ;  
 What e'er Men speak by this New Light,  
 Still they are sure to be i'th' right.

505 'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,  
 Which none see by but those that bear it :  
 A Light that falls down from on high,  
 For Spiritual Trades to cozen by :  
 An *Ignis Fatus*, that bewitches

510 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,  
 To make them dip themselves, and found  
 For *Christendom*, in dirty Pond :  
 To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,  
 And fish to catch Regeneration.

515 This Light inspires and plays upon  
 The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,  
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,  
 Such Language as no mortal ear

520 But Spirit'al Eaves-Droppers can hear.  
 So *Phæbus*, or some friendly Muse,  
 Into small Poets Song infuse ;

which

Which they at second hand rehearse  
Thro' Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

525 Thus *Ralph* became infallible,  
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,  
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair;  
Spoke Truth point-blank, tho' unaware.  
For Mystick Learning, wondrous able

530 In Magick *Talisman* and *Cabal*,  
Whose primitive Tradition reaches:  
As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches:  
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,  
Ideas, Atomes, Influences;

535 And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
Th' intelligible World, cou'd say;  
A deep occult Philosopher,  
As learn'd as the *Wild-Irish* are,

Or.

526 As three, &c. ] Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

530 In *Magic*, &c. ] *Talisman* is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the Mischief they can. This has been experiment'd by some Modern *Virtuosi* upon Rats, Mice and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Success.

*Raymund Lully* interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

532 As far as, &c. ] The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi* to be deriv'd from that Knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall:

535 And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
The Intelligible World, cou'd say.

The intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Piftacorum Regio*, discover'd only by the Philosophers; of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

538 As learned, &c. ] No Nation in the World is more addicted

Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound  
 540 And solid Lying much renown'd :  
 He, *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,  
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood :  
 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,  
 That wou'd do neither good nor harm ;  
 545 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as learned,  
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned,  
 He understood the Speech of Birds  
 As well as they themselves do Words :  
 Cou'd tell what subtlest *Parrots* mean,  
 550 That speak and think contrary clean,  
 What *Member*'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk*, *Knave*, *Walk* :  
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,  
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water ;

dicted to this occult Philosophy, than the *Wild-Irish* are, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see *Cambden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

529 Or Sir *Agrippa*, &c.] They, who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the great Dictionary.

541 He *Anthroposophus* and *Floud*,  
 And *Jacobi Behmen* understood.

*Anthroposophus*, is only a compound *Greek* Word, which signifies a Man that is wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by some Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an *English Rosy-Crucian*, whose Works are extant, and as intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

545 In *Rosy-Crucian* Lore as learned,  
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Graffici*, who call'd themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho' they were really the most ridiculous Sots of Mankind.

*Vere adeptus*, is one that has commenc'd in their Phantique Extravagance.

555 Of Sov'reign Power to make Men wise ;  
 For drops in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,  
 Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light..  
 By Help of these ( as he protest ) .

560 He had *first* *Master* seen undrest : .  
 He took her naked all alone,  
 Before one *Rag of Form* was on.  
 The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd : .

565 Not that of Paste-board, which Men shew'd  
 For Groats, at Fair of *Bartsb'new* ; .  
 But its great Gransire, first o'th' Name, .  
 Whence that and *Reformation* came,  
 Both Cousin-Germans, and rightable : .

570 T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble.  
 But *Reformation* was, some say,  
 O'th' younger House to *Puppet-Play*.  
 He cou'd foretel what's ever was  
 By consequence to come to pass.

575 As Death of great Men, Alterations, .  
 Diseases, Battles, Inundations ; .  
 All this without th' Eclipse o'th' Sun, .  
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,  
 By inward Light a Way as good, .

580 And easly to be understood.  
 But with more lucky Hit than thole  
 That use to make the Stars depose,  
 Like Knights o'th' Post, and falsely charge,  
 Upon themselves what others forge : .

585 As if they were consenting to  
 All Mischiefs in the World men do : .  
 Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em : .  
 To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
 590 They'll search a Planet's House to know  
 Who broke and robb'd a House below :

Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,  
 Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon :  
 And tho' they nothing will confess,

595 Yet by their very Looks can guess,  
 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods ;  
 They'll question *Mars*, and, by his Look,  
 Detect who 'twas that nimmp'd a Cloke :

600 Make *Mercury* confess, and peach  
 Those Thieves which he himself did teach.  
 They'll find, i' th' Physiognomies  
 O' th' Planets, all Men's Destinies,  
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,

605 And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.  
 Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,  
 And form Positions to be guest on,  
 As sure as if they knew the Moment  
 Of Native's Birth, tell what will come on.

610 They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,  
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs,  
 And tell what Cries does divine  
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine ;  
 In Men, what gives or cures the Itch,

615 What makes them Cuckolds, Poor or Rich :  
 What Gains or Loses, Hangs or Saves ;  
 What makes Men Great, what Fools or Knaves.  
 But not what Wise, for only of those  
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,

620 No more than can the Astrologians.  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans.  
 This *Ralph* knew, and therefore took  
 The other Course of which we spoke.  
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd

625 With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.  
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,  
 Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.

Theix

According to the Law of Arms,  
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)  
 That none presume to come so near

695 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear ;  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;  
 If they come wounded off, and lame,  
 No Honour's got by such a Maim,

700 Altho' the Bear gain much, b'ing bound  
 In Honour to make good his Ground,  
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who 'tis ;  
 But let's them know, at their own Cost,

705 That he intends to keep his Post.  
 This to prevent, and other Harms,  
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,  
 ( For in the Hurry of a Fray,  
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's Way )

710 Thither the Knight his Course did steer,  
 To keep the Peace 'twixt Dog and Bear ;  
 As he believ'd he was bound to do  
 In Conscience and Commission too.  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire ;

715 We that are wisely mounted higher  
 Than Constables in curule Wit,  
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,  
 Like Speculators shou'd foresee,  
 From Pharos of Authority,

715 *We that are, &c.*] This Speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own Words : But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a Folly wou'd become tedious and impertinent ; the rest of his Harangues have only his Sease express'd, in other Words, unless in some few Places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

720 Por-

720 Portended Mischiefs farther than  
*Low Presarian Tything-Men.*  
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute  
 That *Dog* and *Bear* are to dispute ;  
 For so of late Men fighting name,  
 725 Because they often prove the same ;  
 ( For where the first does hap to be ,  
 The last does coincide . )  
*Quantum in nobis, have thought good,*  
 To save th' Expence of Christian Blood ,  
 730 And try if we by Mediation  
 Of Treaty and Accommodation ,  
 Can end the Quarrel , and compose  
 The bloody Dual , without Blows :  
 Are not our Liberties , our Lives ,  
 735 The Laws , Religion , and our Wives ,  
 Enough at once to lie at Stake  
 For *Cou'nant* and the *Cause's* Sake ?  
 But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears* ,  
 As well as we , must venture theirs ?  
 740 This Feud by *Jesuiss* invented ,  
 By evil *Counsel* , is fomented ;  
 There is a *Machiavilian* Plot ,  
 ( Tho' every *Nare* *elsatt* it not )  
 A deep Design in't to divide  
 745 The well affected that confide ,  
 By setting Brother against Brother ,  
 'To claw and curry one another .  
 Have we not Enemies *plus-fatis* ,  
 That *Cane* *ungue* *peius* hate us ?  
 750 And shall we turn our Fangs and Claws  
 Upon our own selves without Cause ?  
 That some occult Design doth lye  
 In bloody *Gynarctomachy* .

753. *In bloody, &c.]* *Gynarctomachy* signifies nothing in the  
 World, but a Fight between Dogs and Bears, tho' both the  
 Learned

Is

First for the Name, the Word *Bear-beating*  
 Is carnal, and of Man's creating :  
 For certainly there's no such Word  
 In all the *Scripture* on Record,

810 Therefore unlawful, and a Sin ;  
 And so is (secondly) the *Thing*.  
 A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can  
 No more be prov'd by *Scripture*, than  
*Provincial, Claffick, National,*

815 Mere human Creature-Cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, It is Idolatrous ;  
 For when Men run a whoring thus  
 With their Inventions, whatsoe'er  
 The *Thing* be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,

820 It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,  
 No less than worshipping of *Dayan*.  
 Quoth *Hadibras*, I smell a *Rott* ;  
*Ralph*, thou dost prevaricate,  
 For tho' the *Thesis* which thou lay'st

825 Be true *ad amissum*, as thou say'ft,  
 (For that *Bear-beating* should appear  
*Jure Divino* lawfuller  
 Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem Verbis*, so do I :)

830 Yet there's a Fallacy in this,  
 For if by *fly Homœops*,  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an Art  
 Under a Cough-to slur a F---t,  
 Thou wou'dst sophistically imply,

835 Both are unlawful, I deny.  
 And I (quoth *Ralph*) do not doubt  
 But *Bear-beating* may be made out  
 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is  
*Provincial, or Parochial Claffis* :

840 And that both are so near of Kin,  
 And like in all, as well as Sin,

That

That pu: 'em in a Bag and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o'th' sudden wou'd mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless

345 You measure by their Wickedness :  
 For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether  
 O'th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.

350 *Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' Adage ,  
 Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage ;  
 Thou'l be at best but *such a Bull*,  
 Or Shear-Swine, all Cry and no Wool ;  
 For what can *Synods* have at all,

355 With *Bear* that's Analogical ?  
 Or what Relation has debating  
 Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-beating* ?  
 A just Comparilon still is  
 Of *Things ejusdem generis*.

360 And then what *Genus* rightly doth  
 Include and comprehend them both ;  
 If *Animal*, both of us may  
 As justly palls for *Bears* as they ;  
 For we are Animals no less,

365 Altho' of different *Species*.  
 But, *Ralph*, this is not fit Place,  
 Nor Time to argue out the Case :  
 For now the Field is not far off,  
 Where we must give the World a Proof

370 Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit  
 Another Manner of Dispute.  
 A Controversy that affords  
 Actions for Arguments, not Words :  
 Which we must manage at a Rate

375 Of Prowess and Conduct adequate  
 To what our Place and Fame doth promise,  
 And all the Godly expect from us.

Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
We're flurr'd and outed by Success :

880 Success, the Mark no Mortal Wit,  
Or surest Hand, can always hit :  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
We do but row, w're steer'd by Fate,  
Which in Success oft disinherits,

885 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits,  
Great Actions are not always true Sons  
Of great and mighty Resolutions,  
Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their Worth :

890 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
Fortune and Cowardice succeed.  
Yet we have no great Cause to doubt,  
Our Actions still have born us out :  
Which tho' they're known to be so ample,

895 We need not copy from Example ;  
We're not the only Persons durst  
Attempt this Province, nor the first.  
In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight  
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in Fight,

900 And wound a Fidler : We have both  
Of these the Objects of our Wroth,  
And equal Fame and Glory from  
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.  
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*

905 In foreign Land, yclep'd —

To

904 'Tis sung, &c.] *Mamaluke*'s the Name of the Militia  
of the *Sultans* of *Egypt*; it signify'd a *Servant* or *Soldier* ;  
they were commonly Captives, taken from amongst the  
*Christians*, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did  
not marry ; their Power was great, for, besides that the  
*Sultans* were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the  
most important Offices of the Kingdom ; they were formi-  
dable about 200 Years, 'till at last, *Selim*, *Sultan* of the  
*Turks*,

To whom we have been oft compar'd  
 For Person, Parts, Address and Beard;  
 Both equally reputed stour,  
 And in the same Cause both have fought;

910 He oft in such Attempts as these  
 Came off with Glory and Success;  
 Nor will we fail in th' Execution,  
 For want of equal Resolution.  
 Honour is like a Widow, won

915 With brisk Attempt and putting on  
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging;  
 Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.  
 This said, as yerst the *Phrygian Knight*,  
 So ours, with rusty Steel did finite

920 His *Trojan Horse*, and just as much  
 He mended Pace upon the Touch;

*Turks*, routed them, and kill'd their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and so put an End to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had laited 267 Years. *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

No Question but the Rhine to *Mamaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface. *Vid. p. 366.* of the foregoing Annotations.

914 Honour is like, &c. | Our English Proverbs are not impertinent to this Purpose :

*He that woos a Maid, must seldom come in her Sight :*  
*But he that woos a Widow, must woo her Day and Night.*  
*He that woos a Maid, must feign, lie, and flatter ;*  
*But he that woos a Widow, must down with his Breeches and at her.*

This Proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. *Ray* says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, entitul'd, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaim'd*: Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in *Physick*; wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiab Bedford*, an eminent *Quaker* in *London*, who would have had him to have married a rich Widow, in whose House he lodg'd. In Case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promis'd *Hilkiab* a Chamber *gratis*; the whole Narrative is worth the reading.

But from his empty Stomach groan'd  
Just as that hollow Beast did sound,  
And angry answer'd from behind,  
925 With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.  
So have I seen, with armed Heel,  
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal*;  
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The leis the fallen Jade has stirr'd.









## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character  
Of th' Enemies best Men of War ;  
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight  
Defies, and challenges to fight :  
H'encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fidler Prisoner ;  
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,  
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

---

### CANTO II.

---

**T**HERE was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,  
That had read *Alexander Ross* over ;  
And swore the World, as he cou'd prove,  
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love* :  
5 Just so *Romances* are, for what else  
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Bastiles* ?  
O'th' first of these w've no great Matter  
To treat of, but a World o'th' latter :  
In which to do the injur'd Right,  
10 We mean, in what concerns just Fight.  
*Certes* our Authors are to blame,  
For to make some well-founding Name,

A Pattern fit for modern Knights,  
To copy out in Frays and Fights,

15 (Like those that a whole Street do raze,  
To build a Palace in the Place,) They never care how many others  
They kill, without Regard of Mothers,  
Or Wives, or Children, so they can

20 Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,  
Compos'd of many Ingredient Valours,  
Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors :  
So a wild *Tartar*, when he spies  
A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,

25 If he can kill him, thinks t'inherit  
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit :  
As it just so much he enjoy'd,  
As in another is destroy'd.  
For when a Giant's slain in Fight,

30 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,  
It is a heavy Case, no doubt,  
A Man should have his Brains beat out,  
Because he's tall, and has large Bones ;  
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.

35 But as for our Part, we shall tell  
The naked Truth of what befel ;  
And as an equal Friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
With neither Faction shall take part,

40 But give to each his due Desert :  
And never coin a formal Lye on't,  
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.  
This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,  
And now go on where we left off.

45 They rode, but Authors having not  
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,

(That

(That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,  
As they do term it, or *Succussion*)

We leave it, and go on, as now  
50 Suppose they did, no matter how,  
Yet some from subtle Hints have got  
Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.  
But let that pass: They now begun  
To spur their living Engines on.

55 For as whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,  
The Learned hold, are Animals:  
So Horses they affirm to be,  
Mere Engines made by Geometry;  
And were invented first from Engines,

60 As Indian Britains were from *Penguins*.  
So let them be, as I was saying,  
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying  
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,  
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on:

65 The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battle  
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattle,

47 That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,  
As they do term't, or *Succussion*.

*Tollutation* and *Succussion*, are only *Latin* Words for  
Ambling and Trotting, tho' I believe both were natural  
amongst the old *Romans*; since I never read, they made  
use of the Tramel, or any other Art, to pace their  
Horses.

60 As Indian Britains, &c.] The *American Indians*  
call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a  
*Penguin*; which signifies the same Thing in the *British*  
Tongue; from whence (with other Words of the same  
Kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That  
the *Americans* are originally deriv'd from the *Brit-  
tains*

65 The dire, &c.] *Pharsalia* is a City of *Thessaly*, famous  
for the Battle won by *Julius Cesar* against *Pompey* the Great,  
in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607th Year of *Rome*;  
of which read *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

And fierce Auxiliary Men,  
 That came to aid their Brethren :  
 Who now began to take the Field,  
 70 As Knight from Ridge of Steed beheld.  
 For as our modern Wits behold,  
 Mounted a Pick-Back on the old,  
 Much farther off, much further he,  
 Rais'd on his aged Beast, cou'd see :  
 75 Yet not sufficient to descry  
 All Postures of the Enemy ;  
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,  
 To observe their Numbers, and their Order.  
 That, when their Motions he had known,  
 80 He might know how to fit his own.  
 Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,  
 To fit himself for Martial Deed :  
 Both Kinds of Metal he prepar'd,  
 Either to give Blows, or to ward ;  
 85 Courage and Steel, both of great Force,  
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
 His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.  
 These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd  
 90 To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard :  
 And after many a painful Pluck,  
 From rusty Durance he bail'd Tuck.  
 Then shook himself, to see that Prowels  
 In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose ;  
 95 And rais'd upon his desp'rare Foot,  
 On Stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
 Portending Blood, like blazing Star,  
 The Beacon of approaching War.  
 Ralph rode on with no less Speed  
 100 Than Hugo in the Forest did :  
 But far more in returning made,  
 For now the Foe he had survey'd,

Rang'd.

Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
 With *Van*, *Main Battle*, *Wings* and *Rear*.

105 I'th' Head of all this warlike Rabble,  
*Crowders* march'd, expert and able,  
 Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,  
 That makes the Warrior's Stomach come,  
 Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer

110 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar;  
 (For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,  
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?  
 A squeaking Engine he apply'd  
 Unto his Neck, on North-East Side,

115 Just where the Hangman does disp'le,  
 To special Friends, the Knct of Noole:  
 For'tis Great Grace when Statesmen strait  
 Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.  
 His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,

120 Which was but *Sense* to *Chitterlings*:  
 For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,  
 Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:  
 From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind  
 Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.

125 His grisly Beard was long and thick,  
 With which he strung h's Fiddle-stick:  
 For he to Horse-Tail scorn'd to owe,  
 For what on his own Chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both

130 A Beard and Tail of his own Growth;

129 Chiron, *the*, &c.] *Chiron* a *Centaure*, Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, where being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the most famous Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æsculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo*'s Governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,  
He made use only of his Beard.

In *Staffordshire*, where virtuous Worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;

135 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,  
And Ruler o'er the Men of String;

(As once in *Persia*, 'tis said,  
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)  
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,

140 By Chance of War, was beaten down,  
And wounded sore: his Leg then broke,  
Had got a Deputy of Oak:

For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,  
The Knee with one of Timber's propt,

145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,  
And takes Place tho' the younger Brother..

Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for  
Wise Conduct, and Success in War:

A skilful Leader, stout, severe,

150 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.  
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,  
The Warrior to the Lists he led;  
With solemn March, and stately Pace,  
But far more grave and solemn Face.

155 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,  
Or Spanish Potentate *Don Diego*..

133 In *Staffordshire*, where virtuous Worth,  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth, &c.

The whole History of this ancient Ceremony, you may  
read at large in Dr. Plot's History of *Staffordshire*, under  
the Town *Tubury*.

155 Grave as th., &c.] For the History of *Pegu*, read  
*Mandelsa* and *Olearius's Travels*.

This

This Leader was of Knowledge great,  
 Either for Charge, or for Retreat.  
 He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,  
 160 To fall back and retreat as well.  
 So Lawyers, lest the *Bear* Defendant,  
 And Plaintiff *Dog*, shou'd make an End on't;  
 Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,  
*Reverse of Judgment*, and *Demurrer*,  
 165 To let them breathe a while, and then  
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
 As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a *Bear*,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd Prey  
 170 Of many a fierce and bloody Fray ;  
 Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,  
 In Military *Garden Paris*.  
 For Soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In Gardens just as Weeds do now ;  
 175 Until some splay-foot Politicians  
 T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,  
 For licensing a new Invention  
 Th'ad found out of an antique Engine,  
 To root out all the Weeds that grow  
 180 In publick Gardens at a Blow,  
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,  
 My Friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done ? quo' *Statesmen* ; yes, an't please ye,.  
 When'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easly..  
 185 Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*.  
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow..  
 A Drum. ( quoth *Phabus* ) troth that's true,,  
 A pretty Invention quaint and new..

172 In Military, &c.] *Paris Garden* in Southwark, took its Name from the Possessor.

But

But tho' of Voice and Instrument

190 We are th'undoubted President ;  
We such loud Musick don't profess,  
The Devil's Master of that Office,  
Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,  
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*

195 To him apply yourselves, and he  
Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.  
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,  
Th'ad better let them grow there still.  
But to resume what we discoursing

200 Were on before, that is, stout *Orfin* :  
That which so oft by sundry Writers  
Has been apply'd t'almost all Fighters  
More justly may b'ascrib'd to this,  
Than any other Warrior ( *viz.* )

205 None ever acted both Parts bolder,  
Both of a Chieftan and a Soldier.  
He was of great Descent and high,  
For Splendor and Antiquity,  
And from Celestial Origine

210 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.  
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,  
Who, that their base Births might be hid,  
( Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,  
And that they came in at a Windore )

215 Made *Jupiter* himself and others  
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,  
To get on them a Race of Champions,  
( Of which old *Homer* first made *Lampoons* )  
*Arctophylax* in Northern Sphere

220 Was his undoubted Ancestor :  
From him his great Fore-fathers came,  
And in all Ages bore his Name.  
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,  
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,

225 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,  
 That Wounds nine Miles point blank wou'd,  
 By skilful *Chymist* with great Cost (solder.  
 Extracted from a rotten Post,  
 But of a Heav'nlier Influence

230 Than that which Mountebanks dispense;  
 Tho' by *Promethean* Fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that Trade,  
 For as when Slovens do amiss,  
 At others Doors, by Stool or Pits;

235 The Learned write, a red-hot Spit,  
 Bring prudently apply'd to it,  
 Will convey Mischief from the Dung.  
 Unto the Part that did the Wrong:  
 So this did healing, and as sure

240 As that did Mischief, this wou'd cure.  
 Thus virtuous *Orfin* was endu'd  
 With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,  
 Incomparable: and as the Prince  
 Of Poets, *Homer* sung long since,

231 *Though by, &c.*] *Promethean Fire.* *Prometheus* was the Son of *Japetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd, that having first form'd Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucasus* with Iron Chains, and that, a *Vulture* shou'd prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Astrologer, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that, among other Things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-Beams in a Glass. *Bechart* will have *Magog* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in thole Days, and much promoted by the great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatise *ex professo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

245 A skilful Leech is better far  
 Than Half a hundred Men of War ;  
 So he appear'd, and by his Skill,  
 No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd kill.  
 The gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,

250 With Visage formidably grim,  
 And rugged as a *Saracen*,  
 Or *Turk* of *Mahomet*'s own Kin ;  
 Clad in a Mantle *della Guerre*  
 Of rough impenetrable Fur ;

255 And in his Nose, like *Indian* King,  
 He wore for Ornament, a Ring ;  
 About his Neck a threefold Gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern Target ;  
 Armed, as Herald's *cant*, and *langued* ;

260 Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.  
 For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey  
 Are Swords, with which they fight in *Fray* ;  
 So Swords, in Men of War, are Teeth,  
 Which they do eat their Victual with.

265 He was by Birth, some Authors write,  
 A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*,  
 And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,  
 Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,  
 That serve to fill up Pages here,

270 As with their Bodies Ditches there.  
*Scrimansky* was his Cousin-German,  
 With whom he serv'd and fed on Vermin :  
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his Paws.

267 *And 'mong, &c.]* *Cossacks* are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness, for *Cosa* or *Kosa*, in the *Polish* Tongue, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboreur* and *Thuldenus*.

And.

275 And tho' his Country-men, the *Huns*,  
 Did stew their Meat between their *Hums*,  
 And th' Horses Backs o'er which they straddle,  
 And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle :  
 He was not half so nice as they,

280 But eat it raw when't came in's Way,  
 He had trac'd Countries far and near,  
 More than *le Blanc* the Traveller ;  
 Who writes, He spous'd in *India*,  
 Of noble House, a Lady gay,

285 And got of her a Race of Worthies,  
 As stout as any upon Earth is.  
 Full many a Fight for him between  
*Talgol* and *Ursin* oft had been ;  
 Each striving to deserve the Crown.

290 Of a sav'd Citizen ; the one  
 To guard his *Bear*, the other fought.  
 To aid his *Dog* ; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,  
*Church-fellow-Membership*, and Blood ;

295 But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,  
 Never got ought of him but Blows ;  
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with Usury.

275 *And tho', &c.*] This Custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*. *Hunni Semicrudus cujusvis Pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subseruant, calofacient brevi.* P. 686.

283 - - *He spous'd in India,*  
*Of noble House, a Lady gay.*

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that marry'd a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most Travellers, that pass with Allowance ; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their Labour, and observ'd nothing but what they might have done as well at Home.

Yet

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,  
 300 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought :  
     Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil,  
     And like a Champion shone with Oil.  
     Right many a Widow his keen Blade,  
     And many Fatherless, had made.

305 He many a *Bear* and huge *Dun-Cow*  
     Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrew.  
     But *Guy*, with him in Fight compar'd,  
     Had like the *Bear* or *Dun-Cow* far'd,  
     With greater Troops of Sheep h'had fought.

310 Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot* ;  
     And many a Serpent of fell Kind,  
     With Wings before, and Stings behind,  
     Subdu'd : As Poets say, long agone  
     Bold Sir *George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.

315 Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,  
     Diseafe, nor Doctor Epidemick,  
     Tho' stor'd with Deletery Med'cines,  
     ( Which whosoever took is dead since )  
     E'er sent so vast a Colony

320 To both the under Worlds as he.  
     For he was of that noble Trade,  
     That *Demi-gods* and *Heroes* made,  
     Slaughter and knocking on the Head ;  
     The Trade to which they all were bred ;

325 And is, like others, glorious when  
     'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
     The former rides in Triumph for it ;  
     The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,  
     For daring to prophane a Thing

330 So Sacred with vile Bungling.

    Next these the brave *Magnano* came,  
     *Magnano*, great in Martial Fame.  
     Yet when with *Ursin* he wag'd Fight,  
     'Tis sung he got but little by't.

Yet

335 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,  
 Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,  
 As thick as *Ajax*' seven-fold Shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen Arms he held :  
 But Brae was feeble to resist

340 The Fury of his armed Fist.  
 Nor cou'd the hardest Ir'n hold out  
 Against his Blows, but they wou'd through't.  
 In *Magick* he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the *Brazen-Head* ;

345 Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,  
 As *English Merlin* for his Heart ;  
 But far more skilful in the Spheres,  
 Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.  
 He cou'd transform himself in Colour,

350 As like the Devil as the Collier :  
 As like as Hypocrites in Show  
 Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.  
 Of *Warlike Engines* he was Author,  
 Devils'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter :

355 The *Cannon*, *Blunderbuss* and *Saker*,  
 He was th' Inventor of, and Maker :  
 The *Trumpes* and the *Kettle-Drum*  
 Did both from his Invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach

360 To make, and how to stop a Breach.  
 A Lance he bore with Iron *Pike*,  
 Th' one Half wou'd thrust, the other *strike* ;

343 In *Magick* he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the *Brazen-Head* ;  
 Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,  
 As *English Merlin* for his Heart.

*Roger Bacon* and *Merlin*; see *Collier's Dictionary*.

And

And when their Forces he had join'd,  
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

365 He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright  
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight :  
A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,  
As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*.  
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,  
370 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,  
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,  
And never him or it forsook.  
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,  
She shar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize :  
375 At beating Quarters up, or Forage,  
Behav'd herself with matchless Courage,  
And laid about in Fight more busily,  
Than th' *Amazonian Dame Penthesile*.  
And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,

380 And say our Authors are to blame,  
That (spight of all Philosophers,  
Who hold no Females stour, but Bears ;  
And heretofore did so abhor  
That Women should pretend to War ;  
385 They wou'd not suffer the stout'st Dame  
To swear by *Hercules's Name*.)

Make

368 *As Joan, &c.*] Two notorious Women ; the last was known here by the Name of *Mall Cutpurse*.

278 *Than th' Amazonian, &c.*] *Penthesile*, Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Orithya* ; She carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and, after having given noble Proofs of her Bravery, was kill'd by *Achilles*. *Pliny* saith, it was she that invented the Battle-Ax. If any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanxon*.

385 *They wou'd not suffer the stout'st Dame,*  
*To swear by Hercules's Name.*

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castores*.

Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,  
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* :  
 To lay their native Arms aside,  
 90 Their Modesty, and ride astride ;  
 To run a-tilt at Men, and wield  
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;  
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,  
 And she that wou'd have been the Mistress  
 95 Of *Gundibert* ; but he had Grace,  
 And rather took a Country Lass :  
 They say 'tis false, without all Sense,  
 But of pernicious Consequence  
 To Government, which they suppose  
 100 Can never be upheld in Prose :

*rem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem ;*  
*Edpol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris*  
*immune, &c.*

393 *As front, &c.*] Two formidable Women at Arms, in  
 romances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants.  
 395 Of *Gundibert*; &c.] *Gundibert* is a feign'd Name, made  
 e of by Sir *William d' Avenant*, in his famous *Epick Poem*,  
 so called; wherin you may find also that of his Mil-  
 ess. This Poem was designed by the Author to be an I-  
 titution of the *English Drama*; it being divided into five  
 ooks, as the other is into five Acts; the *Canto's* to be  
 rallel of the Scenes, with this Difference, that this is  
 eliver'd Narratively, the other Dialogue-wise. It was ush-  
 ed into the World by a large Preface written by Mr.  
*abbes*, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, *viza* Mr.  
*aller* and Mr. *Cowley*, which, one would have thought,  
 ight have provid a sufficient Defence and Protection a-  
 inst snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, four e-  
 nient Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir *John*  
*Wilmot* and Mr. *Donne*,) published several Copies of Ver-  
 es to Sir *William*'s Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Ver-*  
*written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted*  
*th the second Edition of Gundibert, in 8vo. Lond. 1653.*  
*iese Veres were as wittily answered by the Author, un-*  
*r this Title, *The incomparable Poem of Gundibert, vindic-*  
*ed from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damæ-*  
*Sancho, and Jack-Pudding; Printed in 8vo. Lond. 1665.*  
*L. Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.**

Strip Nature naked to the Skin,  
You'll find about her no such thing.

It may be so, yet what we tell  
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,

405 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,  
Or what's as good, produc'd in Print :  
And if they will not take our Word,  
We'll prove it true upon Record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc'd,

410 Of all his Race the valiant'st :  
*Cerdon* the Great renown'd in Song,  
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of Wrong :  
He rais'd the Law, and fortify'd

The weak against the strongest side ;

415 Ill has he read, that never hit  
On him, in Muses deathless Writ.  
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,  
That thro' a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,

420 And cut it in a thousand Pieces,  
Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his ;  
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor  
Was Comrade in the ten Years War ;

For when the restless *Greeks* sat down

425 So many Years, before *Troy* Town,  
And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,  
For well soal'd Boots, no less than Fights :  
They ow'd that Glory, only to

His Ancestor, that made them so.

430 Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.  
Next Rectifier of *Wry Law*,

And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.

Learned he was, and cou'd take Note,

435 Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.  
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,  
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like *Ram*, or *Bull*, at *Conventicle*:  
**40** For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,  
Do fight with *Arms* that spring from *Scuds*.  
 Last *Colon* came, bold Man of War,  
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star;  
Right expert in Command of Horse,  
**45** But cruel, and without Remorse.  
 That which of *Centaur* long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other Knights, was true of this,  
*He* and his *Horse* were of a Piece.  
**50** One Spirit did inform them both,  
The self-same Vigour, Fury, Wroth:  
Yet he was much the rougher Part,  
And always had a harder Heart;  
Altho' his Horse had been of those  
**55** That fed on Mens Flesh, as *Fame* goes,  
Strange Food for Horse! and yet, alas,  
It may be true, for *Flesh* is *Grass*.  
Sturdy he was, and no less able  
Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable;  
**60** As great a Drover, and as great  
A Critick too, in *Hog* or *Neat*.  
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,  
*Dame Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,  
And Provender wherewith to feed  
**65** Himself, and his less cruel Steed.  
It was a Question whether *He*  
Or's Horse were of a Family  
More Worshipful: 'Till Antiquaries  
(After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)  
**70** Did very learnedly decide  
The Business on the Horse's Side,  
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,  
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:

For Beasts, when Man was but a Piece

475 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth posseſſ.

These Worthies were the Chief that led  
The Combatants, each in the Head  
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,  
Ready, and longing to engage.

480 The numerous Rabble was drawn out  
Of ſeveral Countries round about,  
From Villages remote, and Shires,  
Of East and Western Hemispheres :  
From Foreign Parishes and Regions,

485 Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,  
Came Men and Maſtiffs ; ſome to fight  
For Fame and Honour, ſome for Sight.  
And now the Field of Death, the Lists  
Were enter'd by Antagoniſts,

490 And Blood was ready to be broach'd ;  
When *Hudibras* in haſte approach'd,  
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em :  
But firſt thus from his *Horſe* beſpoke 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury

495 Doth you to thofe dire Actions hurry ?  
What *OEftrum*, what Phrenetick Mood  
Makes you thus laviſh of your Blood,  
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast  
And unreveng'd walks —— Ghoſt ?

500 What Towns, what Garrifons might you  
With Hazard of this Blood ſubdue,  
Which now y'are bent to throw away  
In vain, untriumphable Fray ?

Shall *Saints* in Civil Bloodſhed wallow

505 Of *Saints*, and let the *Cauſe* lie fallow ?

496 *What OEftrum, &c.* ] *OEftrum* is not only a *Greek* Word for Madneſſ, but ſignifies alſo a *Gad-Bee* or *Horfie-Fly*, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?  
 Then because Quarrels still are seen  
 With Oaths and Swearing to begin,

510 The *Solemn League and Covenant*  
 Will seem a mere *God-dam-me Rant*:  
 And we that took it, and have fought,  
 As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.

For as we make War for the *King*  
 515 Against himself, the self-same Thing,  
 Some will not stick to say we do  
 For *God*, and for *Religion* too;  
 For if *Bear-beating* we allow,  
 What Good can *Reformation* do?

520 The Blood and Treasure, that's laid out,  
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.  
 Are these the Fruits o' th' *Protestation*,  
 The Prototype of *Reformation*,  
 Which all the *Saints*, and some, since *Martyrs*,

525 Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters,  
 When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
 Six Members Quarrel to espouse?

525 *Wore in their Hats, &c.]* Some few Days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Westminster-Hall*, with printed Copies of the *Protestation*, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

526 When 'twas resolv'd by either House,  
 Six Members Quarrel to espouse.

These Six Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*, Mr. *Hambden*, Sir *Arthur Haslerig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of plotting with the *Scots*, and favouring the late *Tumults*; but the House vot-ed against the Arrest of their Persons or Papers; where-upon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to de-mand them; but they, having Notice, withdrew.

Did

Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble  
With Zeal and Noises formidable ;

530 And make all *Cries* about the Town  
Join Throats to cry the *Bishops* down ?  
Who having round begirt the Palace,  
(As once a Month they do the *Gallows*)  
As Members gave the Sign about,

535 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.  
Then *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle  
*Church-Discipline*, for patching *Kettle* :  
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn  
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.

540 The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry, *No Bishop*.  
The *Mouse-Trap Men* laid *Save-alls* by,  
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.  
*Butchers* left old Cloaths in the Lurch,

545 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.  
Some cry'd the *Covenant*, instead  
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Ginger-bread*.  
And some for *Brooms*, *Old Boots* and *Shoes*,  
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's House* :

550 Instead of *Kitchen-stuff*, some cry,  
*A Gospel-preaching Ministry* ;  
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,  
*No Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.  
*A strange harmonious Inclination*

555 Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.  
And is this all ? Is this the End  
To which these *Garr'ngs on* did tend ?  
Hath *Publick Faith*, like a young Heir,  
For this tak'n up all Sorts of Ware,

560 And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,  
'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are brok  
Did *Saints*, for this, bring in their *Plate* ?  
And croud as if they came too late ?

For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,  
 5 Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.  
 Did they coin *Pissets*, *Bowls*, and *Flaggons*,  
 Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;  
 And into Pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp'd *Beakers*, *Cups* and *Porringers*?  
 10 O A *Thimble*, *Bobkin*, and a *Spoon*,  
 Did start up living Men, as soon  
 As in the Furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the *Dragon's* *Teeth* b'ing sown.  
 Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,  
 15 5 The *Brethren's* Offerings, consecrate  
 Like th' *Hebrew Calf*, and down before it  
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it;  
 So say the *Wicked* — and will you  
 Make that *Sarcasmus Scandal* true,  
 20 10 O By running after Dogs and Bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?  
 Have *powerful Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,  
 And laid themselves ~~out~~ and their Lungs;  
 Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,  
 25 15 I th' Power of *Gospel-preaching Minister*?  
 Have they invented *Tones* to win  
 The *Women*, and make them draw in  
 The *Men*, as *Indians* with a Female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the Male?  
 30 20 Have they told *Prov'dence* what it must do,  
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?  
 Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,  
 And which Way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what Ways it hath to work,  
 35 25 Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*?

579 Make that, &c.] Abusive or insulting had been  
 better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Language  
 more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-  
 Tongue.

CANTO II. PART I -

Told it the News o' th' last Express,  
And after good or bad Succes,  
Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,  
As Overtures and Propositions,  
o (Such as the Army did present  
To their Creator th' Parliament)  
In which they freely will confess,  
They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
Unless the Work be carry'd on

605 In the same Way they have begun,  
By letting Church and Common-weal  
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,  
On which the Saints are all a-gog,  
And all this for a Bear and Dog ?

610 The Parliament drew up Petitions  
To self, and sent them, like Commissions,  
To Well-affected Persons down,  
In ev'ry City and great Town ;  
With Power to levy Horse and Men,

615 Only to bring them back agen :  
For this did many, many a Mile,  
Ride manfully in Rank and File,  
With Papers in their Hats, that show'd  
As if they to the Pillory rode.

620 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,  
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,  
Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,  
And all t'advance the Cause's Service ?  
And shall all now be thrown away

625 In petulant intestine Fray ?  
Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,  
Each Man of us to run before  
Another still in Reformation,  
Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation ?

630 How will dissenting Brethren relish it ?  
What will Malignants say ? Videlicet,

That each Man swore to do his best,  
 To damn and perjure all the rest ;  
 And bid the Devil take the hindmost :

35 Which at this Race is like to win most.  
 They'll say our Bus'ness, to reform  
 The Church and State, is but a Worm ;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
 To an unknown Church-Discipline,

40 What is it else, but before-hand  
 T' engage, and after understand ?  
 For when we swore to carry on  
 The present *Reformation* ;  
 According to the purest Mode

45 Of Churches best Reform'd abroad,  
 What did we else but make a Vow  
 To do we know not what, nor how ?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where, or what Churches these shou'd be.

50 And is indeed the self-same Case  
 With theirs, that swore t' *Et cetera's* ;  
 Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd  
 To fight to the last Drop of Blood ;

D 2

Theſe

650 *And is indeed the self-same Case*  
*With theirs, that swore t' Et cetera's.*

The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that her'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knights-errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing Canonical Obedience ; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the Abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with, &c.

652 *Or the French League, in which Men vow'd*  
*To fight to the last Drop of Blood.*

The Holy League in France, designed and made for the stirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out

These Slanders will be thrown upon  
 655 The Cause and Work we carry on,  
 If we permit Men to run headlong  
 T' Exorbitances fit for Bedlam ;  
 Rather than *Gospel-Walking* Times,  
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.  
 660 But we the Matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious Scandal,  
 In Name of King and Parliament,  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This Feud, but keep the Peace between  
 665 Your Brethren and your Country-Men ;  
 And to those Places straight repair,  
 Where your respective Dwellings are.  
 But to that Purpose first surrender  
 The *Fidler*, as the prime Offender,  
 670 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and Engineer of Mischief ;  
 That makes Division between Friends,  
 For prophane and malignant Ends.  
 He and that Engine of vile Noise,  
 675 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought  
 To condign Punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done, and I wou'd tain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :  
 680 For then I'll take another Course,  
 And soon reduce you all by Force.

out of which the *Solemn League and Covenant* here was (with Difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose ; for after the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all Sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend : And as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the Way of Reformation ; so did the French in the *Holy League*, to fight to the last Drop of Blood.

This

This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,  
To shew he meant to keep his Word.  
But *Talgol*, who had long supprest  
685 Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breast,  
Which now began to rage and burn as  
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,  
Thus answ'rd him: Thou Vermin wretched  
As e'er in measled Pork was hatched;  
690 Thou Tail o'f Worship that dost grow  
On Rump o' Justice as of Cow;  
How durst thou with that sullen Luggage  
O'th' self, old It'm, and other Baggage,  
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather  
695 Has broke his Wind in halting bither;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy Lumber against us?  
Cou'd thine Impertinence find out  
No work t' employ itself about,  
700 Where thou, secure from wooden Blow,  
Thy busy Vanity might'ft show?  
Was no Dispute a-foot between  
The Caterwauling Brethren?  
No subtle Question rais'd among  
705 Those *out-o'-their-Wits*, and those i'th' Wrong;  
No Prize between those Combatants  
O'th' Times, the Land, and Water-Saints;  
Where thou might'ft stickle without Hazard  
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;  
710 And not for Want of Bus'ness come  
To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better Sort  
Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport?  
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,  
715 Cut-purse, nor Burglary abroad?  
No Stolen Pig, nor *Plunder'd-Goose*,  
To tie thee up from breaking loose?

No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,  
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,  
720 To keep the busy from foul Evil,  
And Shame due to thee from the Devil?  
Did no Committee sit, where he  
Might cut out Journey-work for thee?  
And set th' a Task, with Subornation,  
725 To stich up *Sale* and *Sequestration*,  
To cheat, with *Holiness* and *Zeal*,  
All Parties and the Common-weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H'had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;  
730 Or sent thee on Bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither.  
But if thou 'ast Brain enough in Skull  
To keep itself in Lodging whole,  
And not provoke the Rage of Stones  
735 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;  
Tremble and vanish, while thou may'st,  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st,  
At this the *Knights* grew high in Wroth,  
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both,  
740 Three Times he smote on Stomach stout,  
From whence at length these Words brok:  
Was I for this entitled *Sir*,  
And girt with rusty Sword and Spur,  
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,  
745 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle?  
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell  
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;  
Nor all thy Tricks and Slights to cheat,  
And sell thy Carrion for good Meat;  
750 Not all thy Magick to repair  
Decay'd old Age in tough lean Ware,  
Make natural Death appear thy Work,  
And stop the Gangreen in stale Pork;

Not all that Force that makes thee proud,  
 755 Because y' Bullock ne'er withstood;  
 Tho' arm'd with all thy Cleavers, Knives,  
 And Axes made to hew down Lives;  
 Shall save or help thee to evade  
 The Hand of Justice, or this Blade,  
 760 Which I, her Sword-bearer, do carry,  
 For Civil Deed and Military.  
 Nor shall these Words of Venom base,  
 Which thou hast from their native Place,  
 Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
 765 Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free.  
 Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em;  
 Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.  
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that *Wights*  
 With Gauntlet blue, and Bases white,  
 770 And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,  
 So great a Man at Arms defy'd  
 With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,  
 That wou'd in *Job* or *Grizel* stir Mood.  
 Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,  
 775 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.  
 This said, with hasty Rage he snatch'd  
 His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;  
 And bending Cock, he levell'd full  
 Against th' Outside of *Talgol*'s Skull;  
 780 Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,  
 Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.  
 But *Pallas* came in Shape of Rust,  
 And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust  
 Her *Gorgon* Shield, which made the Cock  
 785 Stand stiff, as it were transform'd to Stock.  
 Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring Might,  
 With rugged Truncheon, charg'd the Knight;  
 And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,  
 Instead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.

790 The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
 Not us'd to such a Kind of Fight,  
 And shrank from its great Master's Gripe,  
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal Stripe.  
 Then *Hudibras*, with furious Haste  
 795 Drew out his Sword; yet not so fast,  
 But *Talgol* first with hardy Thwack  
 Twice bruise'd his Head, and twice his Back.  
 But when this nut-brown Sword was out,  
 With Stomach huge he laid abour,

800 Imprinting many a Wound upon  
 His mortal Foe, the Truncheon;  
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose  
 Itself against dead-doing Blows,  
 To guard its Leader from fell Bane,

805 And then reveng'd itself again.  
 And tho' the Sword (some understood),  
 In Force had much the Odds of Wood,  
 'Twas nothing so; both Sides were ballanc't  
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'ft;

810 For Wood, with Honour b'ing engag'd,  
 Is so implacably enrag'd;  
 Tho' Iron hew and mangle sore,  
 Wood wounds and bruises Honour more;  
 And now both *Knights* were out of Breath,

815 Tir'd in the hot Pursuit of Death;  
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
 Expecting which shou'd take or kill.  
 This *Hudibras* observ'd; and fretting,  
 Conquest shou'd be so long a getting.

820 He drew up all his Force into  
 One Body, and that into one Blow.  
 But *Talgol* wisely avoided it  
 By cunning Slight; for had it hit,  
 The upper Part of him the Blow

825 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,  
 To aid his Friend, began to fall on ;  
 Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal Combat 'twixt them two :

830 Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood,,  
 This fir for Bruise, and that for Blood.  
 With many a stiff Thwack, many a Bang,  
 Hard Crab-Tree and old Iron rang ;  
 While none that saw them cou'd divine  
 835 To which Side Conquest wou'd incline,  
 Until *Mazmaza*, who did envy  
 That two shou'd with so many Men vie,  
 By subtle Stratagem of Brain  
 Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain ;

840 For he, by foul Hap, having found  
 Where Thistles grew on barren Ground,,  
 In haste he drew his Weapon out,  
 And having cropp'd them from the Root,  
 He clapp'd them underneath the Tail  
 845 Of Steed, with Pricks as sharp as Nail.  
 The angry Beast did straight resent  
 The Wrong done to his Fundament,  
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,,  
 As if h' had been beside his Sense,  
 850 Striving to disengage from Thistle  
 That gaul'd him sorely under his Tail ;  
 Instead of which, he threw the Pack  
 Of *Squire* and Baggage from his Back ;  
 And blund'ring still with smarting Rump.

855 He gave the Knight's Steed such a Thump,  
 As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop,,  
 And sate on further Side a-slope.  
 This *Talgol* viewing, who had now  
 By Flight escap'd the fatal Blow.

860 He rally'd, and again fell to't ;  
 For catching Foe by nearer Foot,

He lifted with such such Might and Strengt  
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his Length,  
 And dash'd his Brains (if any) out ;

865 But *Mars*, that still prote&ts the Stout,  
 In Pudding-time came to his Aid,  
 And under him the *Bear* convey'd ;  
 The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown  
 The *Knight* with all his Weight fell down.

870 The friendly Rug preserv'd the Ground,  
 And headlong *Knight*, from Bruise or Wou  
 Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,  
 And heavy Brunt of Cannon-ball.  
 As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,

875 And had no Hurt ; ours far'd as well.  
 In Body, tho' his mighty Spirit,  
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
 The *Bear* was in a greater Fright,  
 Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.

880 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
 To shake off Bondage from his Snout.  
 His Wrath enflam'd, boil'd out, and from  
 His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam ;  
 Fury in stranger Postures threw him,

885 And more than ever Herald drew him.  
 He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd  
 From Squelch of *Knight*, and storm'd and  
 And vex'd the more, because the Harms  
 He felt were 'gainst the *Law of Arms* :

890 For Men he always took to be  
 His Friends, and Doy's his Enemy :  
 Who never so much Hurt had done him,  
 As his own Side did falling on him ;  
 It griev'd him to the Guts that they

895 For whom h'had fought so many a Fray,  
 And serv'd with Lo's of Blood so long,  
 Shou'd offer such inhuman Wrong ;





Wrong of unsoldier-like Condition ;  
 For which he flung down his Commission ;

900 And laid about him, till his Nose  
 From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd,  
 And made Way thro' th' amazed Crew,  
 905 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew,  
 But took none ; for by hasty Flight  
 He strove t'escape Pursuit of *Knight* :  
 From whom he fled with as much Haste  
 - And Dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.

910 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 Each and his Fear a sever'al Way.  
*Crowd* only kept the Field,  
 Not stirring from the Place he held,  
 Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore,

915 I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore  
 One Side of him, not that of Bone ;  
 But much 'tis better, th' wooden one.  
 He spying *Hudibras* lie strow'd  
 Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,

920 With Fright of Fall, supposed Wound,  
 And Loss of Urine, in a Swound,  
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb  
 That hurt i' th' Ankle lay by him.  
 And fitting it for sudden Fight,

925 Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight* ;  
 For gerting up on Stump and Huckle,  
 He with the Foe began to buckle,  
 Vowing to be reveng'd for Breach  
 Of *Crowd* and Skin upon the Stretch ;

930 Sole Author of all Detriment  
 He and his Fiddle underwent  
 But *Rul, ho* (who had now begun  
 T' adventure Resurrection

From heavy Squelch, and had got up  
 235 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)  
 Looking about, beheld Pernicion  
 Approaching *Knight* from fell Musician,  
 He snatch'd his Whinnyard up, that fled:  
 When he was falling off his Steed,  
 240 (As Rats do from a falling House,  
 To hide itself from Rage of Blows;  
 And wing'd with Speed and Fury flew,  
 To rescue *Knight* from Black and Blue.  
 Which e're he cou'd atchieve, his Sconce  
 245 The Leg encounter'd twice and once;  
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,  
 When *Ralph* thrust himself between.  
 He took the Blow upon his Arm,  
 To shield the *Knight* from further Harms;  
 250 And joining Wrath and Force bestow'd  
 O' th' wooden Member such a Load,  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
*Crowdero*, whom it propp'd before..  
 To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,  
 255 And letting conquering Foot upon  
 His Trunk, thus spoke: What *desp'rate Frenzy*  
 Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy  
 Thyself and all that Coward Rabble,  
 T' encounter us in Battle able?  
 260 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship.  
 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship?  
 And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,  
 Tho' all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,  
 And th' other Half of thee as good  
 265 To bear out Blows, as that of Wood?  
 Cou'd not the Whipping-Post prevail  
 With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,  
 To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,  
 And Ankle-free from Iron Gin?

Which

970 Which now thou shalt —— but first our Care.  
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.  
This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,  
And set him on his Bum upright :—  
To rouse him from Lethargick Dump,

975 He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle Thump  
Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been  
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.  
They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly  
From inward Room, to Window Eye,

980 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,  
Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.  
This gladded *Ralph* much to see  
Who thus bespake the *Knight* : Quoth he,  
Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,

985 A Self-denying Conqueror ;  
As High, Victorious and Great,  
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
If you will give yourself but Leave  
To make out what y' already have ;

990 That's Victory. The Foe, for Dread  
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,  
All, save *Crowders*, for whose sake  
You did th' espous'd *Cause* undertake :  
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,

995 To be dispos'd of as you think meet,  
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,  
The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.  
For one Wink of your pow'rful Eye  
Must sentence him to live or die.

1000 His Fiddle is your proper Purchase,  
Won in the Service of the *Churches* ;  
And by your Doom must be allow'd  
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.  
For tho' Success did not confer

1005 Just Title on the Conqueror ;

Tho' *Dispensations* were not strong  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;  
 Altho' *Out-goings* did confirm,  
 And awning were but a meer Term :  
 1010 Yet as the *Wicked* have no *Right*  
*To th' Creature*, tho' usurp'd by *Might*,  
 The *Property* is in the *Saints*,  
 From th' injuriously detain't ;  
 Of him they hold their *Luxuries*,  
 1015 Their *Dogs*, their *Horses*, *Whores* and *Dice*,  
 Their *Riots*, *Revels*, *Masks*, *Delights*,  
*Pimps*, *Buffoons*, *Fiddlers*, *Parasites* ;  
 All which the *Saints* have *Title to*,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their *Due*.  
 1020 What we take from 'em is no more  
 Than what was ours by *Right* before.  
 For we are their true *Landlords* still,  
 And they our *Tenants* but at *Will*.  
 At this the *Knight* began to rouze,  
 1025 And by degrees grow valorous.  
 He star'd about, and seeing none  
 Of all his foes remain, but one,  
 He snatch'd his Weapons that lay near him,  
 And from the Ground began to rear him ;  
 1030 Vowing to make *Crowders* pay  
 For all the rest that ran away.  
 But *Ralph* now, in colder Blood,  
 His Fury milder thus withstood :  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit  
 1035 Is rais'd too high; this Slave does merit  
 To be the *Hangman's* Business, sooner  
 Than from your Hand to have the Honour.  
 Of his Destruction ; I that am  
 A Nothingness in Deed and Name,  
 1040 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit *Carcass*,  
 Or ill intreat his *Fiddle* or *Cafe* :

Will.

Will you, great Sir, that Glory blot  
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot ?  
Will you employ your conq'ring Sword,  
15 To break a Fiddle and your Word ?  
For tho' I fought, and overcame,  
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name :  
For Great Commanders always own  
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.  
50 To save, where you have Power to kill,  
Argues your Pow'r above your Will ;  
And that your Will and Power have less  
Than both might have of Selfishness.  
This Pow'r, which now alive, with Dread,  
55 He trembles at, if he were dead,  
Wou'd no more keep the Slave in Awe,  
Than if you were a Knight of Straw :  
For Death wou'd then be his Conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that Terror.  
60 If Danger from his Life accrue,  
Or Honour from his Death, to you ;  
'Twere Policy and Honour too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do :  
But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your Valour much ;  
65 To say it needs or fears a Crutch.  
Great Conq'rors greater Glory gain  
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain :  
The Laurels that adorn their Brows  
Are pull'd from living not dead Boughs ;  
70 And living Foes ; the greatest Fame  
Of Cripe slain can be but lame.  
One half of him's already slain,  
The other is not worth your Pain ;  
Th' Honour can but on one Side light  
75 As Worship did when y' were dubb'd Knight.  
Wherefore I think it better far,  
To keep him Prisoner of War ;

And

And let him fast in Bonds abide,  
At *Courts of Justice* to be try'd ;

1080 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
There may be Danger in his Safety :  
If any Member there dislike  
His Face, or to his Beard have Pique ;  
Or if his Death will save or yield,  
1085 Revenge or Fright, it is reveal'd ;  
Tho' he has Quarter, ne'ertheless  
Y' have Power to hang him when you ple  
This has been often done by some  
Of our great Conquerors, you know who

1090 And has by most of us been held  
Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd.  
For Words and Promises, that yoke  
The Conqueror, are quickly broke ;  
Like Sampson's Cuffs, tho' by his own

1095 Direction and Advice put on.  
For if we shou'd fight for the *Cause*,  
By Rules of Military Laws,  
And only do what they call Just,  
The *Cause* wou'd quickly fall to Dust.

1100 This we among our selves may speak ;  
But to the Wicked or the Weak,  
We must be cautious to declare  
*Perfection Truths*, such as these are.  
This said, the high, outragious Mettle

1105 Of *Knight* began to cool and settle,  
He lik'd the *Squire's* Advice, and soon  
Resolv'd to see the Bus'nes done :  
And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
*Crowdero's* Hands on Rump behind,

1110 And to its former Place and Use  
The wooden Member to reduce,  
But force it take an *Oath* before,  
*Ne'er to bear Arms* against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy Haste,  
 115 And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,  
     He gave Sir *Knight* the End of Cord,  
     To lead the Captive of his Sword  
     In Triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,  
     And them to further Service brought,  
 20 The *Squire* in State rode on before,  
     And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore  
     The Trophy *Fiddle* and the *Cafe*,  
     Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.  
     The *Knight* himself did after ride,  
 25 Leading *Crowdero* by his Side ;  
     And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,  
     Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.  
     Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,  
     Until quite throu' the Town th' had gone ;  
 30 At further end of which there stands  
     An antient Castle that commands  
     Th' adjacent Parts ; in all the Fabrick  
     You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,  
     But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell  
 35 Of Magick made impregnable ;  
     There's neither Iron Bar nor Gate,  
     Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate,  
     And yet Men Durance there abide,  
     In Dungeons scarce three Inches wide.  
 40 With Roof so low that under it  
     They never stand, but lie or sit ;  
     And yet so foul, that who so is in,  
     Is to the Middle-leg in Prison ;  
     In Circle Magical confin'd,  
 45 With Wall of subtle Air and Wind ;  
     Which none are able to break thorough,  
     Until they're freed by Head of Borough.  
     Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *Knight*  
     And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,

1150 At th' outward Wall, near which there stands  
A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands;  
By strange Enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser Parts, and free the greater;  
For though the Body may creep through,  
1155 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.  
And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist  
Is made by Beadle Exorcist,  
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,  
As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch.

1160 At Twenty Miles an Hour Pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.  
On Top of this there is a Spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire  
The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Cafe,

1165 In manner of a Trophy, place.  
That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,  
And let *Crowders* down thereat.  
*Crowders* making doleful Face,  
Like Hermit poor in pensive Place,

1170 To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,  
And the Survivor of his Feet:  
But th' other that had broke the Peace  
And Head of Knighthood they release,  
Tho' a *Delinquent* false and forged,

1175 Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged;  
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,  
Is clapp'd up fast in Prison for't.  
*So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,*  
*Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.*





## The ARGUMENT of THIRD CANTO.

*scatter'd Rout return and rally,  
round the Place ; the Knight does sally,  
d is made Pris'ner : Then they seize  
enchanted Fort by Storm, release  
owdero, and put the Squire in's Place ;  
ould have firſt ſaid Hudibras.*

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### CANTO III.

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**H** me ! what Perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold Iron !  
hat plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps  
o dog him still with After-claps !  
r tho' Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,  
nd leer upon him for a while,  
e'll after ſhew him, in the Nick  
f all his Glories, a Dog-trick.  
his any man may ſing or ſay,  
th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day* ;  
or *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won  
he Field, as certain as a Gun,

And

And having routed the whole Troop,  
With Victory was Cock-a-boop;

25 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase  
*Thanksgiving Day* among the *Churches* ;  
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth  
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,  
And register'd by Fame Eternal,

20 In Deathless Pages of *Diurnal* :  
Found in few Minutes, to his Cost,  
He did but *count without his Host* ;  
And that a *Turn-style* is more certain,  
Than, in Events of War, Dame Fortune.

25 For now the late faint-hearted Rout,  
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear,  
From bloody Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,  
( All but the Dogs, who in Pursuit

30 Of the *Knight*'s Victory stood to't,  
And most ignobly fought, to get  
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)  
Seeing the Coast was free and clear  
O' th' conquer'd and the Conqueror,

35 Took Heart again and fac'd about.  
As if they meant to stand it out:  
For by this Time the routed *Bear*,  
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,  
Finding their Number grew too great.

40 For him to make a safe Retreat,  
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to Fortune, and with Haste  
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd;

45 Retiring still, until he found  
H' had got th' Advantage of the Ground ;  
And then as valiantly made Head,  
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled ;

Leaving no Artistry'd, nor Trick  
 ↪ Of Warrier stout and politick ;  
 Until, in spight of hot Pursuit,  
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold Dispute  
 On better Terms, and stop the Course  
 - Of the proud Foe. Withall his Force  
 ; He bravely chang'd, and for a while  
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil ;  
 But still their Numbers so increas'd,  
 He found himself at length oppres'd,  
 And all Evasions so uncertain,  
 ↪ To save himself for better Fortune ;  
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
 To die with Honour in the Field,  
 And sell his Hide and Carcass at  
 A Price as high and desperate  
 ↪ As e'er he cou'd. This Resolution  
 He forthwith put in Execution,  
 And bravely threw himself among  
 The Enemy, i' th' greatest Throng.  
 But what cou'd single Valour do,  
 ↪ Against so numerous a Foe ?  
 Yet much he did, indeed too much  
 To be believ'd, where th' Odds were such ;  
 But one, against a multitude,  
 Is more than Mortal can make good ;  
 ↪ For while one Party he oppos'd,  
 His Rear was suddenly inclos'd.  
 And no Room left him for Retreat,  
 Or Fight against a Foe so great,  
 For now the Mastives, charging home,  
 ↪ To Blows and handy-Gripes were come :  
 While manfully himself he bore,  
 And setting his Right-foot before,  
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall  
 His Person was above them all.

This

83 This equal Share : and Envy stirr'd  
Iff' Eaetor, that one shew'd beard  
So many Warriors, and so stow,  
As he had done, and star'd it out,  
Desirous to lay down his Arms,  
80 And yield on honourable Terms.  
Enraged thus, some in the Rear  
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,  
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,  
And, being down, still laid about:  
95 As *Wieldrige* in doleful Dumps,  
Is said to fight upon his Stumps.  
But all, alas ! had been in vain,  
And he inevitably slain,  
If *Irvalis* and *Cerdas* in the nick,  
100 To rescue him had not been quick;  
For *Irvalis*, who was light of Foot,  
As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoo!  
( But not so light, as to be born  
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,  
105 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker  
Than Witches, when their Staves they lipp  
As some report ) was got among  
The foremost of the Martial Turong :  
There pitying the vanquish'd *Bear*,  
110 She call'd to *Cerdas*, who stood near,  
Viewing the bloody Fight; to whom,  
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *arm'd* dress,  
And 'ee stout *Bear* all alone,  
By Numbers basely overthrown?  
115 Such Feat already h' has atchiev'd,  
In Story not to be believ'd;  
And 'twould to us be Shame enough,  
Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
I wou'd (quoth he) venture a Limb,  
120 To second thee, and rescue him,

But then we must about it straight,  
Or else our Aid will come too late ;  
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
And therefore cannot long hold out.

125 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round  
About their Heads, to clear the Ground ;  
And joining Forces, laid about  
So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout  
Turn'd Tail about, and straight begun,

130 As if the Devil drove, to run.

Mean while th' approach'd the Place where *Bruin*  
Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin :  
The conquering Foe they soon assail'd,  
First *Trulla* stav'd and *Cerdon* tail'd,

135 Until the Mastives loos'd their Head :  
And yet, alas ! do what they could,  
The worsted *Bear* came off with Store  
Of bloody Wounds, but all before ;  
For as *Achilles*, dipt in Pond,

140 Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from Wound,  
Made Proof against dead-doing Steel  
All over, but the Pagan Heel :  
So did our Champion's Arms defend  
All of him but the other End :

145 His Head and Ears, which in the martial  
Encounter lost a leathern Parcel :  
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once  
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*  
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd

150 Close to his Head, so *Bruin* far'd :

134 *First Trulla stav'd, &c.*] *Staving* and *Tailing* are Terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and signify there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears* : Tho' they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating ; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side,  
 Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd &  
 Or like the late corrected Leatherne  
 Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

155 But gentle *Trulla*, into th' Ring  
 He wore in's Nose, convey'd a String,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The Warrior to a grassy Bed,  
 As Authors write, in a cool Shade,  
 160 Which Eglantine and Roses made ;  
 Close by a softly murmuring Stream,  
 Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
 There leaving him to his Repose,  
 Secured from Pursuit of Foes,  
 165 And wanting nothing but a Song,  
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung  
 Upon a Bough, to ease the Pain  
 His tugg'd Ears suffer'd ; with a Strain  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 170 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orfin* (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his Ground  
 In standing Fight, than for Pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of Foot)

175 Was not long able to keep Pace  
 With others that pursu'd the Chace ;  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of Heart, and out of Wind ;

153 *Or like the late corrected Leatherne  
 Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.*

*Pryn*, *Bastwick* and *Burtin*, who laid down their Ears as  
 Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, not long af-  
 ter maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be  
 as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took Possession  
 of it in their Names.

Griev'd

## PART I. CANTO III.

97

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd  
 180 So basely by a Multitude;  
 And like to fall, not by the Prowess,  
 But Numbers of his Coward Foes.  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as  
 Stout *Hercules* for Loss of *Hylas*;  
 185 Forcing the Vallies to repeat  
 The Accents of his sad Regret.  
 He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,  
 For Loss of his dear *Crony Bear* :  
 That Eccho, from the hollow Ground,  
 190 His doleful Wailings did resound  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,  
 That make her, in their rueful Stories,  
 To answer to Int'rogatories,  
 195 And most unconscionably depose  
 Things of which she nothing knows :  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Fis wrested to the Lovers Fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,  
 200 Art thou fled to my—— *Echo Ruin*?  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step  
 For Fear. (Quoth Eccho) *Marry guop*,  
 Am not I here to take thy Part ?  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart ?  
 205 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head  
 So often in thy Quarrel bled ?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget*,  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish  
 210 Thou turn'dst thy Back ? Quoth Eccho, *Pis*.  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly ? Quoth Eccho, *Mum*.  
 But what a Vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine Enemy ?

E

Or

215 Or if thou hast no Thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail:  
 For who wou'd grutch to spend his Blood in

220 His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, *a Pudding.*  
 This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;  
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in Place  
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.

225 He vow'd the Authors of his Woe  
 Should equal Vengeance undergo;  
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his *Bear.*  
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed

230 And Rage he hasted to proceed  
 To Action straight, and giving o'er  
 To search for *Bruin* any more,  
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,  
 To find him out where-e'er he was.

235 And, if he were above Ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.  
 But scarce had he a Furlong on  
 This resolute Adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that Crew

240 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.  
 Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,  
 Did equally their Breasts inflame.  
 'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,  
 And *Talgol*, Foe to *Hudibras*:

245 *Cerdon* and *Colon*, Warriors stout,  
 And resolute, as ever fought:  
 Whom furious *Orfin* thus bespoke:  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook  
 The vile Affront thataultry Ass

250 And feeble *Sconndrel*, *Hudibras*,

with

With that more poultry *Raggamuffin*,  
*Ralph*, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in Battle?

255 For my Part, it shall ne'er be said,  
 I for the washing gave my Head:  
 Nor did I turn my Back for Fear  
 O' th' Rascals, but Los of my *Bear*,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo;

260 For whether those tell Wounds, or no;  
 He has receiv'd in Fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my Skill can foretel;  
 Nor do I *know* what is become  
 Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.

265 But if I can but find them out  
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,  
 Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their Handy-work;  
 And wish that they had rather dar'd

270 To pull the Devil by the Beard.  
 Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orsin*, th' hast  
 Great Reason to do as thou say'st,  
 And so has ev'ry Body here,  
 As well as thou hast, or thy *Bear*.

275 Others may do as they see good;  
 But if this Twig be made of Wood  
 That will hold Tack, I'll make the Fur  
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;  
 And t'other Mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,

280 That brav'd us all in his behalf.  
 Thy *Bear* is safe, and out of Peril,  
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;  
 Myself and *Trulla* made a Shift  
 To help him out at a dead Lift;

285 And having brought him bravely off,  
 Have left him where he's safe enough:

There let him rest; for if we stay,  
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join  
290 Their Forces in the same Design:  
And forthwith put themselves in search  
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.  
Where leave we them a while to tell  
What the victorious *Knight* befel:

295 For such, *Crowdero* being fast  
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.  
Triumphant Lawrels seem'd to grow  
No where so green as on his Brow:  
Laden with which, as well as tir'd

300 With conq'ring Toil, he now retir'd  
Unto a neighbouring Castle by,  
To rest his Body, and apply  
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise  
He got in Fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blues*,

305 To mollify th' uneasy Pang  
Of every honourable Bang,  
Which be'ng by skilful Midwife drest,  
He laid him down to take his Rest.  
But all in vain. H'd got a Hurt

310 O' th' inside of a deadlier Sort,  
By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand  
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,  
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,  
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

315 Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,  
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;  
The Shaft against a Rib did glance,  
And gali'd him in the *Purtenance*.  
But Time had somewhat swag'd his Pain,

320 After he found his Suit in vain.  
For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul  
Was burnt in's Belly like a Coal,

(That Belly that so oft did ake,  
And suffer griping for her sake,  
325 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs  
Had almost brought him off his Legs)  
Us'd him so like a base *Rascallion*,  
That old *Pig* — (what d' y' call him) *malion*,  
That cut his Mistress out of Stone,  
330 Had not so hard a hearted one.  
She had a thousand Jadish Tricks,  
Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks;  
'Mong which one crois-grain'd Freak she had,  
As insolent as strange and mad:  
335 She cou'd love none but only such  
As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
"Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady,  
Not love, if any-lov'd her: Hey day!  
So Cowards never use their Might,  
340 But against such as will not fight.  
So some Diseases have been found  
Only to seize upon the Sound.  
He, that gets her by Heart, must say her  
The back Way, like a Witch's Prayer.  
345 Mean while the *Knight* had no small Task,  
To compafs what he durst not ask,  
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;  
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*:  
Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed  
350 Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed:

328 *That old, &c.*] *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Margenus*, or *Mecbres*, whom he succeeded, and liv'd 56 Years, whereof he reigned 47. *Dido*, his Sister, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient: She married *Sicbæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very rich, wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,  
 Look one Way and another move.  
 Or like a Tumbler that does play  
 His Game and look another Way,  
 355 Until he seize upon the Coney :  
 Just so does he by Matrimony.  
 But all in vain : Her subtle Snout  
 Did quickly wind his Meaning out ;  
 Which she return'd with too much Scorn,  
 360 To be by Man of Honour born :  
 Yet much he bore until the Distress  
 He suffer'd from his Spightful Mistress,  
 Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain  
 He had endur'd from her Disdain,  
 365 Turn'd to Regret, so resolute,  
 That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite,  
 Or for a while play least in sight.  
 This Resolution b'ing put on,  
 370 He kept some Months, and more had done,  
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
 The Victory he achiev'd so late  
 Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope  
 A Door to discontinu'd Hope,  
 375 That seem'd to promise he might win  
 His Dame too, now his Hand was in ;  
 And that his Valour, and the Honour  
 He'd newly gain'd, might work upon her :  
 These Reasons made his Mouth to water  
 380 With am'rous Longings to be at her.  
 Quoth he unto himself, Who knows  
 But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes  
 May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,  
 As I but now have forc'd the Troop ?  
 385 If nothing can oppugn Love,  
 And Virtue invious Ways can prove,

What

What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both Love and Virtue too ?  
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,  
 390 Two Things that seldom fail to hit.  
 Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,  
 Which Women oft are taken in.  
 Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear  
 To be, that art a Conqueror ?  
 395 Fortune th' Audacious doth *jubare*,  
 But lets the Timidous miscarry.  
 Then while the Honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
 400 And trust thy Fortune with the rest.  
 Such Thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,  
 More than his Bangs or Fleas, from Sleep.  
 And as an Owl that in a Barn  
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,  
 405 Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes,  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little Beast within his Reach,  
 Then starts and seizes on the Wretch,  
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,  
 410 To seize upon the Widow's Heart,  
 Crying with hasty Tone, and hoarse,  
*Ralph* dispatch, 'To Horse, To Horse !'  
 And 'twas but Time ; for now the Rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 415 By speedy Marches were advanc'd  
 Up to the Fort, where he ensconc'd :  
 And all th' Avenues had possest  
 About the Place from East to West.  
 That done, a-while they made a Halt,  
 420 To view the Ground, and where t' assault :  
 Then call'd a Council, which 'twas best,  
 By Siege or Onslaught, to invest

The Enemy ; and 'twas agreed,  
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.

425 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely Sort,  
They now drew up t' attack the Fort ;  
When *Hudibras*, about to enter  
Upon another-gates Adventure,  
To *Ralph* call'd aloud to arm,

430 Not dreaming of approaching Storm.  
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care  
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,  
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,  
To which he was an utter Stranger ;

435 That Foresight might, or might not blot  
The Glory he had newly got,  
Or to his Shame it might be said,  
They took him napping in his Bed :  
To them we leave it to expound,

440 That deal in Sciences profound.  
His Couser scarce he had bestrid,  
And *Ralph* that on w<sup>ch</sup> he rid,  
When setting ope the Postern Gate,  
Which they thought best to sally at,

445 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
Ready to charge them in the Field.  
This somewhat startled the bold *Knight*,  
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight ;  
The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh

450 He thought began to smart afresh :  
Till recollecting wonted Courage,  
His Fear was soon converted to Rage,  
And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,  
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

455 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears  
As if they had out-run their Fears ;  
The Glory we did lately get,  
The Fates command us to repeat :

And

And to their Wills we must succumb,  
 460 *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our Doom.  
 This is the same numerick Crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue ;  
 The self-same Individuals, that  
 Did run as Mice do from a Cat,

465 When we courageously did wield  
 Our martial Weapons in the Field,  
 To tug for Victory : And when  
 We shall our shining Blades agen  
 Brandish in Terror o'er our Heads.

470 They'll strait resume their wonted Dreads :  
 Fear is an Ague, that forsakes  
 And haunts by Fits those whom it takes :  
 And they'll opine they feel the Pain  
 And Blows they felt to Day, again.

475 Then let us Boldly charge them home,  
 And make no doubt to overcome.  
 This said, his Courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his *Mistress*' Name.  
 His Pistol next he cock'd anew,

480 And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew :  
 And, placing *Ralph* in the Front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the Brunt :  
 As expert Warriors use : Then ply'd  
 With Iron Heel his Courser's Side.

485 Conveying Sympathetick Speed  
 From Heel of *Knight* to Heel of Steed.  
 Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage  
 And Speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both Parties now were drawn so close,

490 Almost to come to Handy-Blows,  
 When *Orfin* first let fly a Stone  
 At *Ralph* : not so huge a one  
 As that which *Diomed* did maul  
*Aeneas* on the Bum withal ;

495 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
 T' have sent him to another World :  
 Whether above-ground, or below,  
 Which *Saints twice dip* are destin'd to.  
 The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,  
 500 And made him some few Steps retire.  
 But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,  
 And rouz'd his Spirits half dismay'd.  
 He wisely doubting left the Shot  
 O'th' Enemy, now growing hot,  
 505 Might at a Distance gall, press'd close,  
 To come pell-mell to Handy-blows,  
 And that he might their Aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique Line ;  
 But prudently forbore to fire,  
 510 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher :  
 As expert Warriors use to do,  
 When Hand to Hand they charge their Foe.  
 This Order the advent'rous *Knights*,  
 Most Soldier-like, observ'd in Fight,  
 515 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,  
 And for the Foe began to stickle.  
 The more Shame for her *Goody-ship*,  
 To give so near a Friend the Slip.  
 For *Colon*, chusing out a Stone,  
 520 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon  
 His Manly Paunch, with such a Force,  
 As almost beat him off his Horse.  
 He lost his Whinyard and the Rein ;  
 But laying fast hold of the Mane,  
 525 Preferv'd his Seat : And as a Goose  
 In Death contracts his Talons close ;  
 So did the *Knights*, and with one Claw  
 The Tricker of his Pistol draw.  
 The Gun went off : And, as it was  
 530 Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,

In all his Feats of Arms, when least  
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best ;  
 So now he far'd : The Shot let fly  
 At random 'mong the Enemy,

535 Pierc'd *Talgol's* Gaberdine, and grazing  
 Upon his Shoulder in the passing,  
 Lodg'd in *Magnano's* bras's Habergeon,  
 Who strait *A Surgeon* cry'd, *A Surgeon* :

He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
 540 Did *Murther, Murther, Murther* yell.  
 This startled their whole Body so,  
 That if the *Knights* had not let go  
 His Arms; but been in warlike Plight,  
 H' had won (the second time) the Fight.

545 As, if the *Squire* had but fall'n on,  
 He had inevitably done :  
 But he, diverted with the Care  
 Of *Hudibras* his Hurt, forbare  
 To press th'Advantage of his Fortune,

550 While Danger did the rest dishearten.  
 For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd  
 In close Encounter, they both wag'd  
 The Fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which Side was like to get the Day.

555 And now the busy Work of Death  
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
 Preparing to renew the Fight ;  
 When the Disaster of the *Knights*  
 And t' other Party did divert

560 Their fell Intent, and forc'd them part.  
*Ralph* press'd up to *Hudibras*,  
 And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was ;  
 Each striving to confirm his Party  
 With stout Encouragements and hearty.

565 Quoth *Ralph*, Courage, valiant Sir,  
 And let Revenge and Honour stir

Your Spirits up, once more fall on,  
 The shatter'd Foe begins to run :  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 570 To use your Victory as subdue,  
 They durst not after such a Blow  
 As you have given them face us now ;  
 But from so formidable a Soldier  
 Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.

575 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft  
 Way'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.  
 But if you let them recollect  
 Their Spirits, now disinay'd and check'd,  
 You'll have a harder Game to play

580 Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.  
 Thus spoke the stout *Squire* ; but was heard  
 By *Hudibras* with small Regard.  
 His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang  
 He lately took, than *Ralph's* Harangue ;

585 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate  
 Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.  
 The clotted Blood within my Hose,  
 That from my wounded Body flows,  
 With mortal *Crisis* doth portend

590 My Days to appropinque an End,  
 I am for Action now unfit,  
 Either of Fortitude or Wit.  
 Fortune my Foe begins to frown,  
 Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down ;

595 I am not apt, upon a Wound  
 Or trivial Busting, to despone :  
 Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail ;  
 For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,  
 Or that we'd Time enough as yet

600 To make an hon'able Retreat :  
 'Twere the best Course : But if they find  
 We fly, and leave our Arms behind,

For them to seize on ; the Dishonour  
 And Danger too is such, I'll sooner  
 60; Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,  
 To let them see I am no Starter.  
 In all the Trade of War, no Feat  
 Is nobler than a brave Retreat :  
 For those that run away, and fly,  
 610 Take Place at least o' th' Enemy.

This said, the *Squire* with active Speed  
 Dismounted from his bonny Steed,  
 To seize the Arms, which by Mischance  
 Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance  
 615 These being found out, and restor'd  
 To *Hudibras*, their nat'ral Lord,  
 As a Man may say with Might and Main.  
 He hasted to get up again.  
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,  
 620 But, by his weighty Bum, as oft  
 He was pull'd back, till having found  
 Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike Steed,  
 And having plac'd him right, with Speed  
 625 Prepar'd again to scale the Beast :  
 When *Orfin*, who had newly drest  
 The bloody Scar upon the Shoulder  
 Of *Talgol*, with *Promethean* Powder,  
 And now was searching for the Shot  
 630 That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,  
 Beheld the sturdy *Squire* aforesaid  
 Preparing to climb up his Horse-side :  
 He left his Cure, and laying hold  
 Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,  
 635 Cry'd out, 'tis now no Time to dally,  
 The Enemy begin to rally :  
 Let us that are unhurt and whole  
 Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.

Thus

Thus said, like to a Thunderbolt  
640 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,  
Striving the Enemy to attack  
Before he reach'd his Horse's Back:  
*Ralph* was mounted now, and gotten  
O'erhward his Beast with active Vaulting.  
645 Wrigling his Body to recover  
His Seat, and cast his right Leg over;  
When *Orfin*, rushing in, bestow'd  
On Horse and Man so heavy a Load,  
The Beast was startled, and begun  
650 To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,  
Or stout King *Richard*, on his Back:  
'Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a Swoon.  
655 Mean while the *Knight* began to rouse  
The Sparkles of his wonted Prowess:  
He thrust his Hand into his Hose,  
And found both by his Eyes and Nose,  
'Twas only Choler, and not Blood.  
660 That from his wounded Body flow'd:  
This, with the Hazard of the *Squire*,  
Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;  
Couragiouly he fac'd about,  
And drew his other Pistol out;  
665 And now had half way bent the Cock,  
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,  
With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,  
That down it fell, and did no Harm:  
Then stoutly pressing on with Speed;  
670 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.  
The *Knight* his Sword had only left,  
With which he *Cerdon's* Head had cleft,  
Or at the least cropp'd off a Limb,  
But *Orfin* came, and rescu'd him.

675 He with his Lance attack'd the *Knight*  
Upon his Quarters opposite.  
But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,  
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,

680 And knows not which to turn him to :  
So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,  
And knew not which of them t'oppose ;  
Till *Orsin*, charging with his Lance  
At *Hudibras* by spightful Chance,

685 Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd  
And laid him flat upon the Ground.  
At this the *Knight* began to chear up,  
And rais'ng up himself on Stirrup,  
Cry'd out, *Victoria* : Lie thou there,

690 And I shall strait dispatch another,  
To bear thee Company in Death :  
But first I'll halt a while, and breath,  
As well he might : For *Orsin*, griev'd  
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,

695 Ran to relieve him with his Lore,  
And cure the Hurt he gave before.  
Meanwhile the *Knight* had wheel'd about,  
To breathe himself, and next found out  
Th' Advantage of the Ground, where best

700 He might the ruffled Foe infest.  
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,  
To run at *Orsin* with full Speed,  
While he was busy in the Care  
Of *Cerdon*'s Wound, and unaware :

705 But he was quick, and had already  
Unto the Part apply'd Remedy ;  
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,  
Drew up, and stood upon his Guard.  
Then like a Warrior right expert

710 And skilful in the Martial Art,

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The subtle *Knight* straight made a Halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' Assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,  
 And then (in order) to retire;

715 Or, as Occasion shou'd invite,  
 With Forces join'd renew the Fight.  
*Ralph* by this time disentranc'd,  
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,  
 Tho' sorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er

720 With ruthless Bangs were stiff and sore:  
 Right fain he wou'd have got upon  
 His Feet again, to get him gone;  
 When *Hudibras* to aid him came,  
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)

725 Courage, the Day at length is ours,  
 And we once more, as Conquerors,  
 Have both the Field and Honour won,  
 The Foe is profligate and run,  
 I mean all such as can, for some

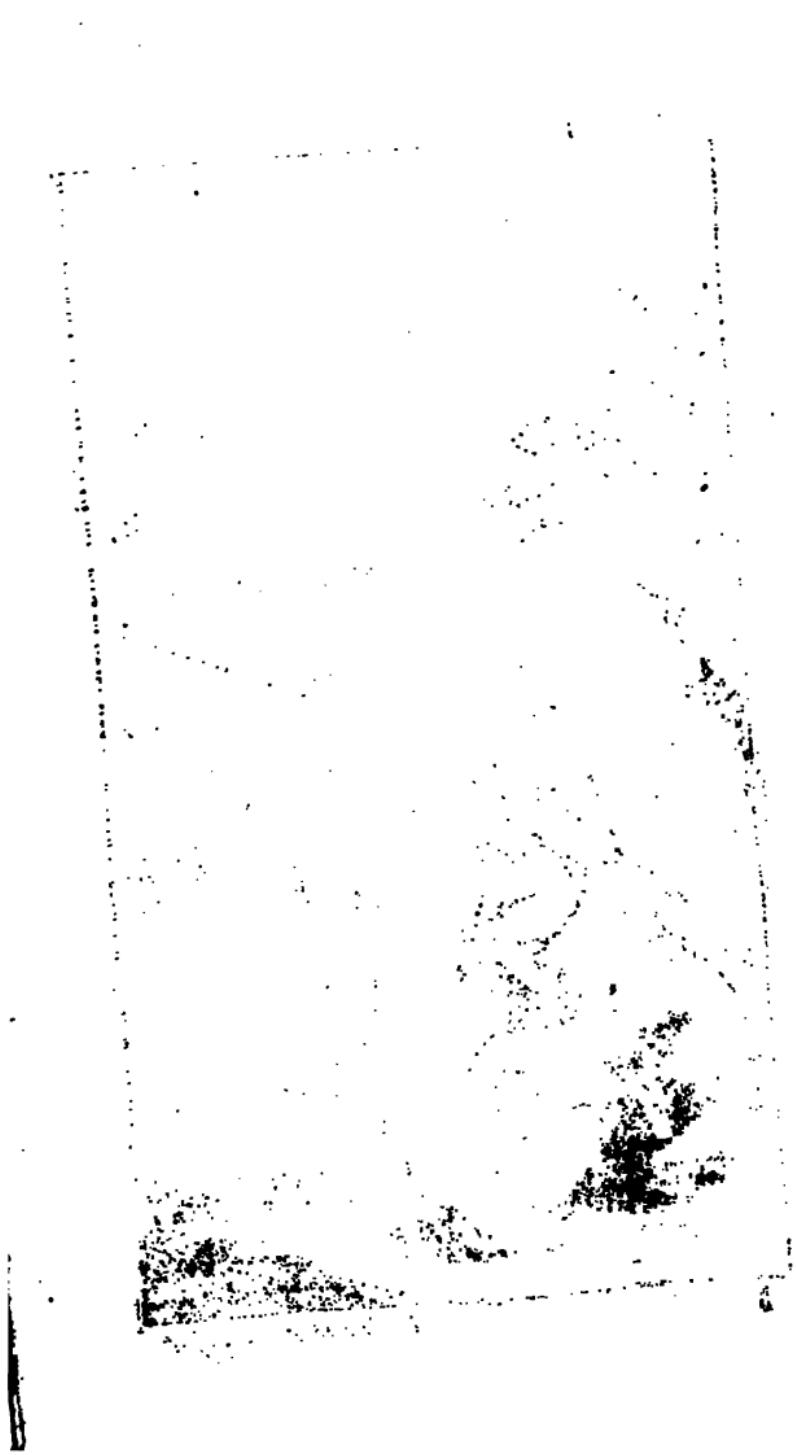
730 This Hand'hath sent to their long Home;  
 And some lie sprauling on the Ground,  
 With many a Gash and bloody Wound.  
*Cesar* himself cou'd never say  
 He got two Victories in a Day,

735 As I have done, that can say, twice I.  
 In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici*.  
 The Foe is numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 As they *perire*, and yet enow

740 Be left to strike an After-blow;  
 Then lest they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight the Business o'er,  
 Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,  
 And let us both their Motions watch.

745 Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were  
 In case for Action, now be here;

Not



P/22



4

P Simms Sculpt

Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd  
 An Arfe for Fear of being hang'd.  
 It was for you I got these Harms,

750 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.  
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd  
 My Limbs of Strength: unless you stoop,  
 And reach your Hand to pull me up,

755 I shall lie here, and be a Prey  
 To those who now are run away.  
 That thou shalt not (quoth *Hudibras*;)  
 We read, the Ancients held it was  
 More honourable far, *Servare*

760 *Give*em, than slay an Adversary;  
 The one we oft to Day have done;  
 The other shall dispatch anon:  
 And tho' th'art of a diff'rent Church,  
 I will not leave thee in the Lurch.

765 This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently tow'r'd the *Squire*,  
 Then bowing down his Body, stretch'd  
 His Hands out, and at *Ralph* reach'd;  
 When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,

770 Charg'd him like Lightening behind.  
 She had been long in search about  
*Magnano*'s Wound to find it out;  
 But cou'd find none, nor where the Shot  
 That had so startled him was got.

775 But having found the Worst was past,  
 She fell to her own Work at last,  
 The Pillage of the Prisoners,  
 Which in all Feats of Arms was her's;  
 And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,

780 When *Hudibras* his hard Fate drew  
 To succour him; for as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a Load

Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well;  
On t'other Side, that down he fell.

785 Yield, *Scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or die;  
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty:  
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
To try thy Fortune o'er a-fresh,

790 I'll wave my Title to thy Flesh,  
Thy Arms and Baggage now my Right:  
And if thou hast the Heart to try't,  
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
And once more, for that Carcass vile,

795 Fight upon Tick — Quoth *Hudibras*,  
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,  
And I shall take thee at thy Word,  
First let me rise, and take my Sword:  
That Sword which has so oft this Day

800 Thro' Squadrons of my Foes made Way,  
And come to other Worlds dispatch'd,  
Now with a feeble Spinster match'd,  
Will blush with Blood ignoble stain'd,  
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.

805 But if thou'l take m' Advice in this,  
Consider whilst you may, what 'tis.  
To interrupt a Victor's Course,  
B' opposing such a trivial Force:  
For if with Conquest I come off,

810 (And that I shall do sure enough)  
Quarter thou can'st not have, nor Grace  
By Law of Arms in such a Case;  
Both which I now do offer freely.  
I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,

815 (Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,  
To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)  
Quarter, or Council from a Foe:  
If thou can'st force me to it, do.

But left it shou'd again be said,

820 When I have once more won thy Head,  
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.  
This said, she to her Tackle fell,  
And on the *Knight* let fall a Peal

825 Of Blows so fierce, and pres'd so home,  
That he retir'd, and follow'd his Bum.  
Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy,  
It is not fighting *Arise-averse*  
Shall serve thy Turn — This stirr'd his Spleen

830 More than the Danger he was in,  
The Blows he felt, or wasto feel,  
Altho' th' already made him reel;  
Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,  
At once into his Stomach came;

835 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm  
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm  
Of Blows so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hash her quick.  
But she upon her Truncheon took them,

840 And by oblique Diversion broke them,  
Waiting an Opportunity  
To pay all back with Usury,  
Which long she fail'd not of, for now  
The *Knight* with one dead-doing Blow

845 Resolving to decide the Fight,  
And she with quick and cunning Slight  
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,  
As almost sway'd him to the Ground.

850 No sooner she th' Advantage found,  
But in she flew; and seconding  
With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,  
She laid him flat upon his Side,  
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,

Quoth

And as the *French* we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,  
 925 The Length of Breeches, and the Gathers,  
 Port-Cannons, Perriwigs and Feathers ;  
 Just so the proud insulting *Lais*  
 Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst  
 930 In Hurry of the Fight disperst,  
 Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the Day,  
 To share i'th' Honour and the Prey,  
 And out of *Hudibras* his Hide,  
 With Vengeance to be satisfy'd ;  
 935 Which now they were about to pour  
 Upon him in a wooden Show'r.

923 *And as the French we conquer'd once,*  
*Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, &c.*

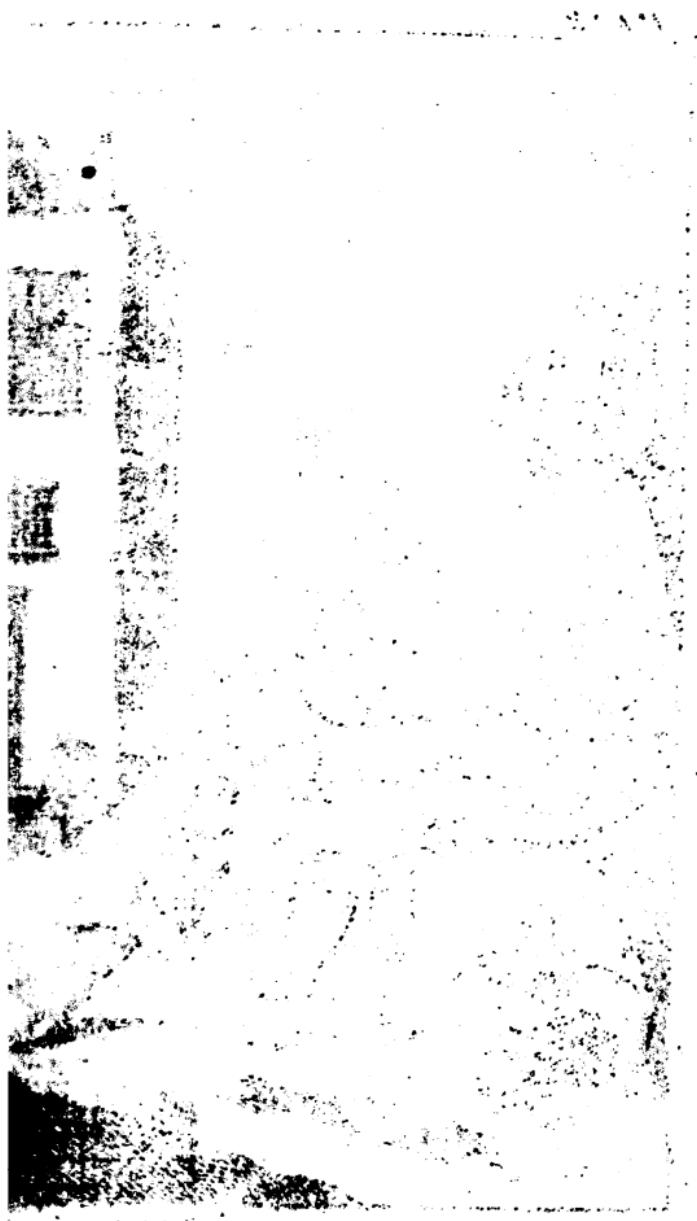
*Pantaloons* and *Port-Cannons*, were some of the fantastick  
 Fashions, wherein weap'd the *French*.

*At quisquis Insula satus Britannica  
 Sic patriam insolens fastidet suam,  
 Ut more simile laboret fingere,  
 Et amulari Gallicas ineptias,  
 Et amas Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium  
 Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse mitior,  
 Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Caput.*

Thomas More.

*Gallus* is a River in *Phrygia*, rising out of the Mountains  
 of *Colone*, and discharging itself into the River *Sanger*,  
 the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that  
 being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures  
 Madnes ; but largely drank, it makes Men frantick ;  
*Pliny, Horatius.*

But





But *Trulla* thrust herself between,  
 And striding o'er his Back agen,  
 She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword,  
 940 And vow'd they shou'd not break her Word ;  
 Sh' had given him Quarter, and her Blood  
 Or theirs shou'd make that Quarter good.  
 For she was bound by Law of Arms,  
 To see him safe from farther Harms.

945 In Dungeon deep *Crowders*, cast  
 By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast :  
 Where, to the hard and ruthless Stones,  
 His great Heart made perpetual Moans :  
 'Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*

950 Shou'd ransom, and supply his Place.  
 This stopp'd their Fury and the Basting  
 Which towards *Hudibras* was hastening.  
 They thought it was but just and right,  
 That what she had atchiev'd in Fight

955 She shou'd dispose of how she pleas'd :  
*Crowder* ought to be releas'd :  
 Nor cou'd that any Way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :  
 For who a better cou'd imagine ?

960 This therefore they resolv'd t'engage in.  
 The *Knight* and *Squire* first they made  
 Rise from the Ground where they were laid ;  
 Then mounted both upon their Horses,  
 But with their Faces to the *Arses*,

965 *Orfin* led *Hudibras*'s Beast,  
 And *Talgol* that which *Ralphe* prest ;  
 Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,  
 And *Colon* waited as a Guard on ;  
 All ush'ring *Trulla* in the Rear,

970 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.  
 In this proud Order and Array  
 They put themselves upon their Way,

Striving to reach th' *enchanted Castle*,  
 Where stout *Crowdero* in Durance lay still,

975 Thither with greater Speed than Shows  
 And Triumph over conquer'd Foes  
 Do use to allow; or than the *Bears*,  
 Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd

980 In Order, Soldier-like contriv'd;  
 Still marching in a warlike Posture,  
 As fit for Battle as for Muster.  
 The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the Fort their Force,

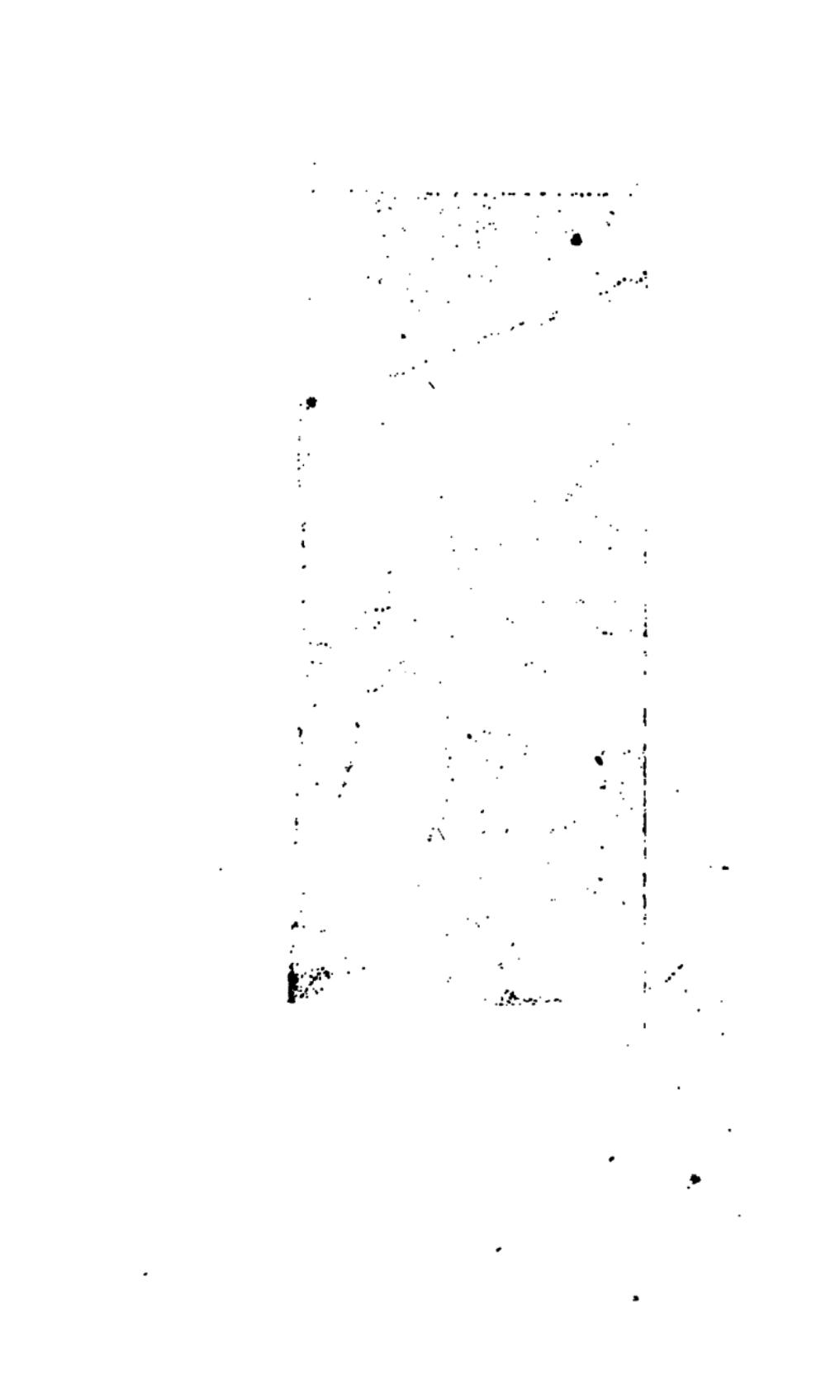
985 They all advanc'd, and round about  
 Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.  
*Magnan*' led up in this Adventure,  
 And made Way for the rest to enter.  
 For he was skilful in *Black Art*,

990 No less than he that built the Fort:  
 And with an Iron Mace laid flat  
 A Breach, which strait all enter'd at;  
 And in the wooden Dungeon found  
*Crowdero* laid upon the Ground.

995 Him they release from Durance base,  
 Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,  
 And Liberty, his thirsty Rage  
 With luscious Vengeance to asswage:  
 For he no sooner was at large,

1000 But *Trulla* strait brought on the Charge,  
 And in the self-same *Limbo* put  
 The *Knight* and *Squire*, where he was shut.  
 Where leaving them in *Hockly*'s th' *Hole*,  
 Their Bangs and Durance to condole,

1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
 Enchanted Mansion to know Sorrow,  
 In the same Order and Array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.



P130



But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop  
 1010 To Fortune, or be said to droop ;  
 Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,  
 And Sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he, th' one halt of Man his Mind,  
 Is, *sui Juris*, unconfin'd,  
 1015 And cannot be laid by the Heels,  
 Whate'er the other Moitie feels.  
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,  
 That makes Men Prisoners or free ;  
 But Perturbations that possess  
 1020 The Mind, or *Æquanimities*.  
 The whole World was not half so wide  
 To *Alexander* when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a narrow paltry Tub too

1025 *Diogenes* ; who is not laid  
 (For ought that ever I cou'd read)  
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and sob,  
 Because h' had ne'er another *Tub*.  
 And Ancients make two several Kinds

1030 Of Prowess in Heroic Minds,  
 The *Active* and the *Passive* valiant ;  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant :  
 For both to give Blows, and to carry,  
 In Fights are equenecessary ;

1035 But in Defeats, the *Passive* stout  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to out-do  
 The *Active*, 'gainst the conqu'ring Foe.  
 Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggill'd,

1040 Or, as the Vulgar say, are *cud ell'd* :  
 He that is valiant and dares fight,  
 Too drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.  
 Honour's a *Leave for Lives to come*,  
 And cannot be extended from

1045 The legal Tenant : 'Tis a Chatel  
 Not to be forfeited in Battel.  
 If he, that is in Battel slain,  
 Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,  
 Me that is beaten may be laid

1050 To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.  
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun  
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,  
 He shines in serene Sky most bright :

1055 So Valour, in a low Estate,  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow ;  
 But none, that see how here we sit,

1060 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.  
 As *gifted Brethren*, preaching by  
 A *Carnal Hour-glass*, do imply  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,

1065 But not how much ; so well enough  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off ;  
 For who without a *Cap and Bauble*,  
 Having subdu'd a *Bear and Rabbles*,  
 And might with Honour have come off,

1070 Wou'd put it to a second Proof ?  
 A politick Exploit, right fit  
 For *Presbyterian Zeal and Wit*.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, that Cuckow's Tone,  
*Ralph*, thou always harp'st upon :

1075 When thou at any thing wou'dst rail,  
 Thou mak'st *Presbiteries* the Scale  
 To take the Height on't, and explain  
 To what Degree it is prophane ;  
 What's ever will not with (*thy what d'ye call*)

1080 Thy *Light* jump right, thou call'st *Synodical*.

As

As if Presb'tery were the Standard,  
To size what's ever's to be slander'd.

Dost not remember how this Day,  
Thou to my Beard was bold to say,

1085 That thou cou'dst prove *Bear-beating* equal  
With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?  
Do, if thou can't, for I deny't,  
And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Truly that is no

1090 Hard Matter for a Man to do,  
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,  
And cou'd believe it worth his Pains.  
But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'll find I've Light enough to do it.

1095 *Synods* are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,  
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-Wardens*,  
And other Members of the Court,  
Manage the *Babylonish Sport*,  
For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,

1100 Do differ only in a meer Word.

Both are but sev'ral *Synagogues*  
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs* :  
Both *Antichristian Assemblies*,  
To Mischief bent as far's in them lies:

1105 Both stave and tail, with fierce Contests,  
The one with Men, the other Beasts.  
The Diff'rence is, the one fights with  
The Tongue, the other with his Teeth,  
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,

1110 In t'other *Souls* and *Consciences* ;  
Where *Saints* themselves are brought to Stake  
For *Gospel-Light* and *Conscience* sake ;  
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,  
Instead of *Masive Dogs* and *Curs* :  
1115 Than whom th' have less Humanity,  
For these at *Souls* of Men will fly.

This to the Prophet did appear,  
Who in a Vision saw a Bear,  
Prefiguring the beastly Rage

1120 Of Church-Rule, in this latter Age :  
As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull.*  
*Bears* nat'r'a'lly are Beasts of Prey,  
That live by Rapine; so do they.

1125 What are their Orders, *Constitutions,*  
*Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,*  
But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,  
To tie poor Christians to the Stake ;  
And then set Heathen Officers,

1130 Instead of *Dogs* about their Ears.  
For to prohibit and dispence,  
To find out or to make Offence ;  
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,  
To play with Souls at fast and loose :

1135 To set what Characters they please,  
And Mulcts on Sin or Godliness ;  
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order,*  
By *Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther,*  
To make *Presbytery* supream,

1140 And *Kings* themselves submit to them ;  
And force all People, tho' against  
Their *Consciences*, for to turn *Saints*,  
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,  
When *Saints* Monopolists are made,

1145 When *Pious* Frauds and *Holy* Shifts  
Are *Dispensations* and *Gifts*,  
Their *Godliness* becomes mere Ware,  
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

1122 A Learned Divine in King James's Time wrote a  
Polenick Work against the Pope, and gave it that un-  
lucky Nickname of *The Pope's Bull baited.*

*Synods*

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*,  
 1150 A mongrel Breed of like Pernicision,  
 And growing up, became the Sires  
 Of Scribes, *Commissioners*, and *Triers* ;  
 Whose Bus'ness is, by cunaing Slight,  
 To cast a Figure for Mens *Light*,  
 1155 To find, in Lines of Beard and Face,  
 The *Physiognomy* of *Grace* ;  
 And by the Sound and *Twang* of *No's*,  
 If all be sound within, disclose ;  
 Free from a Crack or Flaw of *slinning*,  
 1160 As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing ;  
 By *Black Caps* underlaid with *White*,  
 Give certain Guess at inward *Lights* :  
 Which *Senjeants* of the *Gospel* wear,  
 To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.  
 1165 The *Handkerchief* about the Neck  
 (Canonical *Cravat* of *Smeck*,

1166 Canonical Cravat, &c.] *Smeetymnus* was a Club of five Parliamentary Holders-forth ; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves express'd, in that senseless and insignificant Word : They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into carnal Cravats. About the Beginning of the Long Parliament, in the Year 1641. these Five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names ; being *Stephen Marshall*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcomen*, *William Spurflow*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smeetymnians*. They are remarkable for another pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, Entitl'd, *The King's Cabinet unlock'd*, wherein all the chaste and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort, are by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule : Their Books were answer'd with as much Calmness and Gentleness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and rascally Invectives.

From whom the Institution came,  
 When Church and State they set on Flame,  
 And worn by them as Badges then

1170 Of *Spiritual Warfaring Men*)  
 Judge rightly if *Regeneration*  
 Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion,  
 Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,  
 That *Grace is founded on Dominion*.

1175 Great *Piety* consists in *Pride* ;  
 To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :  
 To domineer, and to controul,  
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,  
 Is the most perfect *Discipline*

1180 Of Church-Rule, and by *Right Divine*.  
*Bell* and the *Dragon's Chaplains* were  
 More moderate than these by far :  
 For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,  
 To get their Wives and Children Meat,

1185 But these will not be fobbl'd off so,  
 They must have Wealth and Power too ;  
 Or else with Blood and Desolation  
 They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.  
 Sure these themselves from Primitive

1190 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,  
 When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,  
*Elders* and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,  
 Whose *Directory* was to kill,  
 And some believe it is so still.

1195 The only Diff'rence is, that then  
 They slaughter'd only *Beasts*, now *Men*,  
 For then to sacrifice a *Bullock*,  
 Or now and then a *Child* to *Moloch*,  
 They count a vile Abomination,

1200 But not to slaughter a whole *Nation*.  
*Presb'tery* does but translate  
 The *Papacy* to a *Free State*.

A Common-wealth of Popery,  
Where every Village is a *See*

1205 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain  
A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan* :  
Where every *Presbyter* and *Deacon*  
Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;  
And ev'ry *Hamlet*'s governed

1210 By's *Holiness*, the *Church's Head*.  
More haughty and severe in's Place,  
Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.  
Such *Church* must (surely) be a *Monster*  
With many *Heads* : For if we conster

1215 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,  
According to th' *Apostle's Mind*,  
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*  
With many *Heads* did ride upon ;  
Which *Heads* denote the sinful Tribe

1220 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.  
*Lay-Elder*, *Simeon* to *Levi*,  
Whose little Finger is as heavy  
As *Loins* of *Patriarchs*, *Prince-Prelate*,  
And *Bishop-secular*. This *Zealot*

1225 Is of a *Mongrel*, diverse Kind,  
*Cleric* before, and *Lay* behind ;  
A lawless *Linsie-Wolse Brother*,  
Half of one *Order*, half another ;  
A *Creature* of *Amphibious Nature*,

1230 On Land a *Beast*, a *Fish* in Water :  
That always preys on *Grace* or *Sin* ;  
A *Sheep* without, a *Wolf* within.  
This fierce *Inquisitor* has chief  
Dominion over Mens *Belief*

1235 And *Manners* ; can pronounce a *Saints*  
*Idolatrous*, or *Ignorant*,  
When superciliously he sits  
Thro' *courtest* *Boulter* others *Gifts* ;

For all Men live and judge amiss,

1240 Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.

He'll lay on *Gifts* with *Hands*, and place

On dullest *Noddle Light and Grace*,

The *Manufacture* of the *Kirk*;

Those *Pastors* are but th' *Handy-work*

1245 Of his *Mechanick Paws*, instilling

Divinity in them by *feeling*.

From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,

Made by *Contact*, as Men get *Meaz'les*.

So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope

1250 At th' other End the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft Fire*,

They say, *does make sweet Malt*. *Good Squire*,

*Festina lente*, not too fast;

For *Haste* (the Proverb says) *makes Waste*.

1249. So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope  
At th' other End the new made *Pope*.

This relates to the Story of Pope *John*, who was called *John VIII*: *Platina* saith she was of *English Extraction*, but born at *Montz*; who, having disguis'd herself like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to *Athens*, where she made such Progress in Learning, that coming to *Rome*, she met with few that could equal her; So that on the Death of Pope *Leo IV*, she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child by one of her Domesticks, her Travail came upon her between the *Colossian Theatre* and *St. Clement's* as she was going to the *Lateran Church*, and died upon the Place, having sat two Years, one Month, and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that, for the Shame of this, the Popes decline going through this Street to the *Lateran*; and that, to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is placed in the *Porphyry Chair*, his Genitals are felt by the youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a Man, and obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1255 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make  
 Are false, and built upon Mistake.  
 And I shall bring you, with your Pack  
 Of Fallacies, t' Elenchi back;  
 And put your Arguments in Mood

1260 And Figure to be understood.  
 I'll force you by right Ratiocination  
 To leave your Vitilitigation,  
 And make you keep to th' Question close;  
 And argue Dialetti:oes.

1265 The Question then, to state it first.  
 Is which is better, or which *worſt*,  
 Synods or Bears. Bears I avow  
 To be the *worſt*, and Synods thou.  
 But to make good th' Assertion,

1270 Thou say'st th'are really *all one*.  
 If so, not *worſt*; for if th'are *idem*,  
 Why then, *Tantundem dat Tantidem*.  
 For if they are the *same*, by course  
 Neither is *better*, neither *worſe*.

1275 But I deny they are the *same*,  
 More than a Maggot and I am.  
 That both are *Animalia*  
 I grant; but not *Rationalia*:  
 For tho' they do agree in Kind,

1280 Specifick Difference we find;  
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,  
 Than prove my *Horse* is *Socrates*.

1262 *To leave your Vitilitigation, &c.*

*Vitilitigation* is a Word the Knight was passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the Way, had argued too great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,

Thou dost affirm ; but I say, No :

1285 And thus I prove it, in a Word,

Whats'ever *Assembly*'s not impower'd

To *censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,*

Can be no *Synod* : But *Bear-Garden*

Has no such Pow'r. *Erzo*, 'tis none ;

1290 And so thy Sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are besides the Question,

Which thou did'st raise the first Contest on ;

For that was, Whether *Bears* were better

Than *Synod-Man*? I say, *Negatur*.

1295 That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods, Men*,

Is held by all : They're better then :

For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four Legs go,

As *Beasts* ; but *Synod-Men* on two.

'Tis true, they all have *Teeth and Nails* ;

1300 But prove that *Synod-Men* have *Tails* ;

Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*

Grows o'er the *Hide* of *Presbyter* ;

Or that his *Snout* and *spacious Ears*

Do hold Proportion with a *Bear's*,

1305 A *Bear's* a savage *Beast*, of all

Most *Ugly* and *Unnatural* ;

Whelp'd without Form, until the *Dam*.

Has lickt it into *Shape and Frame* :

But all thy *Light* can ne'er evict,

1310 That ever *Synod-Man* was *lickt* ;

Or brought to any other *Fashion*,

Than his own *Will and Inclination*..

But thou dost further yet in this

Oppugn thyself and *Sense*, that is,

1315 Thou wou'dst have *Presbyters* to go

For *Bears* and *Dogs*, and *Bearwards* too ;

A strange *Chimera* of *Beasts* and *Men*,

Made up of *Pieces Heterogene*.

Such

Such as in Nature never met

1320 *In eodem Subiecto* yet.

Thy other Arguments are all  
Supposures, Hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.

1325 Much thou hast said; which I know when  
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,

(Whereby 'tis plain thy *Light* and *Gifts*  
Are all but *plagiary Shifts* :)

And is the same that *Ranter* said,

1330 Who, arguing with me, broke my Head,  
And tore a Handful of my Beard,

The self-same Cavils then I heard,  
When b'ing it hot Dispute about

This Controversie, we fell out;

1335 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth *Ralph*, Nothing but th' Abuse:  
Of *Human Learning* you produce;

*Learning*, that Cobweb of the Brain,

1340 *Profane*, erroneous and vain;

A Trade of Knowledge as replete  
As others are with Fraud and Cheat ::

An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and Wit,  
And render both for nothing fit;

1345 Makes *Light* unactive, dull and troubled!,  
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet::

A Cheat that Scholars put upon

Other Mens Reason and their own ::

A Fort of Error, to ensconce

1350 *Absurdity* and *Ignorance*,

That renders all the Avenues

To *Truth*, impervious and abstruse,

By making plain Things, in Debate,

By Art perplex'd and intricate ::

## 132 CANTO III. PART I.

1355 For nothing goes for Sense, or *Light*;  
 That will not with old Rules jump right :  
 As if Rules were not in the Schools  
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.  
 This *Pagan, Heathenish Invention*

1360 Is good for nothing but Contention.  
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,  
 All Blows do on the Target light :  
 So when Men argue, the great'ſt Part  
 O' th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,

1365 Until the Fustian Stuff be spent;  
 And then they fall to th' Argument.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast  
*Out-run the Constable* at last :  
 For thou art fallen on a new

1370 Dispute, as senseleſs as untrue,  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And *contrary as black to white* ;  
 Mere *Disparata*, that concerning  
*Presb'tery*, this *Human Learning* ;

1375 Two Things s'averse, they never yet  
 But in thy rambling Fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit Occasion  
 T' evince thee by Ratiocination,  
 Some other Time in Place more proper

1380 Than this w'are in : therefore let's stop here,  
 And rest our weary'd Bones a while,  
 Already tir'd with other Toil.

1373 *Mere Disparata, &c.* *Disparata* are Things sepa-  
 rate and unlike, from the *Latin Word Dispar*.

PART



# HUDIBRAS.

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## PART II.

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### The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,  
Being cast illegally in Prison ;  
Love brings the Action on the Case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the Lady's Visit,  
And cunningly sollicits his Sute,  
Which she defers ; yet on Parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole..*

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## CANTO I.

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**B**UT now, t' observe Romantick Method,  
Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed ;  
And all those harsh and rugged Sounds  
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,

Ex-

1 But now t' observe, &c.] The Beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not

5. Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Style,  
 To let our Reader breath a while :  
 In which that we may be as brief as  
 Is possible, by Way of *Preface*,  
 Is't not enough to make one Strange,  
 10 That some Mens Fancies shou'd ne'r change,  
 But make all People do and say  
 The same things still the self-same Way?  
 Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,  
 And *Knights* pursuing like a *Whirlwind*:  
 15 Others make all their *Knights* in Fits  
 Of Jealousie to lose their Wits,  
 Till drawing Blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,  
 Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Caprices.  
 Some always thrive in their *Amours*,  
 20 By pulling Plasters off their Sores;  
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.  
 Some force whole Regions, in despight  
 Of *Geography*, to change their site:  
 25 Make former Times shake Hands with latter,  
 And that which was before, come after.  
 But those that write in *Rhyme* still make  
 The one *Verse* for the other's sake;  
 For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhyme*,  
 30 I think's sufficient at one time.  
 But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom left the captiv'd *Knight*,  
 And pensive *Squire*, both bruis'd in Body,  
 And conjur'd into safe Custody :

not know, that it was written on purpose in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same manner, *As Regina Gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of thole, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

Tir'd.

35 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latin*,  
 As well as *Basing*, and *Bear-basing*,  
 And desperate of any Course,  
 To free himself by Wit or Force ;  
 His only Solace was, that now

40 His Dog-bolt Fortune was so low,  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend ;  
 In which he found th' Event, no less  
 Than other Times besides his Gues.

45 There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
 (But wond'rous light) ycleped *Fame*,  
 That like a thin *Carnation* boards  
 Herself on Air, and eats her Words :  
 Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears

50 Like hanging Sleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears,  
 And Eyes and Tongues as Poets list,  
 Made good by deep *Mythologift*.  
 With these she through the Welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies* ;

55 With Letters hung like *Eastern* Pigeons,  
 And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions ;  
*Diurnals* writ for Regulation  
 Of Lying, to inform the Nation ;  
 And by their publick Use to bring down,

60 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom :  
 About her Neck a *Pacquet-Male*,  
 Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale ;  
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to Bed ;

65 Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets*. *Eggs*,  
 And *Puppies* whelp'd with twice two Legs ;  
 A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,  
 By six or seven Men at the least :  
 Two *Trumpets* she does sound at once,

70 But both of clean contrary Tones ;

But whether both with the same Wind,

Or one before, and one behind,

We know not, only this can tell,

The one sounds vilely, th' other well;

75 And therefore vulgar *Authors* name,

'The one Good, t' other Evil *Fame*.

This tattling *Gossip* knew too well,

What *Mischief Hudibras* befel;

And streight the spightful Tidings bears

80 Of all, to th' unkind *Widow's* Ears.

*Democritus* ne'er laugh'd so loud,

To see *Bawds* carted thro' the Crowd;

Or *Funerals* with stately Pomp,

March slowly on in solemn Dump,

85 As she laugh'd out, until her Back,

As well as Sides, was like to crack.

She vow'd she wou'd go see the Sight,

And visit the distressed *Knight*:

To do the Office of a Neighbour,

90 And be a *Gossip* at his Labour:

And from his wooden Goal, the Stocks,

To set at large his Fetter-Locks,

And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransom,

To free him from th' enchanted Mansion..

95 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood.

And Usher, Implements abroad

Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender

Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.

All which appearing, on she went,

100 To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent.

And 'twas not long before she found

Him, and his stout *Squire* in the Pound;

Both coupled in enchanted Tether,

By farther Leg behind together:

105 For as he sat upon his Rump,

His Head like one in doleful Dump,





Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd  
 Unto his Ears on either side;  
 And by him, in another Hole,

110 *Afflicted Ralph*, Cheek by Joul:  
 She came upon him in his Wooden  
*Magician's Circle* on the sudden,  
 As *Spirits* do 't a Conjuror,  
 When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.

115 No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,  
 But straight he fell into a Fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,  
 To be seen by her in such a Place;  
 Which made him hang his Head, and scoul,

120 And wink, and goggle like an Owl.  
 He felt his Brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the Dame accosted him.

This Place (quoth she) they say's Enchanted,  
 And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,

125 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,  
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:  
 Look, there are two of them appear,  
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere.  
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts

130 For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghosts*,  
 With Saucer Eycs, and Horns; and some  
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:  
 But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,  
 That give a wrong Account of Faces;

135 That *Beard* and I shou'd be acquainted,  
 Before 'twas Conjur'd and Enchanted  
 For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if 't had lately been in Combat,  
 It did belong to a worthy *Knight*,

140 Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by it.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard,  
 Discoursing thus upon his *Beard*,

And

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's basted to feel Pain,  
 Because the *Pangs* his Bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the Cure ;  
 215 Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage  
 With *Pain* no Med'cine can asswage.

Quoth he, That *Honour*'s very squeamish,  
 That takes a Basting for a Blemish ;  
 For what's more hon'able than *Scars*,  
 220 Or Skin to Tatters rent in *Wars* ?  
 Some have been beaten till they know  
 What *Wood* a *Cudgel*'s of by th' Blow :  
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
 A Shoe be *Spaniſh* or *Neaſi's* Leather ;  
 225 And yet have met, after long running,  
 With some whom they have taught that *Cunning*.  
 The farthest way about, t' o'ercome,  
 l' th' end does prove the nearest home ;  
 By *Laws* of learned *Duallists*,

230 They that are bruise'd with *Wood* or *Fists*,  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are *Cowards* and *Poltroons* :  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're *Stout* and *Gallant* Fellows reckon'd.

235 Th' old *Romans* Freedom did bestow,  
 Our *Princes* Worship, with a Blow :  
 King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetick  
 And testy Courtiers with a Kick.  
 The *Negus*, when some mighty *Lord*'

240 Or *Potentate*'s to be restor'd,  
 And pardon'd for some great Offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense ;

237 King Pyrrhus, &c.] *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollucis in dextro Pedetactu Liemis medebatur*, L. 7. C. 11.

First has him laid upon his *Belly*,  
 Then beaten *Back* and *Side* t' a *Jelly* ;  
 245 That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
 And gives thanks for the *Princely Blows* ;  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent *Kib-roasting*.  
 The beaten *Soldier* proves most manful,  
 250 That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvil* ;  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 The more his *Valour*'s malleable :  
 But he that fears a *Bastinado*,  
 Will run away from his own *Shadow* :  
 255 And tho' I'm now in *Durance* fast,  
 By our own *Party* basely cast,  
*Ransom*, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,  
 And worse than by the *Enemy* us'd ;  
 In close *Catasta* shut, past hope  
 260 Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope :  
 As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' *Earth*, still grow more reverend ;  
 And *Cannons* shoot the higher Pitches,  
 The lower we let down their *Breeches* :  
 265 I'll make this low dejected *State*  
 Advance me to a greater *Height*.  
 Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in *Love*  
 With that which did my *Pity* move.  
 Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,  
 270 Do sometimes sink with their own *Weights* :  
 To' *Extream*, of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,  
 Like *East* and *West* become the same :

259 *In cloſe Cataſta ſhut, &c.* *Cataſta* is but a Pair of Stocks in *English*. But heroicall Poetry must not admitt of any vulgar Word (especially of paltry Signification) and therefore ſome of our modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

No Indian Prince has to his Palace  
More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

275 But if a Bearing seem so brave,  
What Glories must a Whipping have ?  
Such great Achievements cannot fail  
To cast Salt on a Woman's Tail ;  
For if I thought your Nat'r'nal Talent  
280 Of Passive Courage were so gallant,  
As you strain hard to have it thought,  
I cou'd grow Amorous, and Dose.

When Hudibras this Language heard,  
He prick'd up's Ears and stroak'd his Beard :  
285 Thought he, This is the *Lucky Hour*,  
Wines work when Vines are in the Flower ;  
This Crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
And put her boldly to the *Question*.

Madam, What you wou'd seem to doubt,  
290 Shall be to all the World made out ;  
How I've been drubb'd, and with what Spirit  
And Magnanimity, I bear it ;  
And if you doubt it to be true,  
I'll stake my self down against you :

295 And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,  
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning Stagers  
Say, Fools for Arguments use Wagers ;  
And tho' I prais'd your *Valour*, yet

300 I did not mean to baulk your *Wit* ;  
Which if you have, you must needs know  
What I have told you before now,  
And you b' Experiment have prov'd,  
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

305 Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a *Caprich*  
Beyond th' Infliction of a *Witch* ;  
So Cheats to play with those still aim,  
That do not understand the Game.

*Love* in your Heart as idly burns  
 310 As Fire in Antique Roman Urns,  
     To warn the *Dead*, and vainly light  
     Those only that see nothing by't.  
     Have you not Pow'r to entertain,  
     And render *Love* for *Love* again;  
 315 As no *Man* can draw in his *Breath*  
     At once, and force out *Air* beneath?  
     Or do you love your self so much,  
     To bear all *Rivals* else a Grutch?  
     What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse  
 320 Than you upon your self would force?  
     For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say,  
     Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.  
     It is a kind of *Rape* to marry  
     One that neglects, or cares not for ye:  
 325 For what does make it *Ravishment*,  
     But b'ing against the *Mind's* Consent?  
     A *Rape* that is the more inhuman,  
     For being acted by a *Woman*.  
     Why are you fair, but to entice us  
 330 To love you, that you may despise us?  
     But tho' you cannot love, you say,  
     Out of your own *Fanatick* way,  
     Why should you not at least allow  
     Those that love you, to do so too?  
 335 For, as you fly me, and pursue  
     *Love* more averse, so I do you;  
     And am by your own *Doctrine* taught  
     To practise what you call a *Fault*.  
     Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
 340 You must fly me as I do you;  
     But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
     In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.  
     Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,  
     Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,

345 My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,

Or (when I'm in a Fit) to Hickup:

Command me to piss out the Moon,

And 'twill as easily be done.

Love's Pow'r's too great to be withstood

350 By feeble Human *Flesh* and *Blood*.

'Twas he that brought upon his Knees

The *Hect'ring Kill-Cow Hercules*;

Transform'd his *Leager-Lion's Skin*

T' a *Petticoat*, and made him spin;

355 Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle

T' a feeble *Distaff*, and a *Spindle*.

'Twas he that made *Emperors* Gallants

To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts*;

Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,

360 To play with *Pages* at *Leap-frog*:

'Twas he that gave our *Senate* Purges,

And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burges*;

Made those that represent the *Nation*,

Submit, and suffer *Ampputation*;

365 And all the *Grandees* o' th' *Cabal*

Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.

He mounted *Synod-Men*, and rode 'em

To *Dirty-Lane*, and *Little Sodom*;

Made 'em curvet, like *Spanish Jenets*,

370 And take the *Ring* at *Madam* —

'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do

More than the Devil cou'd tempt him to;

371 The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same Sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry: And as in the one they render'd the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lyes, and sottish Way of describing them; so they have abused the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such Stories upon them, as this upon *Saint Francis*.

In cold and frosty Weather grow  
Enamour'd of a Wife of *Snow*;

375 And tho' she were of *Rigid Temper*,  
With melting *Flames* accost and tempt her;  
Which after in *Enjoyment* quenching,  
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engines*.

Quoth she, If *Love* have these *Effects*,

380 Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?  
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted  
For *Diabolical* and *Wicked*?  
And sung, as out of *Tune*, against,  
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the *Saints*?

385 I find I've greater Reason for it  
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad *Effects*  
Spring from your *Heathenish Neglects*  
Of *Love's* great *Pow'r*, which he returns

390 Upon your selves with equal *Scorn*;  
And those who worthy *Lovers* flight  
Plagues with prepost'rous *Appetite*:  
This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*  
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*:

395 And from her Greatness stoop so low,  
To be the Rival of a *Cow*:  
Others to prostitute their great *Hearts*,  
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.  
Some with the *Dev'l* himself in League grow

400 By's Representative a *Negro*.

393 This made the beauteous *Queen*, &c.] The History of *Paphæa* is common enough; only this may be observ'd, That tho' she brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to father it; as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four *Seas* when the Infant was begotten.

'Twas this made *Vestal-Maids* love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd Quick.

Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*  
To be made *Mistresses* and *Mothers*:

405 'Tis this that proudest *Dames* enamours  
On *Lacquies*, and *Valets des Chambres*;  
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcoines,  
And makes 'em floop to dirty *Grooms*;  
To slight the *World*, and to disparage  
410 *Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.*

Quoth she, 'These Judgments are severe.  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust Men with their *Oaths*, or prove  
Their *Faith* and *Secrefie* in *Love*.

415 Says he, There is as weighty Reason  
For *Secrefy* in *Love*, as *Treason*.  
*Love* is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,  
That at the *Windore-Eye* does steal in  
To rob the *Heart*, and with his *Prey*  
420 Steals out again a closter Way,  
Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.

*Love* is a *Fire*, that burns and sparkles  
In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Charcoals*,

425 Which sooty *Chymists* stop in *Holes*,  
When out of *Wood* they extract *Coals*;  
So *Lovers* should their *Piffions* choak,  
That tho' they burn, they may not smoak.  
'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole

430 And dragg'd *Beasts* backwards into's *Hole*;  
So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us *Men*  
Draws by the *Tails* into his *Den*;  
That no *Impression* may discover,  
And trace t' his *Cave* the wary *Lover*.

435 But if you doubt I should reveal  
What you entrust me under *Seal*,

I'll prove my self as close and vertuous  
As your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
440 In hiding what your Aims propose:  
*Love-Passions* are like *Parables*,  
By which Men still mean something else:  
Tho' *Love* be all the World's Pretence,  
Money's the *Mythologick* Sense,  
445 The real Substance of the Shadow,  
Which all Address and Courtship's made to:  
Thought he, I understand your *Play*,  
And how to quit you your own way;  
He that will win his *Dame*, must do  
450 As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,  
With one Hand thrust the *Lady* from,  
And with the other pull *her* home.  
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great  
Provocative to am'rous Heat;  
455 It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,  
That makes *Love* rampant, and to fly out:  
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:  
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*  
460 At their own Weapons are out-done:  
That makes *Knights Errants* fall in Trances,  
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:  
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wis*, and *Worth*, and all  
That Men Divine and Sacred call;  
465 For what is *Worth* in any thing,  
But so much *Money* as 'twill bring?  
Or what but *Riches* is there known  
Which Man can solely call his own;

438 *As your own Secretary, &c.*] *Albertus Magnus* was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Misticis*.

In which no Creature goes his half,

470 Unless it be to *squint and laugh*;

I do confess, with *Goods and Land*

I'd have a *Wife at second hand*;

And such you are: Nor is't your Person

My *Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on*;

475 But 'tis (your better Part) your *Riches*,

That my enamour'd Heart bewitches;

Let me your *Fortunes* but possess,

And settle your Person how you please,

Or make it o'er in *trust to th' Devil*,

480 You'll find me *reasonable and civil*.

Quoth she, I like this *Plainness* better

Than *false Mock-Passion, Speech, or Letter*,

Or any *Feat of Quaint or Swooning*,

But *Hanging of your self, or Drowning*;

485 Your only way with me to *break*

Your *Mind, is breaking of your Neck*:

For as when *Merchants* break, o'erthrew

Like *Nine-pins*, they strike others down;

So that would break my *Heart, which done*,

490 My *tempting Fortune is your own*.

These are but *Trifles, every Lover*

Will damn himself over and over,

And greater Matters undertake

For a less worthy *Mistress* sake:

495 Yet they're the only ways to prove

Th' unfeign'd *Realities of Love*;

For he that hangs or beats our's *Brains*,

The *Devil's* in him if he feigns.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough

500 For mere *Experiment, and Proof*;

470 *Unless it be to squint, &c.*] Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms, that *Uni animalium bovinis oculi depressionem, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pastorum. Lib. 2.*

It is no jesting, trivial Matter,  
 To swing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,  
 And, like a Water-witch, try *Love*;  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:

505 As if a Man should be disaffected,  
 To find what Part is disaffected;  
 Your better way is to make over  
 In *trust*, your Fortune to your *Lover*;  
*Trust*, is a *Tryal*, if it break,

510 'Tis not so desp'rate as a *Neck*;  
 Beside, th' *Experiment*'s more certain,  
 Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;  
 The Soldier does it ev'ry Day  
 (Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay:

515 Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,  
 To share with Knaves in cheating Fools:  
 And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,  
 Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain;  
 This is the way I'd wise you to,

520 Trust me, and see what I will do.  
 Quoth she, I should be loth to run  
 My self all th' Hazard and you none,  
 Which must be done, unless some *Dead*  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede;

525 Give but your self one gentle *Swing*  
 For Trial, and I'll cut the *String*:  
 Or give that rey'rend *Head* a *Mall*,  
 Or two, or three, against a *Wall*;  
 To shew you are a Man of Mettle,

530 And I'll engage my self to settle.  
 Quoth he, My *Head*'s not made of *Braff*,  
 As Friar Bacon's Noddle was;

G. 3 :

Not

532 As Friar Bacon's Noddle was, &c.] The Tradition  
 of Friar Bacon and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly  
 known; and considering the Times he liv'd in, is not much  
more

Not (like the Indian's Skull) so tough,  
That, Authors say, 'twas Musquet-Proof:

535 As it had need to be, to enter

As yet on any new Adventure:

You see what Bangs it has endur'd,

That wou'd before new Fear be cur'd:

But if that's all you stand upon,

540 Here strike me Luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, 'The Matter's not so far gone,

As you suppose, Two-words t' a Bargain;

That may be done, and time enough,

When you have given downright Proof;

545 And yet 'tis no Fantastick Pique

I have to Love, nor coy Dislike;

'Tis no implicit, nice Aversion

T' your Conversation, Mien, or Person,

But a just Fear, lest you shou'd prove

550 False and perfidious in Love:

For if I thought you cou'd be true,

I cou'd love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as Adamantine,

As Chains or Destiny, I'll maintain;

555 True as Apollo ever spoke,

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak;

And if you'll give my Flame but vent,

Now in close hugger-mugger pent,

more strange than what another great Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the Middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the Sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, Time is, Time was, &c.

533 American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) there are others, whose Skulls are so soft, to use their own Words. Ut Digitio perforari possunt.

556 Or Oracle, &c. 1 Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Quernum tam, in quo Jovis Dodonai templum fuisse narratur.

And

And shine upon me but benignly,

560 With that one, and that other *Pi:sneye*,  
 The *Sun* and *Day* shall sooner part,  
 Than *Love*, or you, shake off my Heart;  
 The *Sun* that shall no more dispense  
 His own, but *your* bright influence;

565 I'll carve your Name on *Barks of Trees*,  
 With *True-love-knots*, and *Flourishes*;  
 That shall infuse *Eternal Spring*,  
 And everlasting flourishing;  
 Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,

570 And make it brisk *Champaigne* become:  
 Where-e'er you tread, your Foot shall set  
 The *Primrose* and the *Violet*;  
 All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *sweet Powders*,  
 Shall borrow from your Breath their *Odo:rs*;

575 *Nature* her *Charter* shall renew,  
 And take all *Lives* of things from you;  
 The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,  
 And when you frown upon it, die.  
 Only our *Loves* shall still survive,

580 New *Worlds*, and *Natures* to out-live,  
 And like to *Heralds* Moons, remain  
 All *Crescents*, without *Change* or *Wane*.  
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir *Knight*, you take your Aim amiss;

585 For you will find it a hard *Chapter*  
 To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,  
 In which your *Mastery* of *Art*.  
 Doth shew it self, and not your *Heart*.  
 Nor will you raise in mine *Combustion*,

590 By dint of high *Heroick Fustian*:  
 She that with *Poetry* is won,  
 Is but a *Desk* to write upon;  
 And what Men say of her, they mean  
 No more than on the thing they *lean*.

595 Some with Arabian Spices strive

To embalm her cruelly alive ;  
Or season her, as French Cooks use  
Their *Haut-goufts*, *Bouillon*, or *Ragoufts* ;  
Use her so barbarously ill,

600 To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,

Until the *Face* *Doublet* doth  
Fit their *Rhymes* rather than her Mouth ;  
Her Mouth compar'd t' an *Oyster's*, with  
A Row of *Pearl* instead of *Teeth* ;

605 Others make *Posies* of her *Cheeks*,

Where *Red* and *White* Colours mix ;  
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*,  
For *Indian Lake*, and *Ceruse* goes.  
The *Sun* and *Moon*, by her bright Eyes .

610 Eclip'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,

Are but *black Patches* that *she wears*,  
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars* :  
By which *Astrologers* as well  
As those in *Heav'n* above, can tell

615 What strange Events they do foreshow .

Unto her Under-World below,  
Her *Voice*, the *Musick* of the *Spheres*,  
So loud, it deafens Mortals Ears ;  
As wise *Philosophers* have thought,

620 And that's the Cause we hear it not.

This has been done by some, who those  
Th' ador'd in *Rhyme*, wou'd kick in *Prose* ;  
And in those *Ribbons* wou'd have hung,  
Of which melodiously they sung :

625 That have the hard *Fate* to write best

Of those still that deserve it least ;  
It matters not how *false*, or *forr'd*,  
So the *best* Things be said o' th' *Worl's* ;  
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,

630 Only the *Arrow's* drawn to th' Head,

Whether,

Whether it be a *Swan* or *Goose*  
 They level at: So *Shepherds* use  
 To set the same *Mark* on the *Hip*  
 Both of their *sound* and *rotten Sheep*:

635 For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,  
 Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*  
 The *Mark*, which else they ne'er come nigh:  
 But when they take their *Aim awry*.  
 But I do wonder you shou'd chuse

640 This way t' attack me with your *Muse*,  
 As one cut out to pass your *Tricks* on, .  
 With *Fulhams* of *Poetick Fiction*: .  
 I rather hop'd, I shou'd no more  
 Hear from you o' th' *Gallanting Score*: .

645 For hard *Dry-Bastings* us'd to praye  
 The readiest *Remedies* of *Love*;  
 Next a *Dry-Diet*: But if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy *Loop-hol'd Goal*,  
 In which y' re *hamper'd* by the *Fet-lock*,

650 Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*;  
*Wedlock*, that's worse than any *Hole* here,  
 If that may serve you for a *Cooler*;  
 T' allay your *Mettle*, all agog  
 Upon a *Wife*, the *heavir Clog*;

655 Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*, .  
 That, for a *bruis'd* or *broken Pate*,  
 Has freed you from those *Knobs* that grow'r  
 Much harder on the marry'd *Brow*: .  
 But if no *Dread* can cool your *Courage*,

660 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, *Marriage*;  
 Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance  
 To nobler *Aims* your *Puissance*: .  
 Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,  
 The fairest *Mark* is easiest hit.

665 Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm beforehand  
 In that already, with your *Command*:

For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*  
But in your *Constellation* meet?

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,..

670 But *Likeness* and *Equality*?

I know you cannot think me fit,

To be th' *Yoke-Fellow* of your *Wit*:

Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,

To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;

675 A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,  
I've not the *Conscience* to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,

Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Cafe*:

A *Man* may be a *Legal Donor*

680 Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*;

And may confer it where he lists,

I' th' *Judgment* of all *Casuists*:

Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may,

Be ali'nate, and made away

685 By those that are *Proprietors*,

As I may give, or sell my *Horse*..

Quoth she, I grant the *Cafe* is true,

And proper, 'twixt your *Horse* and you;

But whether I may take, as well

690 As you may give away, or sell?

Buyers you know are bid beware;

And worse than Thieves Receivers are.

How shal I answer *Hue* and *Cry*,

For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,

695 All spurr'd and switch'd, a *Lock* on's *Hoof*,

A *forrel Mane*! Can I bring *Prooft*,

Where, when, by whom, and what y'were sold for,

And in the open *Market* toH'd for?

Or shou'd I take you for a *Stray*,

700 You must be kept a Year and Day

(E'er I can own you) here i' th' *Pound*,

Where, if y're sought you may be found:

And:

And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.

705 Quoth he, It stands me much upon

T' enervate this *Objection*,  
And prove my self, by *Topick* clear,  
No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.  
Loss of *Virility*'s averr'd

710 To be the Cause of Loss of *Beard*,  
That does (like *Embryo* in the Womb)  
Abortive on the *Chin* become.  
This first a *Woman* did invent,  
In Envy of *Man's* Ornament.

715 *Semiramis* of *Babylon*,  
Who first of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,  
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation  
Of *Sow-gelding* Operation:  
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether  
720 *Eunuchs* wear such, or *Geldings* either?  
Next it appears, I am no *Horse*,  
That I can argue and discourse;  
Have but two *Legs*, and ne'er a *Tail*;  
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;

725 For some *Philosophers* of late here  
Write, Men have four *Legs* by *Nature*,  
And that 'tis Custom makes them go.  
Erron'ously upon but two;

715 *Semiramis*, Queen of *Affyria*, is said to be the first that invented *Eunuchs*. *Semiramis ten ros mares castravit omnium primas*. Am. Marcel. L. 24. p. 12. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd *Horses* into her Embraces (as another Queen did a *Bull*) but that perhaps may be the Reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

725 For some *Philosophers*, &c. Sir K. D. in his *Bock of Bodies*; who has this Story of the *German Boy*, which he endeavours to make good by several natural Reasons; by which those who have the *Dexterity* to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the Probability of it.

As 'twas in *Germany* made good

730 B' a Boy that lost himself in a *Wood*:  
 And growing down t' a Man, was wont  
 With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt,  
 As for your Reasons drawn from *Tails*,  
 We cannot say they're true or false,

735 Till you explain your self, and show  
 B' Experiment 'tis so or no.  
 Quoth he, If you'll join Issue on't,  
 I'll give you satisfact'ry Account;  
 So you will promise, if you lose,

740 To settle all, and be my *Sponse*.  
 That never shall be done (quoth she)  
 To one that wants a *Tail*, by me :  
 For *Tails* by *Nature* sure were meant,  
 As well as *Beards*, for *Ornament*;

745 And tho' the *Vulgar* count them homely,  
 In *Men* or *Beast* they are so comely,  
 So *Fantes*, *Alamode*, and handsome,  
 I'll never marry *Man* that wants one :  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,

750 You have one equal to your *Mane*,  
 I'll be torn Piece-meal by a *Horse*,  
 E'er I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The *Prince* of *Cambay*'s daily Food  
 Is *Asps*, and *Basilisk*, and *Toad*;

755 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,  
 Each Night he stinks a *Queen* to Death;  
 Yet I shall rather lie in's *Arms*  
 Than yours, on any other *Terms*.  
 Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford.

760 I shall produce, upon my Word;  
 And if she ever gave that *Boon*  
 To *Man*, I'll prove that I have one ;  
 I mean by *postulate* *illation*,  
 When you shall offer just Occasion:

But

765 But since y' have yet deny'd to give  
 My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,  
 But made it sink down to my Heel,  
 Let that at least your Pity feel;  
 And for the Sufferings of your *Martyr*,

770 Give its poor Entertainer *Quarter*;  
 And by *Discharge*, or *Main-Prize*, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base *Restraint*.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg,  
 Stuck in a Hole here like a *Peg*.

775 And if I knew which way to do't,  
 (Your Honour safe) I'd let you out.  
 That *Dames* by *Goal-Delivery*  
 Of *Errant-Knights* have been set free,

When by *Enchantment* they have been,  
 780 And sometimes for it too, laid in;  
 Is that which *Knights* are bound to do  
 By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:  
 For what are they *renown'd*, and *fam'us* else,  
 But aiding of distressed *Dameſels*!

785 But for a *Lady*, no ways *Errant*,  
 To free a *Knight*, we have no *Warrant*,  
 In any *Authentical Romance*,  
 Or *Classick Author* yet of *France*:  
 And I'd be loth to have you break

790 An ancient *Custom* for a *Freak*,  
 Or *Innovation* introduce  
 In place of *Things* of *Antique Use*;

To free your Heels by any Course,  
 That might b' unwholesome to your *Spurs*:

795 Which if I should consent unto,  
 It is not in my Pow'r to do;  
 For 'tis a Service must be done ye,  
 With solemn previous *Ceremony*;  
 Which always has been us'd to untie

800 The *Charmes* of those who here do lie;

For as the *Ancients* heretofore  
 To *Honour's Temple* had no Door,  
 But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay ;  
 So from this *Dungeon* there's no way  
 805 To honour'd *Freedom*, but by passing  
 That other *virtuous* School of *Lashing*,  
 Where *Knights* are kept in narrow *Lists*,  
 With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their *Wrists* ;  
 In which they for a-while are *Tenants*,  
 810 And for their *Ladies* suffer *Penance* :  
*Whipping*, that's *Virtue's* *Governess*,  
*Tutress* of *Arts* and *Sciences* ;  
 That mends the gross *Mistakes* of *Nature*,  
 And puts new *Life* into dull *Matter* ;  
 815 That lays *Foundation* for *Renown*,  
 And all the *Honours* of the *Gown*.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large ;  
 And freed with hon'able *Discharge* :  
 Then in their *Robes*, the *Penitentials*  
 820 Are streight presented with *Credentials*,  
 And in their way attended on  
 By *Magistrates* of ev'ry *Town* :  
 And all *Respect* and *Charges* paid,  
 They're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd. . .

825 Now if you'll venture, for my *Sake*,  
 To try the *Toughness* of your *Back*,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a *Whipping* on ;  
 (And may you prosper in your *Suit*,  
 830 As you with equal *Vigour* do't)  
 I here engage my self to loose ye,  
 And free your *Heads* from *Caperdewsie*.  
 But since our *Sex*'s *Modesty*  
 Will not allow I shou'l be by,  
 835 Bring me on *Oats*, a fair *Account*,  
 And *Honour* too, when you have don't ;

And :

And I'll admit you to the Place  
 You claim as *due* in my good Grace.  
 If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go  
 840 By *Des'tny*, why not *Whipping* too ?  
 What *Med'cine* else can cure the *Fits*  
 Of *Lovers*, when they lose their *Wits* ?  
*Love* is a *Boy*, by *Poets* stil'd,  
 Then *Spare the Rod*, and *spoil the Child*.  
 845 A *Persian Emp'rор* whipt his Grannam  
 The *Sea*, his Mother *Venus* came on ;  
 And hence some *Rev'rend Men* approve  
 Of *Rosemary* in making *Love*.  
 As skilful *Coopers* hoop their *Tubs*  
 850 With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* *Dubs* ;  
 Why may not *Whipping* have as good  
 A *Grace*, perform'd in *Time* and *Mood*,  
 With comly *Movement*, and by *Art*,  
 Raise *Passion* in a *Lady's Heart* ?  
 855 It is an easier Way to make  
*Love* by, than that which many take.  
 Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,  
 Than swallow *Toasts* of Bits of *Ribbon* ?  
 Make wicked *Verjes*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,  
 860 And spell Names over with *Beer-Glasses* ?  
 Be under *Vows* to *hang* and *die*  
*Love's Sacrifice*, and all a *Lye* ?  
 With *China*, *Oranges*, and *Tarts*,  
 And winning *Plays*, lays Baits for *Hearts* ?  
 865 Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Money*,  
 To break no Roguish *Jests* upon ye ?  
 For *Lillies* limn'd on *Cheeks*, and *Roses*,  
 With painted *Perfumes*, hazard *Noses* ?

845 A *Persian Emp'rор*, &c.] *Xerxes*, who us'd to whip  
 the *Seas* and *Wind*. *In Corine atque Enrum solitus seire  
 Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

## 160. CANTO I.: PART III.

Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
 870 Do Penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?  
 All this you may compound for now,  
 By suffering what I offer you,  
 Which is no more than has been done :  
 By *Knightes* for *Ladies* long agone :  
 875 Did not the Great *La Mancha* do so  
 For the *Infanta Del Toboso*?  
 Did not th' illustrious *Bassa* make  
 Himself a *Slave* for *Mess's* sake?  
 And with Bull's *Pizale*, for her *Love*,  
 880 Was taw'd as gentle as a *Glove*?  
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool  
 His *Flame* for *Biancasfare*) to *School*,  
 Where *Pedant* made his *Pashick Burn*..  
 For her sake suffer *Martyrdome*?  
 885 Did not a certain *Lady* whip  
 Of late her Husband's own *Lordship*?  
 And tho' a *Grandee* of the *House*,  
 Claw'd him with *Fundamental Blows* ;  
 Ty'd him stark naked to a *Bed-post*,  
 890 And firk'd his *Hide*, as if sh' had rid *Post*:  
 And after in the *Sessions-Court*,  
 Where *Whipping*'s judg'd, had *Honour* for't ?  
 This *swear* you will perform, and then  
 I'll free you from th' *Iuchanted Den*,  
 895 And the *Magician's* Circle clear.  
 Quoth he, I do *profess*, and *swear*  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you *mine*.  
 Amen, (quoth she) Then turn'd about,  
 900 And bid her *Squire* let him out.  
 But e'er an *Arrif* cou'd be found  
 T'undo the *Charms*, another bound ;  
 The *Sun* grew low, and left the *Skies*,  
 Put down (some write) by *Ladies Eyes*,

The

905 The *Moon* pull'd off her *Veil of Light*,  
 That hides her *Face* by *Day* from *Sight*,  
 (Mysterious *Veil*, of *Brightneſs* made,  
 That's both her *Lustre* and her *Shade*)  
 And in the *Lanthorn* of the *Night*,

910 With shining *Horns* hung out her *Light* ;  
 For *Darkneſs* is the proper *Sphere*,  
 Where all *false Glories* use t' appear,  
 The twinkling *Stars* began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd *Lustre* :

915 While *Sleep* the weary'd *World* reliev'd,  
 By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.  
 Our *Vor'ry* thought it best to adjourn  
 His *whipping Penance* till the *Morn*,  
 And not to carry on a *Work*

920 Of such *Importance* in the *Dark*,  
 With erring *haste*, but rather *stay*,  
 And do't in th' *open Face* of *Day* ;  
 And in the mean *Time*, go in quest  
 Of next *Retreats* to take his *Rest*.





## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,  
Within an Ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden Fright  
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight ;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty Pickle.*

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### CANTO II.

---

**T**IS strange how some Mens Tempers suit  
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandy*) with Dispute,  
That for their own *Opinions* stand fast,  
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt ;  
5. That keep their *Consciences* in Cases,  
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Bases* ;  
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
To play a fit for *Argument* :  
Make *true* and *false*, *unjust* and *just*,  
10. Of no Uſe but to be diſcūſt ;

Dispute

Dispute and set a *Paradox*,  
 Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully,  
 Than *Helmont*, *Montaigne*, *White* or *Lully*.

15 So th' ancient Stoicks in their Porch,  
 With fierce Dispute maintain'd their *Church*,  
 Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,  
 To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body* ;  
 That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,

20 Made good with stout *Polemick Braul* :  
 In which, some Hundreds on the Place  
 Were slain out-right, and many a Face  
 Retrench'd of *Nose*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,  
 To maintain what their *Sett* averr'd.

25 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in Wrath  
 Had like t'have suffer'd for their Faith,  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the *Sequel* shall be shwon.

The Sun had long since in the Lap

30 Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,  
 And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*  
 From *Black* to *Red* began to turn :  
 When *Hudibras*, whom Thoughts and Aking  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all Night, and waking,

35 Began to rub his drowsy Eyes,  
 And from his Couch prepar'd to rise,

15 So th' Ancient Stoicks, &c.] *In Porticus (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus mille Quadrincenti trigesinta Cives interfecti sunt.* Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 283. Thoë old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in thoë Exercises, than Modern, who seldom improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

19 *Bonum* is such a kind of *Animal*, as our Modern *Virtuosi* from *Don Quixot* will have Windmills under Sail to be. The same Authors are of Opinion, that all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat ; but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

Resolving to dispatch the Deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty Speed.  
 But first, with knocking loud and bauling,

40 He rouz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle lolling* :  
 And, after many Circumstances,  
 Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*  
 Do use to spend their *Time* and *Wisdom*,  
 To make impertinent Description,

45 They got (with much ado) to *Horfe*,  
 And to the *Castle* beat their Course,  
 In which he to the *Dame* before  
 To suffer *Whipping* duly swore :  
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharrest,

50 To carry on the Work in earnest,  
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious Forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said,

55 Whether it be direct *infringing*  
 An *Oath*, if I shou'd wave this *swinging*,  
 And what I've worn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' *Equivocation* I wear ;  
 Or whether 't be a lesser *Sin*

60 To be forsworn, than act the Thing,  
 Are deep and subtil *Paines*, which must,  
 T' inform my Conscience, be discuss'd,  
 In which to err a Tittle may  
 To *Errors* infinite make way :

65 And therefore I desire to know  
 Thy *Judgment*, e'er we farther go.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, Since you do injoina 't,  
 I shall enlarge upon the *Point* ;  
 And, for my own Part, do not doubt,

70 Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.  
 But first, to *state* the *Case* aright,  
 For best advantage of our Light ;

And

P 160



Philip Simms Sculpt.

8



And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin  
 To claw and curry your own Skin;

75 Greater, or less, than to forbear,  
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.  
 But first, o'th' first: The *Inward Man*,  
 And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,  
 Have always been at Daggers-drawing,

80 And one another Clapper-clawing:  
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,  
 But in a Spiritual *Mystick Sense*;  
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
 In literal *Fray's* abominable:

85 'Tis heathenish in frequent use  
 With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,  
 To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*,  
 Like *Modern Indians* to their *Idols*;  
 And mongrel *Christians* of our Times,

90 That exp're less with greater *Crimes*,  
 And call the foul *Abomination*  
*Contrition*, and *Mortification*.  
 Is't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked  
 With sinful Members of the *Wicked*;

95 Our Vessels that are *sanctify'd*,  
 Prophan'd and curry'd back and side;  
 But we must claw our selves with shameful  
 And Heathen Stripes, by their Example:  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)

100 Is *Impious*, because they did it;  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A *Heinous Sin*. Now to the second,  
 That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*  
 To *swear* and *forswear*, on Occasion,

105 I doubt not, but it will appear  
 With pregnant *Light*. The *Point* is clear.  
*Oaths* are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;  
 Too feeble Implements to bind;

And hold with *Deeds* Proportion, so

110 As *Shadows* to a *Substance* do.

Then when they strive for Place, 'tis fit

The weaker *Vessel* thou'd submit:

Altho' your *Church* be opposite

To ours, as *Black-Fryars* are to *White*,

115 In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant

You are a *Reformado Saint*;

And what the *Saints* do claim as due,

You may pretend a Title to:

But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,

120 Know little of their *Privileges*;

Farther (I mean) than carrying on

Some *Self-advantage* of their own:

For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn

Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* should scorn,

125 When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,

I think there's little Reason why:

Else h' has a greater Pow'r than they,

Which 'twere Impiety to say;

W'are not commanded to forbear

130 Indef' nitely at all to *swear*;

But to *swear* idly, and in vain,

Without *Self-interest* or *Gain*;

For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,

Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,

135 A *Saint-like* *Vertue*, and from hence

Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:

Some, to the *Glory* of the *Lord*,

Perjur'd themselves, and broke their *Word*:

And this the constant *Rule* and *Practice*

140 Of all our late *Apostles* *A's* is.

Was not the *Cause* at first begun

With *Perjury*, and carried on?

Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,

But in due *Time* and *Place* they broke?

Did

145 Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,  
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter *Models* for  
The present Use of *Church* and *War*?  
Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*  
150 Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?  
For having freed us, first from both  
*Th'* *Allegiance* and *Supremac'* *Oath*:  
Did they not next compel the *Nation*  
To take and break the *Protestation*?  
155 To *swear*, and after to *recant*  
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?  
To take th' *Engagement*, and disclaim it,  
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
Did they not swear at first to *fight*  
160 For the *KING*'s *Safety*, and His *Right*;  
And after march'd to find him out,  
And charg'd him home with *Horse* and *Foot*;  
But yet still had the *Confidence*  
To *swear*, it was in his *Defence*?  
165 Did they not swear to *live* and *die*  
With *Essex*, and straight laid him by?  
If that were all, for some have swore  
As *false* as they, if th' did no more.  
Did they not swear to maintain *Law*,  
170 In which that *swearing* made a *Flaw*?  
For *Protestant Religion* *vow*,  
That did that *Vowing* disallow?  
For *Privilege* of *Parliament*,  
In which that *swearing* made a *Rent*?  
175 And since of all the *three*, not one  
Is left in *Being*, 'tis well known.  
Did they not *swear*, in express *Words*,  
To prop and back the *House of Lords*?  
And after turn'd out the whole *House*-full:  
180 Of *Peers* as dang'rous, and *unuseful*?

## 186 CANTO II. PART II.

So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,  
 Swo're all the *Commons* out o' th' *House*,

Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* wou'd disband,

Ay marry wou'd they, at their Command.

185 And troll'd them on, and swo're, and swo're,  
 Till th' *Army* turn'd them out of *Door*:  
 This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nougat,  
 And that by them th' were only meant

190 To serve for an *Expedient*:  
 What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,  
 But to slur Men of what they fought for?  
 The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one  
 Is bound t'observe, yet kept by none;

195 And if that go for nothing, why  
 Shou'd *Private Faith* have such a Tie?

*Oaths* were not purpos'd, more than *Law*,  
 To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,  
 But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,

200 Like Moral *Castle* in a *Pinfold*.  
 A *Saint*'s o' th' *Heav'nly Realm* a *Peer*;

And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*

But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,

Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;

205 It follows, th'o' the thing be *Forg'ry*,

And false, th' affirm, it is no *Perj'ry*,

Bura-mere *Cer'mony*, and a breach

Of nothing, but a Form of Speech,

And goes for no more when 'tis took,

210 Than mere saluting of the *Book*.

Suppose the *Scriptures* are of *Force*,

They're but *Commissions* of *Course*,

And *Saints* have Freedom to digrels,

And vary from 'em, as they please,

215 Or mis-interpret them by *private*

*Instructions* to all *Aims* they drive at.

Them

Then why shou'd we our selves abridge,  
And curtail our own Privilege?

*Quakers* (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear  
220 Their Light within 'em) will not *swear*;  
Their *Gospel* is an *Accidence*,  
By which they construe *Conscience*,  
And hold no *Sin* so deeply red,  
As that of breaking *Physician's Head*.

225 (The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,  
That stirring *Hat's* held worse than *Murder*.)  
These thinking th'are oblig'd to *Troth*  
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*:  
Like *Mules*, who if th'have not their *Will*

230 To keep their own *Pace*, stand stock-still;  
But they are weak, and little know  
What *Free-born Conscience*s may do.  
'Tis the *Temptation* of the *Devil*,  
That makes all human *Actions* evil:

235 For *Saints* may do the same things by  
The *Spirit*, in *Sincerity*,  
Which other Men are tempted to,  
And at the *Devil's* Instance do;  
And yet the *Actions* be contrary;

240 Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.  
For as on Land there is no *Beast*,  
But in some *Fish* at Sea's exprest;  
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,  
Of which the *Saints* have not a *Spice*;

245 And that thing that's *pious* in  
The one, in t'other is a *Sin*.  
Is't not *Ridiculous* and *Nonsense*,  
A *Saint* shou'd be a *Slave* to *Conscience*?  
That ought to be above such *Fancies*,

250 As far as above *Ordinances*?  
She's of the *Wicked*, as I guess,  
B' her *Looks*, her *Language*, and her *Dress*:

## 170. CANTO II. PART II.

And tho', like *Constables*, we search  
 For false Wares one another's *Church* ;

255 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
*No Faith is to the Wicked due* ;  
*For Truth is Precious and Divine*,  
*Too rich a Pearl for Carnal Swine.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,

260 Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew  
*Those Mysteries and Revelations* ;  
*And therefore Topical Evasions*  
*Of subtle Turns and Shifts of Sense*,  
*Serve best with th' Wicked for Pretence*,

265 Such as the Learned *Jesuits* use,  
*And Presbiterians*, for Excuse  
*Against the Protestants*, when th' happen  
*To find their Churches taken napping* :  
*As thus: A breach of Oath is Duple*,

270 And either way admits a *Scruple*,  
*And may be ex parte o' th' Maker*,  
*More criminal than th' injur'd Taker* ;  
*For he that strains too far a Vow*,  
*Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow* ;

275 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it ;  
*Not he that for Convenience took it* :  
*A broken Oath is, quat'nus Oath*,  
*As sound t' all Purposes of Truth*,  
*As broken Laws are ne'er the worse*,

280 Nay, till th'are broken have no force.  
*What's Justice to a Man, or Laws*,  
*That never comes within their Claws* ?  
*They have no Pow'r, but to admonish*,  
*Cannot controul, coerce, or punish*,

285 Until they're broken, and then touch  
*Those only that do make 'em such*.  
*Beside, n' Engagement is allow'd*  
*By Men in Prison made for Good* ;

For

For when they're set at *Liberty*,  
 290 They're from th' *Engagements* too set free.  
 The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*  
 Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;  
 295 Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*  
 Might free him from the *Obligation* :  
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use  
 A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews* ?  
 The *Court* of *Conscience*, which in *Man*  
 300 Shou'd be *Supreme* and *Sovereign*,  
 Is't fit shou'd be *Subordinate*  
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' *State*,  
 And have less Power than the *lesser*,  
 To deal with *Perjury* at *Pleasure* ?  
 305 Have its *Proceedings* disallow'd, or  
 Allow'd, at *Fancy* of *Py-Powder* ?  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For *Swearing ex Officio* ?  
 Be forc'd to impeach a broken *Hedge*,  
 310 And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vif. Franc. Pledge* ?  
 Discover *Thieves*, *Bawds*, and *Recusants*,  
*Priests*, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nuisance* ?  
 Tell who did play at *Games* unlawful,  
 • And who fill'd Pots of *Al-* but half-full ;  
 315 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,  
 To help it self at a dead Lift ?  
 Why shou'd not *Conscience* have *Vacation*  
 As well as other Courts o' th' *Nation* ;  
 Have equal Power to adjourn,  
 320 Appoint *Appearance* and *Return* ;  
 And make as nice distinction serve  
 To split a *Cafe*, as those that carve,  
 Invoking *Cuckolds* Names, hit Joints ?  
 Why shou'd not *Tricks* as slight, do Points ?

325 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn  
 To judge that Law that serves their turn ?  
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,  
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?  
 Cannot the Learned Council there

330 Make Laws in any Shape appear ?  
 Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,  
 When they make *Pictures* to destroy ?  
 And vex 'em into any Form  
 That fits their Purpose to do harm ?

335 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
 Impeach of Treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their Lives for them ?  
 And yet do nothing in their own Sense,

340 But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conscience*.  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with *Wrong* and *Right* ;  
 And sell their Blasts of *Wind* as dear  
 As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air* ?

345 Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe* and *Grudge*,  
 The same Case sev'ralways adjudge ?  
 As Seamen with the self-same *Gale*,  
 Will sev'ral diff'rent Courses sail ;  
 As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its Bounds,

350 And overflows the level Grounds,  
 Those *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Skreen*  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in :  
 So when *Tyrannick Usurpation*  
 Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,

355 The *Laws* o' th' Land that were intended  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man *swear*  
 What makes best for him in his *Answer* ?  
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*

360 A nicking more than half the Bus'ness ?

For

For *Witnesses*, like *Watches* go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;  
 And where in *Conscience* they're streight-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that Side is cast.

365 Do not your *Furies* give their *Verdict*  
 As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it ?  
 And as they please, *make Matter of Fact*  
 Run all on one Side, as they're pack'd ?  
 Nature has made Man's Breast no *Windores*,

370 To publish what he does within Doors ;  
 Nor what dark *Secrets* there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash Folly blab it.  
 If *Oaths* can do a Man no good  
 In his own *Business*, why they shou'd

375 In other Matters do him hurt,  
 I think there's little Reason for't.  
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it ;  
 Not he that for Convenience takes it :  
 Then how can any Man be said,

380 To break an *Oath* he never made ?  
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly  
 To th' *Wicked*, tho' th' evince the *Godly* ;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.

385 Honour is like that glassy Bubble,  
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,  
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly ;  
 And *Wits* are crack'd to find out why.  
 Quoth *Ralphe*, Honour's but a *Word*

390 To swear by only in a *Lord* :  
 In other Men 'tis but a *Huff*,  
 To vapour with instead of *Proof* ;  
 That like a *Wen*, looks big and swells,  
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

395 Let it (quoth he) be what it will,  
 It has the *World's* Opinion still,

But as Men are not *Wise* that run  
 The slightest *Hazard* they may shun ;  
 There may a *Medium* be found out  
 400 To clear to all the *World* the Doubt ;  
 And that is, if a *Man* may do't,  
 By *Proxy* whipt, or *Substitute*.  
 Tho' nice and dark the Point appear,  
 (Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.  
 405 That *Sinners* may supply the Place  
 Of suff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Cafe*.  
*Justice* gives Sentence many times  
 On one *Man* for another's *Crimes*.  
 Our *Brethren* of *New-England* use  
 410 Choice *Maleactors* to excuse,  
 And hang the *Guiltless* in their stead,  
 Of whom the *Churches* have less need :  
 As lately 't happen'd : in a Town  
 There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,  
 415 That out of *Doctrine* cou'd cut *Up*,  
 And mend *Mens Lives* as well as *Shoes*.  
 This precious *Brother* having slain,  
 In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*  
 (Not out of *Malice*, but mere *Zeal*),  
 420 Because he was an *Infidel*)  
 The mighty *Tottipotymoy*  
 Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy* ;  
 Complaining sorely of the *Breach*  
 Of *League* held forth by *Brother Patch*,  
 425 Against the *Articles* in force  
 Between both *Churches*, his and ours,  
 For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render  
 Into his *Hands*, or hang th' *Offender* :

433 *In a Town, &c.]* The History of the Cobler has  
 been attested by Persons of good Credit, who were upon  
 the Place when it was done,

But

But they maturely having weigh'd  
 430 They had no more but him o' th' Trade,  
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*)  
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
 The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too  
 435 Impartial Justice, in his stead did  
 Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.  
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,  
 And in your room another *whipp'd*?  
 For all *Philosophers*, but the *Scopick*,  
 440 Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.  
 It is enough, quoth *Hudbras*,  
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *Cases*;  
 And canst in *Conscience* not refuse  
 From thy own *Doctrine* to raise *Use*:  
 445 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy Back;  
 Then strip thee of thy Carnal *Jerkin*,  
 And give thy *outward-fellow* a *Ferkin*;  
 For when thy *Vessel* is new *hoop'd*,  
 450 All *Leaks* of *sinning* will be *stopp'd*.  
 Quoth *Ralphi*, You mistake the matter:  
 For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,  
 No Man includes himself, nor turns  
 The *Point* upon his own *Concerns*.  
 455 As no Man of his own self catches  
 The *Iteb*, or amorous *French-aches*:  
 So no Man does himself convince,  
 By his own *Doctrine*, of his *Sins*:  
 And tho' all cry down Self, none means  
 460 His own self in a *lit'ral Sense*:  
 Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,  
 But *Vile*, *Idolatrous* and *Popish*:  
 For one Man out of his own Skin,  
 To firk and whip another's *Sins*:

465 As Pedants out of School-Boys Breeches

Do claw and curry their own Itches.

But in this Case it is prophane,

And sinful too, because in vain:

For we must take our Oaths upon it

470 You did the *Deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon:

Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralphe*, That we may swear true,

'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:

475 For when with your Consent 'tis done,

The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain

(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;

Or, like the Stars, incline Men to

480 What they're averse themselves to do:

For when *Disputes* are weary'd out,

'Tis *Int'rest* that resolves the Doubt:

But since no Reason can confute ye,

I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;

485 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,

As e'er we part I shall evince it;

And *Curry*(it you stand out) whether

You will or no your *Stubborn Leather*.

Canst thou refuse to bear thy part

490 I th' publick *Work*, base as thou art?

To higgle thus for a few Blows,

To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Spouse*;

Whose *Wealth* his *Bowels* yearn to purchase,

Merely for th' Interest of the *Churches*?

495 And when he has it in his Claws,

Will not be hide-bound to the *Cause*;

Nor shalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,

If thou dispatch it without grudging.

If not, resolve before we go,

500 That you and I must pull a *Crow*.

Y'had

Y'had best (quoth *Ralphe*) as the *Ancients*  
 Say wisely, *Have a care o' th' main Chance,*  
*And look before you e'er you leap;*  
*For as you Sow, y'are like to Reap:*

505 And were y'as good as *George-a-Green*,  
 I shall make bold to turn agen;  
 Nor am I doubtful of the Issue  
 In a just *Quarrel*, and mine is so.  
 Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*

510 To whip the *Saints*, like *Bishop Bonner*?  
 A *Knight* to usurp the *Beadie's* Office,  
 For which y'are like to raise brave *Trophies*:  
 But I advise you (not for Fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear;

515 And for the *Church's*, which may chance  
 From hence to spring a Variance;  
 And raise am'ngst themselves new *Scrapes*,  
 Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.  
 Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,

520 We still have worsted all your Holy *Tricks*;  
 Trapann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,  
 And took your *Grandees* down a Peg;  
 Next m'dell'd th' *Army*, and *Cashier'd*  
 All that to *Legion SMEC* adher'd;

525 Made a mere Utensil of your *Church*,  
 And after left it in the Lurch;  
 A Scaffold to build up our own,  
 And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;  
 Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,

530 And snap'd their *Canons* with a *Why not*,  
 (Grave *Synod-Men*, that were rever'd  
 For solid Face and depth of *Beard*)  
 Their *Classick Model* prov'd a Maggot,  
 Their *Direct'ry* an *Indian Pagod*,

535 And drown'd their *Discipline* like a Kitten,  
 On which they had been so long a Sitting;

Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*

Grown out of Date, and obsolete,  
And all the *Saints* of the first Grass,

540 As Castling *Foals* of *Bal'am's Asses*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,  
And staring fur'ously on *Ralph*,  
He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,  
Like Ashes first, then red as Fire.

545 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,

And for so many *Moons* lain by't?

And when all other means did fail,

Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?

Not but they thought me worth a *Ransome*,

550 Much more contid'able and handsome,

But for their own sakes, and for fear

They were not safe when I was there;

Now to be baileed by a *Scoundrel*,

An upstart *Seç'try*, and a *Mungrell*;

555 Such as breed out of peccant Humours

Of our own *Church*, like Wens, or Tumours,

And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,

Wou'd that which gave it Life devour;

It never shall be done or said;

560 With that he seiz'd upon his *Blade*;

And *Ralph* too, as quick and bold,

Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,

With equal Readiness prepar'd

To draw, and stand upon his Guard:

565 When both were parted on the sudden,

With hideous *Clamour*, and a loud one,

As if all sorts of *Noise* had bin

Contracted into one loud *Din*:

548 *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The *Knight* was kept  
Prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several Exchanges propos'd,  
but none accepted of, was at last deliv'red for a *Barrel* of  
*Ale*, as he often us'd upon all Occasions to declare.

Or





Or that some Member to be chosen,  
 570 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand* ;  
 And by the greatness of his *Wife*  
 Prov'd fittest for his *Country's Choice*.  
 This strange Surprizal put the *Knight*  
 And wrathful *Squire* into a Fright ;  
 575 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal  
 Impetuous Rancour to join *Battel* ;  
 Both thought it was the wilest Course  
 To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horse* ;  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 580 Themselves from danger of worse *beating*.  
 Yet neither of them wou'd disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,  
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their Ground,  
 With Horror and Disdain wind-bound.  
 585 And now the Cause of all their *Fear*,  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguisht diff'rent Noise  
 Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Brys*,  
 And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen Dub  
 590 Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*.  
 But when the Sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an *Antick Show* ;  
 A *Triumph*, that for Pomp and State  
 Did proudest *Romans* emulate :  
 595 For as the *Aldermen of Rome*,  
 Their Foes at Training overcome,  
 And not enlarging Territory,  
 (As some mistaken write in *Story*)  
 Being mounted in their best Array,  
 600 Upon a *Carre*, and who but they ?  
 And follow'd with a world of *Tall-Lads*,  
 That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,  
 Did ride with many a Good-mo' row,  
 Crying, *key for our Town*, through the *Borough* ;

605 So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,  
 They might Particulars descry,  
 They never saw two Things so par,  
 In all respects, as This and That.  
 First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,  
 610 Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flazelles*,  
 On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,  
 As well-feed *Lawyer* on his *Breviates*;  
 When over one another's Heads  
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*.  
 615 Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all Keys,  
 From *Trebles* down to *double Base*.  
 And after them, upon a *Nag*,  
 That might pass for a forehand *Stag*,  
 A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff  
 620 A Smock display'd did proudly wave :  
 Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest *Drones*,  
 With snuffling broken-winded Tones,  
 Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,  
 625 And made a viler Noise than *Swine*  
 In windy Weather when they whine.  
 Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,  
 Full fraught with that which for good Manners  
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*,  
 630 Which he dispense'd amongst the *Swains*,  
 And busily upon the Crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then mounted on a horned *Horse*,  
 One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt Spurs*,  
 635 Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*  
 He held reverst, the Point turn'd downward,  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd *Steed*,  
 The Conqu'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,  
 And bore aloft before the *Champion*  
 640 A *Petticoat* display'd, and rampant;

Near

Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant  
 Bestrid her *Beast*, and on the *Rump* on't  
 Sat *Face to Tail*, and *Bum to Bum*,  
 The *Warrior* whilom overcome;

645 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,  
 Which as he rode she made him twist off :  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder  
 Chastis'd her *Reformado* *Soldier*.  
 Before the Dame, and round about,  
 650 March'd *Whiffers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,  
 With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,  
 In fit and proper Equipages ;  
 Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some *Links* ;  
 Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,

655 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,  
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan* ;  
 And at fit Periods the whole *Rout*  
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous *Shout*.  
 The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*,

660 Put up their Weapons and their *Ire* ;  
 And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder  
 On such Sights, with judicious *Wonder*,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His *An'madversions*, for his Heart.

665 Quoth he, In all my Life till now  
 I ne'er saw so prophanè a *Show*,  
 It is a *Paganish* Invention,  
 Which *Heathen* Writers often mention :  
 And he who made it had read *Godwin*,

670 Or *Ross*, or *Calius Rhodigine*,  
 With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds* and *Stows*,  
 That best describe those ancient *Shows* ;  
 And has observ'd all fit *Decorums*  
 We find describ'd by old *Histor'ans*:

675 For as the *Roman Conqueror*,  
 That put an End to Foreign *War*,

Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,  
 Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot;  
 So this insulting *Female Brave*  
 680 Carries behind her here a *Slave*;  
 And as the *Ancients* long ago,  
 When they in Field defy'd the Foe,  
 Hung out their *Mantles Della Guerre*,  
 So her proud *Standard-bearer* here  
 685 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,  
 A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for *Banner*.  
 Next Lynks, and Torches, heretofore  
 Still born before the *Emperor*.  
 And as in *Antick Triumphs*, *Eggs*  
 690 Were born for mystical Intrigues;  
 There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,  
 That carries *Eggs* too, fresh or addle;  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the Rabble-rout bestows.  
 695 Quoth *Ralphe*, You mistake the matter;  
 For all th' *Antiquity* you sinatter,  
 Is but a *Riding*, us'd of *Course*,  
 When the *Grey Mare's* the better *Horse* ;  
 When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*  
 700 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion* ;  
 And in the *Cause* impatient *Grizel*  
 Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,

678 *Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot, &c.]*

----- *Et sibi Consul*

*Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodenii.*

*Juv. Sat. 10.*

693 *Hung out, &c.] Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam*  
*dimicandum esset, supra prætorium ponit. quæsi admonitio. &*  
*indictum futura pugnae.* *Liphius in Tacit. p. 56.*

687 *Nex! Lynks. &c.] That the Roman Emperors were*  
*wont to have Torches born before them (by Lay) in pub-*  
*lick, appears by *Herodian* in *Perinace*. *Lit. in Tacit. p. 16.**

And

And brought him under *Covert-Baron*  
 To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain* ;

705 When Wives their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,  
 And ride their Husbands, like *Night-Mares*,  
 And they in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,  
 Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,

710 Condémn'd to *Distaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels* :  
 For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,  
 Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st Sentence  
 Impertinently, and against Sense :

715 'Tis not the least Disparagement,  
 To be defeated by th' Event,  
 Nor to be beaten by main *force*,  
 That does not make a *Man* the worse,  
 Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*

720 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune ;  
 A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard  
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true *Yard* :  
 But to turn *Tail*, or run away,  
 And without Blows give up the Day ;

725 Or to surrender e'er th' *Assault*,  
 That's no *Man's* Fortune, but his Fault ;  
 And renders Men of *Honour* less  
 Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Success :  
 And only unto such this Shew

730 Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.  
 There is a lesser *Prophanation*,  
 Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation* :  
 For as *Ovation* was allow'd  
 For Conquest purchas'd without Blood ;

735 So Men decree those lesser Shows,  
 For *Vict'ry* gotten without Blows,  
 By dint of sharp hard *Worls*, which some  
 Give *Battel* with, and overcome ;

These

These mounted in a *Chair-Carule*,  
 740 Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-Stool*,  
 March proudly to the River's side,  
 And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;  
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said  
 The *Adriatick Sea* to wed;  
 745 And have a gentler *Wife* than those  
 For whom the State decrees those *Shows*.  
 But both are *Heathenish*, and come  
 From th' *Whores* of *Babylon*, and *Rome*;  
 And by the *Saints* shou'd be withstood,  
 750 As *Antichristian* and *Lewd*;  
 And we as such, shou'd now contribute  
 Our utmost *struggling* to prohibit.  
 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
 A *Dog-Trot* through the bawling Crowd,  
 755 T' attack the *Leader*, and still preft,  
 Till they approach'd him *breast* to *breast*:  
 Then *Hudibras*, with Face and Hand,  
 Made *Signs* for *Silence*; which obtrain'd,  
 What means (quoth he) this *Dev'l's Procession*  
 760 Wit' *Men* of *Orthodox* *Profession*?  
 'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,  
 From *Heathenish* deriv'd to us.  
 Does not the *Whore* of *Bab'lon* ride  
 Upon her *horned Beast* astride,  
 765 Like this proud *Dame*, who either is  
 A Type of her, or she of this?  
 Are things of *Superstitious Function*  
 Fit to be us'd in *Gospel Sun-shine*?  
 It is an *Antichristian Opera*,  
 770 Much us'd in *Midnight* times of *Papery*;  
 Of running after *Self-Inventions*  
 Of wicked and *prophane Intentions*:  
 To scandalize that *Sex*, for scolding,  
 To whom the *Saints* are so beholden,

Women,

775 Women, who were our first *Apostles*,  
 Without whose Aid w' had been all lost else;  
*Women*, that left no Stone unturn'd  
 In which the *Cause* might be concern'd,  
 Brought in their Childrens Spoons and *Whistles* :

780 To purchase *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Pistols* :  
 Their Husbands, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,  
 To take the *Saints* and *Church*'s Parts ;  
 Drew sev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,  
 That for the *Bishops* wou'd have been,

785 And fix'd 'em constant to the *Party*,  
 With Motives powerful and *hearty* :  
 Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard Shifts  
 T' administer unto their *Gifts*.  
 All they cou'd rap, and rend, and pilfer,

790 To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver,  
 Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for *Parl'ment* ;  
 Pamper'd and edify'd their *Zeal*  
 With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal ;

795 Enabled them with store of Meat,  
 On controverted *Points* to eat ;  
 And cram'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,  
 With *Cawdile*, *Custard*, and *Plumb-cake*.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,

800 That might advance the *Cause* at *London* ?  
 March'd Rank and File, with *Drum* and *Ensign*,  
 T' entrench the *City* for Defence in ?  
 Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own soft Hands,  
 To put the Enemy to stands ;

805 From *Ladies* down to *Oyster-Wenches*  
 Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,  
 Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,  
 And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles* ?  
 Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*

810 Chose of their *Members* a *Committee*.

For raising of a *Common Purse*  
 Out of their Wages to raise *Horse*?  
 And do they not as *Triers* sit,  
 To judge what *Officers* are fit?

815 Have they \_\_\_\_\_? At that an *Egg* let fly  
 Hit him dire&ly o'er the Eye,  
 And running down his Check, besmear'd  
 With Orange tawny-slime his Beard;  
 But Beard and Slime b'ing of one Hue,

820 The *Wound* the less appear'd in view.  
 Then he that on the *Panniers* rode,  
 Let fly on th' other side a Load;  
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
 In *Ralph*'s Face another *Volley*.

825 The *Knight* was startled with the Smell,  
 And for his *Sword* began to feel:  
 And *Ralph*, smother'd with the *Stink*,  
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming *Cudgel*,

830 Like *Linflock*, to the *Horse*'s *Touch-hole*:  
 And streight another with his *Flambeaux*  
 Gave *Ralph*'s o'er the Eyes a damn'd *Blow*:  
 The *Beasts* began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the *Rout* to make a *Ring*;

835 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,  
 And brought them off from farther *Fray*.  
 And tho' disorder'd in *Retreat*,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his *Seat*:  
 For quitting both their *Swords* and *Reins*,

840 They grasp'd with all their Strength the *Manes*,  
 And to avoid the *Foe*'s *Pursuit*,  
 With spurring put their *Cattle* to't;  
 And till all Four were out of *Wind*,  
 And *Danger* too, ne'er look behind.

845 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying  
 Their *Spirits*, spent with *Fight* and *Flying*,

And

And *Hudibras* recruited Force  
Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Discourse* :  
Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,  
850 That fouls his *Hand* with dirty Foes :  
For where no *Honour*'s to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.  
'Twas ill for us, we had to do  
With so dishon'able a Foe :  
855 For tho' the *Law of Arms* doth bar  
The Use of venom'd Shot in *War* ;  
Yet by the nauseous Smell, and noisome,  
Their *Case-shot* favours strong of *Poison* :  
And doubtless has been chew'd with Teeth  
860 Of some that had a *finking Breast* :  
Else when we put it to the push,  
They had not giv'n us such a Brush :  
But as those *Pultroons* that fling Dirt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;  
865 So all the *Honour* they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at ope.  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
A brave Retreat, without Pursuit ;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
870 Much worse, to be in Triumph led ;  
Than which the *Ancients* held no state  
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.  
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er  
Do chance to reach the *Widow's Ear*,  
875 It may, being destin'd to assert  
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.  
And as such homely Treats (they say)  
Portend good *Fortune*, so this may.

*Vespasian being dawb'd with Dirt,*  
 880 *Was destin'd to the Empire for't;*  
*And from a Scavenger did come*  
*To be a mighty Prince in Rome:*  
*And why may not this foul Address*  
*Presage in Love the same Success?*

885 *Then let us straight, to cleanse our Wounds,*  
*Advance in quest of nearest Pond;*  
*And after (as we first desir'd)*  
*Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.*

879 *Vespasian begin dawb'd, &c.] C. Cæsar succensens,*  
*propter curam vorrendis viis non adbibitam, Luto iussit applicari,*  
*congesto per milites in prætexta fiam. Sueton. in Vespas. C. 5.*



The



## The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight, with various Doubts possest,  
To win the Lady goes in Quest  
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,  
To know the Deft'nes Resolution ;  
With whom being met, they both chop Logick,  
About the Science Astrologick ;  
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,  
The Conj'rer's worstèd by the Knight.*

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### CANTO III.

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**D**oubtless the Pleasure is as great  
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat* ;  
As Lookers on feel most Delight,  
That least perceive a *Juggler's* Slight ;  
5 And still the less they understand,  
The more they admire his Slight of Hand,  
Some with a Noise, and greasy Light,  
Are snapt, as Men catch *Larks* by Night,  
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,  
10 As Nooses by the Legs catch *Fowl*.

Some

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipts*,  
 Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait* ;  
 And tho' it be a two-foot *Trout*,  
 'Tis with a single Hair pull'd out.

15 Others believe no Voice t' an *Organ*  
 So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar-gown* ;  
 Until with subtle Cobweb-cheats,  
 Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets* :  
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
 20 The more they stir, the more they're tangled ;  
 And while their *Purses* can dispute,  
 There's no End of th' immortal Suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
 The Cabinet-Designs of *Fate*,  
 25 Apply to *Wizards*, to fore-see  
 What shall, and what shall never be.  
 And as those *Vultures* do forebode,  
 Believe Events prove *bad* or *good*.  
 A Flam more sensless than the *Rog'ry*  
 30 Of old *Arms*/picy and *Aug'ry*,  
 That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*  
 Presag'd th' Events of *Truce*, or *Battle* ;  
 From Flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens-pecking*,  
 Success of great'st *Attempts* wou'd reckon :  
 35 Tho' *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,  
 Than those that with the *Stars* do fribble.  
 This *Hudibras* by Proof found true,  
 As in due Time and Place we'll shew :  
 For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,  
 40 B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen ;  
 (And *Ralph* got a *Cock-Horse* too  
 Upon his *Beast*, with much ado)  
 Advanc'd on for the *Widow's* House,  
 T' acquit himself and pay his *Vows* ;  
 45 When various *Thoughts* began to bustle,  
 And with his inward Man to jostle.

He thought what *Danger* might accrue,  
If she shou'd find he *swore* untrue :  
Or, if his *Squire* or he shou'd fail,  
50 And not be punctual in their *Tale* ;  
It might at once the *Ruin* prove  
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.  
But if he shou'd forbear to go,  
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow* ;  
55 And that he durst not now for *Shame*  
Appear in *Court*, to try his *Claim*.  
This was the Pen'worth of his *Thought*,  
To pass *Time* and uneasy *Trot*.  
Quoth he, In all my past *Adventures*  
60 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters* ;  
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me ;  
And with inextricable Doubt,  
Besets my puzzled *Wits* about :  
65 For tho' the *Dame* has been my *Bail*,  
To free me from enchanted *Goal*,  
Yet as a *Dog*, committed close  
For some *Offence*, by chance breaks loose,  
And quits his *Clog* ; but all in vain,  
70 He still draws after him his *Chain* ;  
So tho' my *Ankle* she has quitted,  
My *Heart* continues still committed ;  
And like a *bail'd* and *main-priz'd Lover*,  
Altho' at large, I am bound over.  
75 And when I shall appear in *Court*,  
To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,  
Unless the Judge do partial prove,  
What will become of *Me* and *Love* ?  
For if in our *Account* we vary,  
80 Or but in *Circumstance* miscarry ;  
Or if she put me to strict *Proof*,  
And make me pull my *Doublets* off,

To shew, by evident Record  
 Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word,  
 85 How can I e'er expect to have her,  
 Having demurr'd unto her Favour ;  
 But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Post* ?  
 Beside, that *stripping* may prevent

90 What I'm to prove by *Argument* :  
 And justify I have a *Tail*,  
 And that way too, my *Proof* may fail,  
 Oh ! that I cou'd enucleate,  
 And solve the *Problems* of my *Fate* ;

95 Or find by *Necromantick Art*,  
 How far the *Dest'ries* take my Part ;  
 For if I were not more than certain  
 To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,  
 I'd go no farther in this *Courtship*,

100 To hazard *Soul*, *Estate*, and *Worship* ;  
 For tho' an *Oath* obliges not,  
 Where any thing is to be got,  
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,  
 And *sinful*, when Men *swear* in *vain*.

105 Quoth *Ralph*. Not far from hence doth dwell  
 A *cunning* Man, hight *Sidrophel*,  
 That deals in *Destinies* dark *Counsels*,  
 And sage *Opinions* of the *Moon* tells ;  
 To whom all *People* far and near,

110 On deep Importances repair ;  
 When *Brafs* and *Pewter* hap to stray,  
 And *Linen* slinks out of the way :  
 When *Geeje* and *Pullen* are seduc'd,  
 And *Sows* or sucking *Pigs* are chous'd,

115 When *Cattle* feel Indi' position,  
 And need th' Opinion of *Physician* ;  
 When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,  
 And *Chickens* languish of the *Pip* ;

When

When *Yeast* and outward Means do fail,  
 120 And have no Pow'r to work on *Me*;  
 When *Butter* does refuse to come,  
 And *Love* proves *crost* and *humourfome*;  
 To him with *Questions*, and with *Urine*,  
 They for Discov'ry flock, or *Curing*.

125 Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*  
 I've heard of, and shou'd like it well;  
 If thou canst prove the *Saints* have freedom  
 To go to *Sorc'ers* when they need 'em.  
 Says *Ralph*, 'There's no doubt of that;

130 Those *Principles* I quoted late,  
 Prove that the *Godly* may alledge  
 For any thing their *Privilege*:  
 And to the *Dev'l* himself may go,  
 If they have *Motives* thereunto.

135 For as there is a *War* between  
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,  
 If they by *Iubtil Stratagem*  
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.  
 Has not this present *Parl'ament*

140 A *Ledger* to the *Devil* sent,  
 Fully empower'd to treat about  
 Finding revolted *Witches* out?  
 And has not he, within a Year,  
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one *Shire*?

145 Some only for not being *drown'd*,  
 And some for sitting above Ground  
 Whole *Days* and *Nights* upon their *Breeches*,  
 And feeling Pain, were hang'd for *Witchess*.

147 *A Ledger, &c.*] The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the Compsals of one Year; and among the rest, the old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

154 And some for putting *Knavish* Tricks

150 Upon *Green Geese*, and *Turky-Chicks*,

Or *Pigs*, that suddenly deceast

Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;

Who after prov'd himself a *Witch*,

And made a Rod for his own *Breeches*.

155 Did not the Devil appear to *Martin*

*Luther* in *Germany*, for certain?

And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,

But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*,

Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge

150 At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral Church*?

Sing *Catches* to the *Saints* at *Maison*,

And tell them all they came to ask him?

Appear in divers *Shapes* to *Kelly*,

And speak i' th' *Nun* at *Louden's Belly*?

155 Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*,

At *Woodstock* on a Pers'nal *Treaty*?

159 *Did be not help the Dutch, &c.*] In the Beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the Common People of *Antwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much Mischief in a small Time, that *Strada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161 *Sing Catches, &c.*] This Devil at *Maison* delivered all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the *Huguenots*, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

163 *Appear in divers, &c.*] The History of Dr. *Des*, and the Devil, publish'd by *Mer. Casanova, Isaac Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all those Passages; in which the Style of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same Person. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Observations upon the *French Book*, written upon that Occasion.

165 *Meet with, &c.*] A Committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum take a *Cavalier*,  
 I'th' *Cause's* Service *Prisoner* ?  
 As *Withers* in immortal Rhime  
 170 Has register'd to after-time.  
 Did not our great *Reformers* use  
 This *Sidrophel* to forebode *News* ;  
 To write of *Victories* next Year,  
 And *Castles* taken yet i'th' *Air* ?  
 175 Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and *Ships*  
 Sunk two Years hence, the last *Eclipse* ?  
 A total Overthrow giv'n the *King*  
 In *Cornwall*, *Horse* and *Foot*, next *Spring* ?  
 And has not he point-blank foretold  
 180 What's-e'er the close *Committee* would ?  
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cause*,  
 The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws* :  
 The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare  
 Against the *Book of Common-Pray'r* ?  
 185 The *Scorpion* take the *Protestation*,  
 And *Bear* engage for *Reformation* ;  
 Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,  
 Compound and take the *Covenant* ?  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, The Case is clear,  
 190 The *Saints* may employ a *Conjurer* ;  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their *Practice* :  
 No Argument like Matter of *Fact* is.  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Men's *Principles* by what they do :  
 195 Then let us straight advance in quest  
 Of this profound *Gymnosophist*,  
 And as the *Fates* and be advise,  
 Pursue, or wave this *Enterprize*.

167 At Sarum, &c.] *Withers* has a long Story in *Dog-gerel*, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a single *Pore* of Glass.

This said, he turn'd about his Steed,  
 200 And eftsoons on th' Adventure rid ;  
 Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a-while,  
 And to the *Conjurer* turn our Stile,  
 To let our *Reader* understand  
 What's useful of him, before-hand.

205 He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,  
*Opticks*, *Philosophy*, and *Staticks*,  
*Magick*, *Horoscopy*, *Astrology*,  
 And was old *Dog* at *Physiologie*.  
 But, as a *Dog* that turns the *Spit*,  
 210 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet  
 To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,  
 His own Weight brings him down again:  
 And still he's in the self-same Place  
 Where at his setting out he was.

215 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,  
 Did he advance his *Nat'r'al Parts* ;  
 Till falling back still for *Retreat*,  
 He fell to *Joggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat* :  
 For as those *Fowls* that live in Water

220 Are never wet, he did but smatter ;  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
 His Understanding still was clear.  
 Yet none a deeper Knowledge boasted,  
 Since old *Hodg Bacon* and *Bob Grofset*.

224 Since old *Hodg Bacon*, &c.] *Roger Bacon*, commonly call'd *Fygar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward I* and for some little Skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the Rabble accounted a *Conjurer*, and had the sottish Story of the *Brazen Head* fathered upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those Days. *Robert Grofthead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen III*. He was a Learned Man for those times, and for that Reason suspected by the Clergy to be a *Conjurer*; for which Crime being degraded by *Pope Innocent IV.* and summon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of *Christ*; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Præsumption*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court. Th' In-

225 Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,  
 And all Men dreamt on't, to be true :  
 That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*  
 That has not there a Counterpart ;  
 Nor can there on the *Face of Ground*

230 An individual *Beard* be found,  
 That has not in that Foreign *Nation*  
 A Fellow of the self-same *Fashion* ;  
 So *cut*, so *colour'd*, and so *curl'd*,  
 As those are in th' *Inferior World*.

235 H' had read *Dee's* *Prefaces* before,  
 The *Dev'l* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er ;  
 And all th' *Intrigue* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,  
*Lescus* and th' *Emperor* wou'd tell ye ;  
 But with the *Moon* was more familiar

240 Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer* ;  
 Her *Secrets* understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there ;  
 Knew when she was in fittest *Mood*,  
 For cutting *Corns*, or letting *Blood* ;

245 When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,  
 Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;  
 When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be *splay'd*,  
 And in what *Sign* best *Cyder's* made ;  
 Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase*,

250 Best to set *Garlick*, or sow *Pease* :  
 Who first found out the *Man* i' th' *Moon*,  
 That to the *Ancients* was unknown ;  
 How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers* :  
 Are in the *Planetary Spheres* ;

255 Their *Airy Empire*, and *Command*,  
 Their sev'ral *Strengths* by *Sea* and *Land* ;  
 What *Factions* th' have, or what they drive at :  
 In publick *Vogue*, and what in *private* ;  
 With what *Designs* and *Interests*

260 Each *Party* manages *Contests*,

He made an *Instrument* to know,  
 If the *Moon* shine at Full or no ;  
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate ;

265 Tell what her *Diameter* t' an Inch is,  
 And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*.  
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the *Man in*  
*The Moon*'s a *Sea Mediterranean* ;  
 And that it is no *Dog* or *Bitch*,

270 That stands behind him at his *Breech* ;  
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake*  
*With Arms*, which Men for *Legs* mistake ;  
 How large a *Gulph* his *Tail* composes,  
 And what a goodly *Bay* his *Note* is ;

275 How many *German Leagues* by th' *Scale*  
*Cape Snout's* from *Promontary Tail*.  
 He made a *Planetary Gin*,  
 Which *Rats* wou'd run their own *Heads* in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken,

280 Without th' *Expence* of *Cheese* or *Bacon* ;  
 With *Lute Strings* he wou'd counterfeit  
 Maggots that crawl on *Dish* or *Meat* ;  
 Quote Moles and Spots on any Place  
 O' th' *Body*, by the *Index Face* ;

285 Detect lost *Maiden-Heads*, by *Sneezing*,  
 Or breaking *Wind* of *Dames*, or *Pissing* ;  
 Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with *Application*  
 Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination* ;  
 Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and scare

290 With *Rhymes* the *Tooth-ach* and *Casarrh* ;  
 Chafe evil *Spirits* away by *dint*  
 Of *Cickle*, *Horse-shoe*, *Hollow-fint* ;  
 Spit *Fire* out of a *Walnut-shell*,  
 Which made the *Roman Slaves* rebel ;

295 And fire a *Mine* in *China* here,  
 With *Sympathetick Gunpowder*.

He knew what's ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew won'd owas.  
 What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*.  
 300 Cou'd make a Man wib, as he tells us,  
 What figur'd *States* are best to make  
 On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake* ;  
 What *Bowling-bones* in ruaning Race  
 Upon a *Board* have swiftest Pace :  
 305 Whether a *Pulse* beat in the black  
 List of a dappled *Louie's* Back :  
 If *Systole* or *Diasbole* move  
 Quickest when he's in *Wrath* or *Lover* :  
 When two of them do run a Race,  
 310 Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace* :  
 How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,  
 Of his own Length, from Head to Rump ;  
 Which *Socrates* and *Cherephon*,  
 In vain assay'd so long agone ;  
 315 Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Nose* is,  
 And not an *Elephant's* *Proboscis* ;  
 How many different *Species*  
 Of Maggots breed in rotten *Cheese* ;  
 And which are next of kin to those  
 320 Engender'd in a *Chandler's* *Nose* ;  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wort*.  
 A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd.  
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd ;  
 325 Hight *Whacbum*, bred to dash and draw,  
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholesom *Law* :  
 To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gape,  
 Wide as *Meridians* in *Maps* ;

313 Which *Socrates*, &c. *Aristophanes* in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Cherephon*, measuring the Leap of a *Flea*, from the one's Beard to the other's.

To squander Paper, and spare Ink,  
 330 Or cheat Men of their Words, some think.  
 From this, by merited Degrees,  
 He'd to more high Advancement rise:  
 To be an under *Conjurer*,  
 Or *Journeyman-Astrologer*;  
 335 His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
 And Men with their own Keys unriddle,  
 To make them to themselves give Answers,  
 For which they pay the *Necromancers*;  
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,  
 340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
 And all *Discoveries* disperse  
 'Mong the whole Pack of *Conjurers*;  
 What *Cut-Purses* have left with them,  
 For the right Owners to redeem:  
 345 And what they dare not vent, find out,  
 To gain themselves and th' *Art Repute*:  
 Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,  
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewel*, *Brokers Shops*,  
 Of *Thieves ascendant* in the *Carts*;  
 350 And find out all by Rules of *Art*:  
 Which way a Servant-man, that's run  
 With Cloaths or Money away, is gone;  
 Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,  
 And where a *Watch*, for half the Worth  
 355 May be redeem'd; or stolen Plate  
 Restor'd at consonable Rate.  
 Beside all this, he serv'd his *Master*  
 In quality of *Poetaster*:  
 And *Rhymes* appropriate cou'd make  
 360 To ev'ry Month i' th' *Almanack*;  
 When *Terms* begin and end cou'd tell,  
 With their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*:  
 When the *Exchequer* opes and shuts,  
 And *Sowgelder* with Safety cuts:

When



365 When Men may eat and drink their fill,  
 And when be temp'rate if they will :  
 When use, and when abstain from *Vice* ;  
*Figs*, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.  
 And as in *Prisons* mean Rogues beat

370 *Hemp* for the Service of the *Great* ;  
 So *Whachum* beat his dirty Brains  
 T' advance his Master's Fame and *Gains* ;  
 And like the Devil's *Oracles*,  
 Put into *Dogg'rel Rhymes* his *Spells*,

375 Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page  
 I' th' *Almanacks* strange *Bilks* presage.  
 He wou'd an *Elegy* compose  
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose ;  
 In *Lyrick Numbers* write an *Ode* on

380 His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden :  
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,  
 It putt him with *Poetick Rapture*.  
 His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,

385 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,  
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beasts ;  
 A *Carman's House* cou'd not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to *Poetry* ;  
 No Porter's *Burthen* pass'd along,

390 But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.  
 Each Window, like a *Pill'ry* appears,  
 With Heads thrust thro' nail'd by the Ears :  
 All Trades run in as to the Sight  
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight

395 The *Gallows-Tree*, when cutting Purse  
 Breeds Bus'ness for *Heroick Verse* .  
 Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung  
 T' have been the *Theme* of such a *Song*.  
 Those two together long had liv'd,

400 In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd ;

Where neither Tree, nor House cou'd bar.

The free Detection of a Star;

And nigh an *Ancient Obelisk*

Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fist*;

405 On which was written, not in Words,

But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,

Many rare pithy Laws concerning

The Worth of *Astrologick Learning*:

From top of this there hung a *Rope*,

410 To which he fasten'd *Telescope*;

The *Spectacles* by which the *Stars*.

He reads in smallest *Characters*.

It happen'd as a *Boy*, one *Night*,

Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*;

415 The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,

That like a *Bird* of *Paradise*,

Or *Herald's Martlet*, has no *Legs*,

Nor hatches young one, nor lays *Eggs*:

His *Train* was six *Yards* long, Milk-white,

420 At th' End of which there hung a *Light*,

Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,

That far off like a *Star* did appear.

This *Sidrephel* by chance esp'y'd,

And with Amusement staring wide,

425 *Bless us!* quoth he, *What dreadful Wonder*,

Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?

A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,

Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?

I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scowl*,

430 Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,

With which, like *Indian Plantations*,

The Learned stock the *Constellations*;

404 *Was rais'd by him, &c.*] This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Eze*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Jobson*.

P200



P.S. Sculpt



Nor those that drawn from Signs have been,  
 To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* inn.

435 It must be supernatural  
 Unless it be the Cannon-Ball,  
 That shot i' th' Air point-blank upright,  
 Was born to that prodigious Height,  
 That learn'd *Philosophers* maintain,

440 It ne'er came backwards down again;  
 But in the *Airy Region* yet  
 Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*;  
 For if it be above the Shade,  
 That by the *Earth's* round Bulk is made,

445 'Tis probable it may from far  
 Appear no Bullet, but a Star.  
 This said, he to his Engine flew,  
 Plac'd near at hand in open view,  
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right

450 Against the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kire*.  
 Then peeping thro', *Bless us!* (quoth he)  
 It is a *Planet* now I see;  
 And it I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,

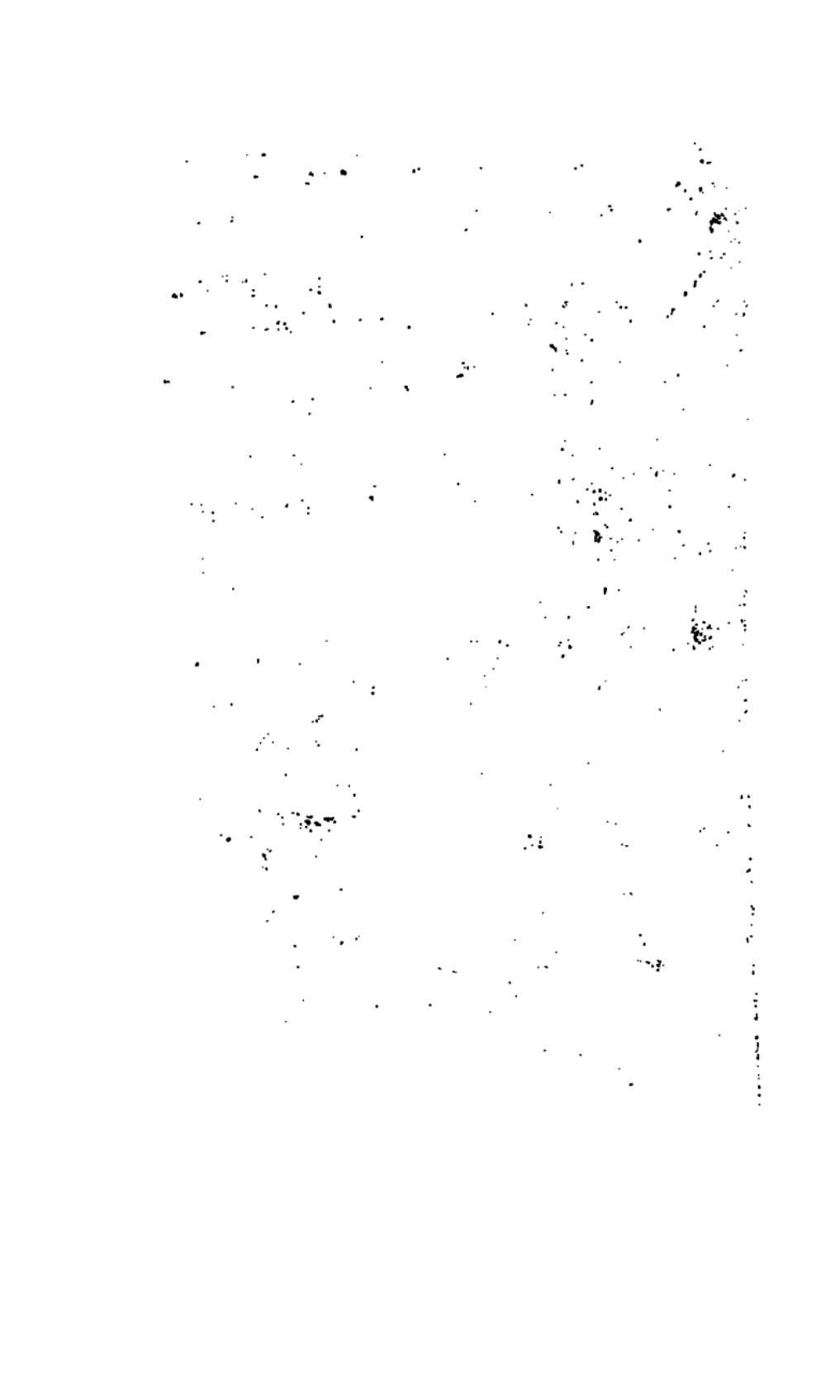
455 It shou'd be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear  
 'Tis *Saturn*: But what makes him there?  
 He's got between the *Dragon's* Tail,  
 And farther Leg behind o' th' *Whales*,  
 Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,

460 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common;  
 And can no less than the *World's* End,  
 Or *Nature's* Funeral portend.

436 Unless it be, &c.] This Experiment was try'd by some foreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

In Opposition with *Mars*,  
 And no benign friendly Stars  
 T' allay th' Effect: Quoth *Wizard*, So!  
 In *Virgo*? Ha? quoth *Whachum*, No:  
 535 Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?  
 One tenth of's Circle to a Minute,  
 'Tis well, quoth he. — Sir, you'll excuse  
 This Rudeness I am forc'd to use,  
 It is a *Scheme* and *Face* of *Heaven*,  
 540 As th' *Aspects* are disposed this *Eve*,  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd, but now I've done..  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here  
 545 At such a time, to interrupt  
 Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and come to use,  
 'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse..  
 By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,  
 550 The Stars your coming did foretel:  
 I did expect you here, and knew  
 Before you spake your Bus'ness too.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, make that appear,  
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
 555 You tell me after on your Word,  
 Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.  
 You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,  
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
 And for three Years sh' has rid your *Wit*.  
 560 And *Paffion*, without drawing *Bit*:  
 And now your Bus'ness is to know  
 If you shall carry her or no.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,  
 But how the *Devil* you came by't  
 565 I can't imagine; for the *Stars*  
 I am sure can tell no more than *Herself*.





Nor can their Aspects (the' you pore  
 Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
 Than th' *Oracle of Sieve and Shears*;

570 That turns as certain as the *Spheres* :  
 But if the *Devil's* of your Council,  
 Much may be done, my noble *Donzel* ;  
 And 'tis on his Account I come  
 To know from you my fatal Doom.

575 Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you suppose,  
 Sir *Knights*, that I am one of those,  
 I might inspect, and take th' *Alarm*,  
 Your Bus'ness is but to inform ;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,

580 You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear* ;  
 For I assure you, for my part,  
 I only deal by *Rules of Art* ;  
 Such as are lawful, and judge by  
 Conclusions of *Astrology* :

585 But for the *Dev'l*, know nothing by him ;  
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
 I understand your *Metonymie* :  
 Your Words of second-hand Intention,

590 When things by *wrongful Names* you mention ;  
 The mystick Sense of all your *Terms*,  
 That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,  
 To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,  
 And that is down-right *Conjuring* :

595 And in it self more warrantable  
 Than *Cheat*, or *Canting to a Rabble*,  
 Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,  
 Which by Confed'racy are done.  
 Your ancient *Conjurers* were wont

600 To make her from her Sphere dismount,  
 And to their *Incantations* stoop ;  
 They scorn'd to pore thro' *Telescope*.

Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair Weather,  
 605 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell  
 Perhaps as learnedly and well  
 As you your self — Then, Friend, I doubt:  
 You go the farthest way about:  
 Your Modern *Indian Magician*  
 610 Makes but a Hole in th' Earth to piss in;  
 And straight resolves all Questions by't,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
 The *Rosy-Crucian Way*'s more sure  
 To bring the Devil to their Lure;  
 615 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,  
 To catch *Intelligences* in.  
 Some by the *Nose* with Fumes trapan 'em,  
 As *Dunstan* did the *Devil's Grammum*;  
 Others with *Characters* and *Words*  
 620 Catch 'em, as Men in *Nets* do Birds;  
 And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,  
 Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*,  
 With their own *Infl'ences* will fetch 'em  
 Down from their *Orbs*, arrest, and catch 'em;  
 625 Make 'em depose, and answer to  
 All *Questions*, e'er they let them go.  
*Bumbastus* kept a *Devil's Bird*  
 Shut in the Pummel of his *Sword*;

609 Your Modern Indian, &c. 1 This compendious new Way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *East-Indies*.

627 *Bumbastus* kept, &c. 1 *Paracelsys* is said to have kept a small Devil Prisoner in the Pummel of his *Sword*, which was the Reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink: Howsoever, it was to better purpose than *Hannibal* carried Poisen in his, to dispatch himself, if he shoud happen to be surpriz'd in any great *F'x' remedy* for the *Sword* would have done the *Feat* alons, much better, and more Soldier like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the *World* like a Rat.

That

That taught him all the cunning Pranks  
 630 Of past and future Mountebanks.

*Kelly* did all his Feats upon  
 The Devil's Looking-Glass, a Stone,  
 Where playing with him at Bo-Peep,  
 He solv'd all Problems ne'er so deep.

635 *Agrippa* kept a Stygian Pug  
 I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog,  
 That was his Tutor, and the Cur  
 Read to th' occult Philosopher,  
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
 640 All other Sciences are vain.

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,  
*Agrippa* was no Conjuror,  
 Nor *Paracelsus*, nor *Behmen* ;  
 Nor was the Dog a Cacodemon,  
 645 But a true Dog that wou'd shew Tricks  
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks ;  
 Wou'd fetch and carry, was more civil  
 Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil:  
 And whatoe'er he's said to do,  
 650 He went the self-same way we go.  
 As for the Rosy-Cross Philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to but Sore'ers,  
 What they pretend to, is no more  
 Than *Trismegistus* did before  
 655 *Pythagoras*, old Zoroaster,  
 And *Apollonius* their Master :

635 *Agrippa* kept, &c.] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought ; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from the Asperion ; in which he has shewn a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.

To whom they do confess they owe  
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't to us,

660 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,  
If it be *Nonsense*, *false*, or *mythick*,  
Or not *insollegible*, or *sophistick*?  
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,  
That makes *Truth* *Truth*, altho' *Time's Daughter*;

665 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,

Before he pull'd her out of it,

And as he eats his *Sons*, just so

He feeds upon his *Daughters* too :

Nor does it follow 'cause a *Herald*

670 Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,

To be descended of a *Race*

Of ancient *Kings*, in a small space;

That we shou'd all *Opinions* hold

*Aubenswick*, that we can make odd.

675 Quoth *Sidropel*, It is no part

Of *Prudence* to cry down an *Art*,

And what it may perform, deny,

Because you understand not why.

(As *Averrhoes* play'd but a mean Trick,

680 To damn our whole *Art for Emperick*)

For who knows all that *Knowledge* contains?

Men dwell not on the *Topps* of *Momtaine*,

But on their Side, or rising's *Seat*,

So 'tis with *Knowledge*'s vast Height.

685 Do not the *Hifties* of all *Ages*

Relate miraculous *Prefages*.

Of strange *Turns* in the *World's Affairs*.

*Foreseen* b<sup>r</sup> *Astrologers*, *Soothsayers*,

690 As *Averrhoes*, &c.] *Averrhoes Afromensis propter*  
*Geometriles contemptus*. *Phil. Melanchthon in Elem. Phil.* p.  
281.

*Chaldeans*,

Chaldeans, learn'd *Genethliacks*,  
 690 And some that have writ *Almanacks*?  
 The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter  
 Had pist all *Asia* under Water,  
 And that a *Vine*, sprung from her *Branches*,  
 O'erspread his *Empire* with its *Branches*:  
 695 And did not *Soothsayers* expound it,  
 As after by th' Event he found it;  
 When *Cæsar* in the *Senate* fell,  
 Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,  
 And, in *Resentment* of his *Slaughter*,  
 700 Look pale for almost a Year after?  
*Augustus* having b' *Overtight*  
 Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,  
 Had like to have been slain that Day  
 By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for Pay.  
 705 Are there not Myriads of this sort,  
 Which *Stories* of all *Times* report?  
 Is it not on'ous in all *Countries*,  
 When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon *Trees*?  
 The *Roman Senate*, when within  
 710 The City Walls an *Owl* was seen,  
 Did cause their *Clergy*, with *Infusions*,  
 (Our *Synods* call *Hierolations*)

691 The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter, &c.] *Ariages*, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her to a *Perse* of a mean Quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Asia*, and transferr'd the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perians*. *Herodot.* l. 2.

697 When *Cæsar*, &c.] *Fuit aliquando prodigiis, &c. Longiores Solis Descenſus, quales occiso Cesare Dictatore & Antoniano Bellâ, tamen Annî Palkore continuo.* *Plin.*

701 *Augustus* having, &c.] *Dixens Augustus levius sibi prædictit calcans præpostore indutum, quo die seditione Militum prope afflictus ait.* *Idem l. 2.*

709 The *Roman Senate*, &c.] *Romani L. Crasso & C. Marius Coss. Bubone viso urbum lustrabant.*

The

The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t'avert,  
From doing *Town* and *Country* hurt.

715 And if an *Owl* have so much Pow'r,  
Why shou'd not *Planets* have much more,  
That in a *Region* far above  
Inferior *Fowls* of th' *Air* move,  
And shou'd see farther, and foreknow  
720 More than their *Angury* below?  
Though that once serv'd the *Polity*  
Of mighty *States* to govern by ;  
And this is what we take in hand,  
By pow'rful *Arts* to understand ;

725 Which, how we have perform'd, all *Ages*  
Can speak th' *Events* of our *Presages* ;  
Have we not lately, in the *Moon*  
Found a *New World*, to th' *Old* unknown ?  
Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*  
730 And *Magellan* cou'd never compass ?  
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,  
And Cattle grazing on 'em there ?  
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie so ope,  
That I, without a *Telescope*,

735 Can find your Tricks out, and descry  
Where you tell Truth, and where you Lie :  
For *Anaxagoras* long agone  
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon* ;  
And held the *Sun* was but a piece.

740 Of *Red-hot Iron* as big as *Greece* ;  
Believ'd the *Heav'ns* were made of *Stone* ;  
Because the *Sun* had voided one :

737 For *Anaxagoras*, &c.] *Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem*  
*candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponneso majorem : Lunam Habita-*  
*cula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixisse Caelum*  
*amne ex Lapidibus esse compositum ; Damnatus & in exilium*  
*pulsus est, quod impie Solem candentem luminam esse dixisset.*  
*Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.*

And,

And, rather than he wou'd recant  
Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

745 But what, alas! is it to us,  
Whether i' th' *Moon* Men thus or thus  
Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,  
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?  
What *Trade* from thence can you advance,

750 But what we nearer have from *France*?  
What can our *Travellers* bring home,  
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?  
What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,  
That are not in our own *Dominions*?

755 What *Science* can be brought from thence,  
In which we do not here commence?  
What *Revelations*, or *Religions*,  
That are not in our native *Regions*?  
Are sweating *Lanborns*, or *Screen-Fans*,

760 Made better there, than they're in *France*?  
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*  
On th' *Gitar* there a newer way?  
Can they make *Plays* there that shall fit  
The *publick Humour* with less *Wit*?

765 Write *wittier Dances*, quainter *Shows*,  
Or fight with more *ingenious Blows*?  
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,  
And wear a huger *Perriwig*,  
Shew in his *Gaite*, or *Face*, more *Tricks*

770 Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?  
But if w' out-do him here at home,  
What Good of your *Design* can come?  
As *Wind* i' th' *Hypochondries* pent,  
Is but a *Blast* if downward sent;

775 But if it upward chance to *fie*,  
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecie*:  
So when your *Speculations* tend  
Above their just and useful End,

Altho' they promise strange and great

780 *Discoveries of Things far fet,*  
They are but idle *Dreams and Fancies,*  
And savour strongly of the *Ganzas.*  
Tell me but what's the nat'r al Cause,  
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws

785 The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*;  
Resolve that with your *Jacob's Staff*;  
Or why *Wolves* raise a *Hubbub* at her,  
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in *Water*,  
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,

790 You may know something more remote?  
At this, deep *Sidropbel* look'd wise,  
And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,  
He put his Face into a Posture  
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster:

795 For having three times shook his Head  
To stir his Wit up, thus he said:  
*Art* has no mortal *Enemies*  
*Next Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;  
Those consecrated Geese in Orders,

800 That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*:  
And being then upon *Patrols*,  
With Noise alone beat off the *Gaul*:  
Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,  
That will not credit their own *Souls*;

805 Or any *Science* understand,  
Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:  
But meas'ring all Things by their own  
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known:  
Those Whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-*

810 *Houses* cry down all *Philosophy*,  
And will not know upon what *Ground*  
In *Nature* we our *Doctrine* found,  
Altho' with pregnant *Evidence*  
We can *demonstrate* it to *Sense*.

815 As I just now have done to you,  
 Foretelling what you came to know.  
 Were the Stars only made to light  
 Robbers and Burglars by Night?  
 To wait on *Dimwits*, *Thieves*, *Goldfinders*,

820 And *Lovers* solacing behind Doors,  
 Or giving one another Pledges  
 Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?  
 Or Witches *swapping*, and on *Gibbets*,  
 Cutting from *Malefactors* Snippets;

825 Or from the *Pill'ry* Tips of Ears  
 Of Rebel-Saints and Perfomers?  
 Only to stand by, and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done?  
 Is there a *Confession* there,

830 That was not born and bred up here?  
 And therefore cannot be to learn  
 In any inferior Concern:  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em *Pyrates*, *W'lovers* and *Thieves*?

835 And is it like they have not still  
 In their old *Practices* some Skill?  
 Is there a *Planer* that by *Birth*  
 Does not derive its *House* from *Earth*?  
 And therefore probably must know

840 What is, and hath been done below;  
 Who made the *Balances*, or whence came  
 The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?  
 Did not we here the *Argo* rig,  
 Make *Berenice's* *Perrinig*?

845 Whose *Liv'ry* doesthe *Coachman* wear?  
 Or who made *Caffopai'a*'s Chair?  
 And therefore as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold *Intelligence*.  
*Plato* deny'd, The World can be

850 Govern'd without *Geometry*;

(For Money b'ing the common Scale  
 Of Things by Measure, Weight and Tale ;  
 In all th' Affairs of Church and State,  
 'Tis both the Balance and the Weights :)

855 Then much less can it be without  
 Divine Astrology made out ;  
 That puts the other down in Worth,  
 As far as Heav'n's above the Earth.

These Reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant  
 860 Are something more significant

Than any that the Learned use  
 Upon this Subject to produce ;  
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,  
 To establish, and keep up your Factory.

865 Th' Egyptians say, The Sun has twice  
 Shifted his Setting and Rise :  
 Twice has he risen in the West,  
 As many times set in the East ;  
 But whether that be true or no,

870 The Devil any of you know.  
 Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,  
 Are kept by Circulation up ;  
 And were't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the Ground :

865 Tb' Egyptians say, &c.] *Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recentent ; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Oriturum & Occasum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descendat ubi nunc oritur.* Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. Pag. 60.

871 *Some hold the Heavens, &c.] Causa quare Cælum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.* Com-  
 ment. in L. 2. Aristot. de Cœlo.

PART II. CANTO III. 217

875 As sage *Empedocles* of old,  
And from him *Modern Authors* hold.  
*Plato* believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*  
Below all other *Planets* run.  
Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* seat,  
380 Above the *Sun* himself in height.  
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd  
'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,  
That in twelve Hundred Years and odd,  
The *Sun* had left its Ancient Road,  
885 And nearer to the Earth is come  
'bove Fifty Thousand Miles from home;  
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,  
And he that had so little Shame  
To vent such *Fopperies* abroad,  
890 Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:  
Which *Monsieur Bodin* hearing, swore  
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,  
That durst upon a *Truth* give doom,  
He knew less than the *Pope of Rome*.  
895 *Cardan* believ'd great States depend  
Upon the Tip o' th' *Bear's Tail's End*;  
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the *Sun*,  
Strow'd mighty *Empires* up and down :

877 *Plato believ'd, &c.] Plato Solem & Lunam ceteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit.* G. Gunnin in *Colimog.* L. 1. p. 11.

881 *The learned Scaliger, &c.] Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinboldus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobilis perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apida Terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolemai etati duodecim partiibus, i. e. uno & triginta terra semidiametris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

895 *Cardan b. believ'd, &c.] Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Halices seu Majoris Ursae onus magnum Imperium pendere.* Idem p. 325.

Which others say must needs be false,  
 900 Because your true *Bears* have no *Tails*.  
 Some say the *Zodiack Constellations*  
 Have long since chang'd their antique *Stations*  
 Above a *Sign*, and prove the same  
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram* :  
 905 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,  
 The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,  
 Then how can their *Effects* still hold  
 To be the same they were of old ?  
 This, tho' the *Art* were true, wou'd make  
 910 Our *Modern Soothsayers* mistake :  
 And is one Cause they tell more *Lyes*,  
 In *Figures* and *Nativities*,  
 Than th' old *Chaldean* *Conjurers*,  
 In so many Hundred Thousand Years ;  
 915 Beside their Nonsense in *Translating*,  
 For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*,  
 Like *Idus*, and *Calenda*, Englisch  
 The *Quarter-Days* by skilful *Linguist* :  
 And yet with *Canting*, *Slight* and *Cheat*,  
 920 'Twill serve their turn to do the *Feat* :  
 Make *Fools* believe in their foreseeing  
 Of *Things* before they are in *Being* ;  
 To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er they're catch'd ;  
 And count their *Chickens*, e'er they're hatch'd ;  
 925 Make them the *Constellations* prompt,  
 And give 'em back their own *Accompt* ;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best *Price* for't, or best believes.

913 *Tban tb' old Chaldean, &c.] Chaldei jactant se  
 quadringinta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, ex-  
 periundisque Puerorum Agimis posuisse.* Cicero.

Some *Towns*, and *Cities*, some for Brevity  
930 Have cast the 'versal World's *Nativity*;  
And made the Infant-Stars confess,  
Like Fools or Children, what they please.  
Some calculate the hidden Fates  
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*:  
935 Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*,  
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*:  
Some take a Measure of the Lives  
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;  
Make *Opposition*, *Trine* and *Quarile*,  
940 Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile:  
As if the *Planet's* first Aspect  
The tender Infant did infect  
In *Soul* and *Body*, and instill  
All future Good, and future Ill:  
945 Which in their dark Fatal'ties lurking,  
At destin'd Periods fall a working;  
And break out, like the hidden Seeds  
Of long Diseases, into Deeds,  
In Friendships, Enmities, and Strife,  
950 And all th' Emergencies of Life:  
No sooner does he peep into  
The *World*, but he has done his doe,  
Catch'd all Diseases, took all *Phyfick*  
That cures or kills a Man that is sick;  
955 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,  
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.  
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*  
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*;  
A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,  
960 A huffing *Officer*, and a *Slave*;  
A crafty *Lawyer*, and *Pick-pocket*,  
A great *Philosopher*, and a *Block-head*;

A formal *Preacher*, and a *Player*,  
 A learn'd *Physician*, and *Man-slayer*.

965 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
 Old *Age*, *Diseases*, and *Ill-Luck*,  
*Wit*, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,  
*Trade*, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice* ;  
 And draw with the first Air they breath,

970 *Bastel*, and *Murder*, *sudden Death*.  
 Are not these fine Commodities,  
 To be imported from the Skies,  
 And vended here among the Rabble,  
 For staple Goods and warrantable ?

975 Like *Mony* by the *Druuids* borrow'd,  
 In th' other *World* to be restor'd ?  
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know  
 You wrong the *Art*, and *Artists* too,  
 Since Arguments are lost on those

980 That do our *Principles* oppose ;  
 I will (although I've don't before)  
 Demonstrate to your Sense once more,  
 And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you,  
 What you perhaps forget, befel you,

985 By way of *Horary Inspection*,  
 Which some account our worst *Erection*.  
 With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,  
 With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters* ;  
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,

990 Although set down *Hab-nab*, at random.  
 Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met  
 At *Kingston* with a *May-Pole Idol*,  
 And that y'were bang'd both Back and Side-well,

975 Like *Mony*, &c.] *Druide per uniam mutuo acci-  
 piebant in posteriore vita redditari.* Patricius Tom. 2.  
 p. 9.

And

995 And though you overcame the *Bear*,

The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford Fair*;

Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your *Noddle*,

And handled you like a *Fop Doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive

1000 You are no *Conjuror*, by your Leaves;

That *Paltry Story* is untrue,

And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.

Not true, quoth he ? Howe'er you vapour

I can what I affirm make appear;

1005 *Whachum* shall justify t' your Face,

And prove he was upon the Place:

He play'd the *Saltinbancho*'s Part,

Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*;

He stole your *Cloak*, and pick'd your *Pocket*,

1010 Chous'd and caldees'd ye like a *Blockhead*:

And what you lost I can produce,

If you deny it, here i' th' *House*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,

That *Argument's Demonstrative*;

1015 *Ralpho*, bear *Witnes*, and go fetch us

A *Constable* to seize the *Wretches*:

For tho' they're both false *Knaves* and *Cheats*,

*Impostors*, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,

I'll make them serve for *Perpendic'lars*,

1020 As true as e'er were us'd by *Bricklayers*.

They're guilty by their own *Confessions*

Of *Felony*, and at the *Seffons*

1001 *That paltry Story, &c.]* There was a notorious Idiot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a Sccond Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a Shift to stand on the Pillory, for forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whachum* no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggrel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a *French Mountebank* at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly described,

## 222 CANTO III. PART II.

Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,  
 That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*  
 1025 Shall make all *Taylor's* Yards of one  
 Unanimous Opinion :  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
 But now shall make it out by Proof.  
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt  
 1030 To find Friends that will bear me out :  
 Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,  
 And Neck, so long on the *State's* Part,  
 To be expos'd i' the End to suffer,  
 By such a *Braggadocio* Huffer.  
 1035 *Huffer*, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*  
 Shall down thy false Throat cram that Word.  
*Ralph*, make haste, and call an Officer,  
 To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister :  
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay.  
 1040 Let he and *Whachum* run away.  
 But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*  
 Of *Hudibras* did now erect  
 A *Figure* worse portending far  
 Than that of most malignant Star,

1024 *That the Vibration, &c.]* The Device of the *Vibration* of a *Pendulum*, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over : For by swinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the *Vibration* would last, in proportion to the length of the String, and Weight of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time compute the exact Length of any String that must necessarily vibrate in so much Space of Time : So that if a Man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin*, or *Tafata*, they would know perfectly what it meant ; and all Mankind learn a new way to measure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Believ'd





1045 Believ'd it now the fittest Moment  
 To shun the Danger that might come on't,  
 While *Hudibras* was all alone,  
 And he and *Whachum*, two to one :  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance,  
 1050 Behind the Door an Iron Lance,  
 That many a sturdy Limb had gord',  
 And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass  
 To make his way through *Hudibras*.

1055 *Whachum* had got a Fire-Fork,  
 With which he vow'd to do his Work :  
 But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard :  
 He put by *Sidrophelo*'s Thrust,  
 1060 And in right manfully he rusht ;  
 The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the Earth along.  
*Whachum* his Sea-Coal Prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his Back to flie ;  
 1065 But *Hudibras* gave him a Twitch  
 As quick as Lightning in the Breech ;  
 Just in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise *Philosophers* have judg'd,  
 Because a Kick in that Place, more  
 1070 Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, The Stars determine  
 You are my Prisoners, base Vermine :  
 Could they not tell you so, as well  
 As what I came to know foretel ?

1075 By this what Cheats you are we find,  
 That in your own Concerns are blind ;  
 Your Lives are now at my Dispose,  
 To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows :  
 But who his Honour wou'd defile,  
 1080 To take, or sell, two Lives so vile ?

I'll give you *Quarter*; but your *Pillage*,  
 The conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,  
 Which with his Sword he reaps and plows,  
 That's mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.

1085 This said, in haste, in haste he fell  
 To rummaging of *Sidropel* ;  
 First, he expounded both his Pockets,  
 And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,  
 Which had been left with him t' erect

1090 A *Figure* for, and so detect ;  
 A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*  
 Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,  
 Of *Booker's*, *Lilly's*, *Sarah Jimmers*,  
 And *Black Schemes*, to discover Nimmers ;

1095 A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napier's Bones*,  
 And several *Constellation Stones*,  
 Engrav'd in *Planetary Hours*,  
 That over *Mortals* had strange Pow'rs,  
 To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*,

1100 And Stab or Poison to evade ;  
 In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,  
 And be victorious in *Love*.  
*Whachum* had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,  
 His *Plunder* was not worth the while ;

1105 All which the *Conqu'ror* did discompt,  
 To pay for curing of his Rump.  
 But *Sidropel*, as full of Tricks  
 As *Rotten* men of Politicks,  
 Streight cast about to over-reach

1110 Th' unwary *Conqu'ror* with a Fetch,  
 And make him glad (at least) to quit  
 His *Victory*, and flie the *Pit*,

Before the *secular Prince of Darkness*  
 Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass :.

1115 And, as a *Fox* with hot Pursuit  
 Chas'd thro' a *Warren*, cast about  
 To save his Credit, and among  
 Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung :  
 And while the *Dogs* run underneath,

1120 Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)  
 Not out of cunning ; but a *Train*  
 Of *Atoms* justling in his Brain,  
 As Learn'd *Philosophers* give out :  
 So *Sidrophelo* cast about,

1125 And fell t' his wonted *Trade* again,  
 To feign himself in earnest slain :  
 First stretch'd out one Leg, then another,  
 And seeming in his Breast to smother  
 A broken Sigh ; quoth he, *Wher' am I,*

1130 Alive, or Dead ; or which way came I  
 Thro' so immense a Space so soon ?  
 But now I thought my self i' th' *Moon* ;  
 And that a *Monster*, with huge *Whiskers*,  
 More formidable than a *Switzer's*,

1135 My Body through and through had drill'd,  
 And *Whachum* by my Side had kill'd,  
 Had crois examin'd both our Hose,  
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;  
 Look, there he is, I see him now,

1140 And feel the Place I am run through :  
 And there lies *Whachum* by my Side  
 Stone dead, and in his own Blood dy'd :  
 Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,  
 And fell again into a Swoon..

1113 *Before the Secular, &c.]* As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Colleague ; but far more imperiously.

1145 Shut both his Eyes, and stopt his Breath,  
 And to the *Life* out-acted *Death* ;  
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,  
 Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.  
 He held it now no longer safe,

1150 To tarry the Return of *Ralph*,  
 But rather leave him in the *Lurch* :  
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,  
 Refus'd to give himself one *Firk*,  
 To carry on the *Publick Work* ;

1155 Despis'd our *Synod-Men*, like *Dirt*,  
 And make their *Discipline* his *Sport* ;  
 Divulg'd the *Secrets* of their *Clusses*,  
 And their *Conventions* prov'd *high Places* ;  
 Disparag'd their *Tythe-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,

1160 And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon* ;  
 Rail'd-at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd  
 Their *Rev'rend Parsons*, to my *Beard* :  
 For all which *Scandals*, to be quit  
 At once, this *Funtture* falls out fit.

1165 I'll make him henceforth to beware,  
 And tempt my fury if he dare :  
 He must at least hold up his Hand,  
 By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd ;  
 Who by their Skill in *Palmystry*,

1170 Will quickly read his *Destiny* ;  
 And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,  
 Or take a Turn for it at the *Session* :  
 Unless his *Lights* and *Gifts* prove truer  
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;

1175 For if he 'scape with whipping now,  
 'Tis more than he can hope to do :  
 And that will disengage my *Conscience*  
 O' th' *Obligation*, in his own *Sense* :  
 I'll take him now by force abide

1180 What he by gentle Means deny'd,

To.

To give my Honour Satisfaction,  
And right the Brethren in the *Action*.  
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed  
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*,  
1185 And with *Activity* unwont,  
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;  
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,  
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph* free:  
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,  
1190 And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.





An Heroical  
E P I S T L E  
O F  
*Hudibras to Sidrophel.*

---

*Ecce iterum Crispinus -----*

---

WELL, *Sidrophel*, tho' tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy Brain,  
Without trepanning of your Skull  
As often as the Moon's at Full;  
3 'Tis not amiss, e'er y'are giv'n o'er,  
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more:  
For where your Case can be no worse,  
The desp'ratest is the wisest Course.  
Is't possible that you, whose Ears  
10 Are of the Tribe of *Issachar's*,  
And might (with equal Reason) either  
For Merit or Extent of Leather,

With

With *William Pryn's*, before they were  
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

15 Shou'd yet be deaf against a Noise  
So roaring as the publick Voice ?  
That speaks your Virtues free and loud,  
And openly in every Crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his Part

20 T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,  
Or your new nicknam'd old Invention  
To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine ;  
( As if the Vehemence had stunn'd,  
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound )

25 And 'cause your Folly's now no News,  
But overgrown, and out of Use,  
Persuade your self there's no such Matter,  
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature ;  
When Folly, as it grows in Years,

30 The more extravagant appears :  
For who but you cou'd be possest  
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,  
That neither all Mens Scorn, and Hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,

35 Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,  
Can teach you whollom Sense and Nurture ;  
But (like a Reprobate) what Course  
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse ?  
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,

40 That makes Fools Cattle, do you good ;  
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to nurse,  
To turn them into Mungrel-Curs,  
Put you into a way, at least,  
To make your self a better Beast ?

45 Can all your critical Intrigues,  
Of trying sound for rotten Eggs ;  
Your several new-found Remedies  
Of curing Wounds and Scabs in Trees ;

Your

Your *Arts* of Fluxing them for Claps,  
 50 And purging their infected Saps;  
 Recov'ring Shankers, Christallines,  
 And Nodes and Botches in the Rinds,  
 Have no effect to operate  
 Upon that duller Block, your Pate?  
 55 But still it must be leudly bent  
 To tempt your own due Punishment;  
 And, like your whimsy'd Chariots draw  
 The Boys to course you without Law;  
 As if the Art you have so long  
 60 Profest of making old Dogs young,  
 In you, had Virtue to renew  
 Not only Youth, but Childhood too.  
 Can you, that understand all Books,  
 By judging only with your Looks,  
 65 Resolve all Problems with your Face,  
 As others do with B's and A's;  
 Unriddle all that Mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your Brows;  
 All Arts and Sciences advance,  
 70 With screwing of your Countenance;  
 And with a penetrating Eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest Learning pry;  
 Know more of any Trade by a Hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in't;  
 75 And yet have no Art, true or false,  
 To help your own bad Naturals;  
 But still the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder;  
 For Fools are known by looking wise,  
 80 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' ave gain'd o' th' College  
 A Quarter-share (at most) of Knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent Repute,  
 Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute.

PART II. of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 231

85 To judge, and censure, and controul,  
As if you were the sole Sir *Poll* ;  
And saucily pretend to know  
More than your Dividend comes to..  
You'll find the thing will not be done

90 With Ignorance and Face alone :  
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your Name.  
In History so great a Fame ;  
That now your Talent's so well known,  
For having all Belief out-grown,

95 That ev'ry strange prodigious Tale  
Is measur'd by your *German Scale*—  
By which the *Virtuous* try.  
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,  
Cast up to what it does amount,

100 And place the bigg'ſt to your Account..  
That all those Stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.

105 Alas ! that Faculty destroys  
Those soonest it designs to raise ;  
And all your vain Renown will spoil,  
As Guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;  
Tho' he that has but Impudence,

110 To all things has a fair Pretence ;  
And put among his Wants but Shame,  
To all the World may lay his Claim :  
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born.  
With greater Ease than publick Scorn,

115 That all Affronts do still give place  
To your impenetrable Face ;  
That makes your Way through all Affairs,  
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs :  
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and braſs,

120 You must not think 'twill always pass ;

For

232 *An Heroical Epistle, &c. PART II.*

For all Impostors, when they're known,

Are past their Labour, and undone.

And all the best that can besal

An artificial Natural,

125 Is that which Mad-men find, as soon

As once they're broke loose from the *Moon*,

And Proof against her Influence,

Relapse to e'er so little Sense,

To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit

130 For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.



H U-



# HUDIBRAS.

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## *The Third and Last PART.*

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### The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce.  
They both approach the Lady's Bower,  
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woe her.  
She treats them with a Masquerade,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

---

### CANTO I.

---

*T*IS true, no Lover has that Pow'r  
To enforce a desperate Amour,  
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,  
And burns for Love and Money too;

For

5 For then he's Brave and Resolute,  
 Disdains to render in his Suit,  
 Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,  
 And *hang* or *drown* with half the trouble;  
 While those that sillily pursue

10 The simple, downright Way and true,  
 Make as unlucky Applications,  
 And steer against the Streams their Passions:  
 Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars*;  
 And when the Ladies prove averse,

15 And more untoward to be won,  
 Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,  
 Cry out upon the Stars for doing  
 Ill Offices, to crots their *woing*;  
 When only by themselves they're hindred,

20 For trusting *those* *they made her Kindred*;  
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
 The Dam'sels prove, become the fonder.  
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd,  
 To gain a soft and gentle *Bride*?

25 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,  
 In purling *Streams* or *Hemp* departed?  
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elissum*,  
 Thro' th' Windows of a dazzling Room?  
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,

30 The am'rous Fly burnt in his *Flame*.  
 This to the *Knight* could be no News,  
 With all Mankind so much in use;  
 Who therefore took the wiser Course,  
 To make the most of his *Amours*,

15 *And more, &c.]* *Caligula* was one of the Emperors of Rome, Son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs pass for a God, and had the Heads of the ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the Statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped; and often bragg'd of lying with the *Moon*.

Resolv'd.

35 Resolv'd to try all sorts of Ways,  
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No sooner was the bloody Fight,  
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,  
With all th' Appurtenances, over,

40 But he relaps'd again t' a *Lover* :  
As he was always wont to do  
When h' had discomfited a *Foe* ;  
And us'd the only *Antique Philters*  
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.

45 But now Triumphant and Victorious,  
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious  
For such a Conqueror to meddle  
With *Pesty Constable* or *Beadle* ;  
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hoofess*,

50 Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, *Justices* ;  
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause  
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the *Laws* ;  
Where none escape, but such as branded  
With red-hot Irons have past *bare-handed* ;

55 And if they cannot read one *Verse*  
*P'st' Psalms*, must sing it, and that's worse.  
He therefore judging it below him,  
To tempt a Shame the *Devil* might owe him,  
Resolv'd to leave the 'Squire for *Bail*

60 And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Goal*,  
To answer, with his Vessel, all  
That might disast'rously befall ;

43 *And us'd, &c.] Philters* were Love Potions reported to be much in Request in former Ages, but our true *Knight Errant* Hero made use of no other, but what his noble Achievements by his Sword produced.

52 *To th' Ordeal, &c.]* Ordeal Tryals were, when supposed *Criminals*, to discover their Innocence, went over several red-hot Coulter Irons. These were generally such whose Chastity was suspected, as the *Vestal Virgins*, &c.

Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury  
 Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Fury*,  
 The *Squire* concurr'd to abandon him,  
 130 And serve him in the self-same Trim ;  
 To acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on ;  
 What *Project* 'twas he went about,  
 When *Sidrophel* and he fell out :  
 135 His firm and stedfast Resolution,  
 To swear her to an *Execution* ;  
 To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the Devil himself to carry her.  
 In which both dealt as if they meant  
 140 Their *Party-Saints* to represent,  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,  
 In any prosperous *Arms-bearing*,  
 To lay themselves out, to supplant  
 Each other *Cousin-German-Saint*.  
 145 But e'er the *Knight* could do his Part,  
 The *Squire* had got so much the start,  
 H' had to the *Lady* done his Errand,  
 And told her all his Tricks aforesight.  
 Just as he finish'd his Report,  
 150 The *Knight* alighted in the Court ;  
 And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,  
 And taken time for both to stale,  
 He put his Band and Beard in order,  
 The sprucer to accost and board her,  
 155 And now began t' approach the Door,  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the *Knight* ;

137 *To pawn, &c.*] His *exterior Ears* were gone before,  
 and so out of Danger ; but by *inward Ears* is here meant  
 his *Conscience*.



P. 243.



With whom encountring after Longees  
 160 Of humble and submissive Congees,  
 And all due Ceremonies paid,  
 He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said ;  
 Madam, I do, as is my Duty,  
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye :  
 165 And now am come, to bring your Ear  
 A Present you'll be glad to hear ;  
 At least I hope so. The Thing's done,  
 Or may I never see the Sun ;  
 For which I humbly now demand  
 170 Performance at your gentle Hand :  
 And that you'd please to do your Part,  
 As I have done mine to my Smart.  
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,  
 As if he felt his Shoulders ake.  
 175 But she who well enough knew what  
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,  
 Pretended not to apprehend  
 The Mystery of what he mean'd :  
 And therefore wish'd him to expound  
 180 His dark Expressions *less profound*.  
 Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
 How much I've suffer'd for your Love,  
 Which (like your Votary) to win,  
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin :  
 185 And, for those meritorious Lashes,  
 To claim your Favour and good Graces.  
 Quoth she, I do remember once  
 I freed you from the enchanted Sconce ;  
 And that you promis'd, for that Favour,  
 190 To bind your Back to 'ts good Behaviour,  
 And for my Sake and Service vow'd  
 To lay upon't a heavy Load,  
 And what 'twould bear t' a Scruple prove,  
 As other Knights do oft make Love.

Which

195 Which, whether you have done or no,  
 Concerns your self, not me, to know.  
 But if you have, I shall confess,  
 You're honest than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my Troth,

200 I cannot prove it but by Oath:  
 And if you make a Question on't,  
 I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't;  
 And, he that makes his Soul his Surety,  
 I think does give the best Secur'ty.

205 Quoth he, Some say, the Soul's secure  
 Against Distress and Forfeiture;  
 Is free from Action, and exempt  
 From Execution and Contempt;  
 And to be summon'd to appear

210 In'th' other World, 's illegal here.  
 And therefore few make any account,  
 Int' what Incumbrances they run't.  
 For most Men carry things so even  
 Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,

215 Without the least Offence to either,  
 They freely deal in all together,  
 And equally abhor to quit  
 This World for both, or both for it,  
 And when they pawn and damn their Souls,

220 They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,  
 They may be accountable in all.

225 For when there is that Intercourse  
 Between Divine and Human Pow'rs,

That all that we determine here  
 Commands Obedience ev'ry where;  
 When Penalties may be commuted  
 For Fines, or Ears, and executed;  
 It follows, nothing binds so fast

230 As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage past:

For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales  
 Of Right and Wrong, and True and False:  
 And there's no other way to try  
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.

235 *Quoth she*, What is it you wou'd swear?  
 There's no believing till I hear:  
 For till they're understood, all Tales  
 (Like Nonsense) are not true nor false.

*Quoth he*, When I resolv'd t' obey  
 240 What you commanded t' other Day,  
 And to perform my Exercise,  
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:  
 T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,  
 I went to do't upon the Place.

245 But at the Castle is enchanted  
 By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted  
 With evil Spirits, as you know,  
 Who took my Squire and me for two:  
 Before I'd hardly time to lay

250 My Weapons by, and disarray,  
 I heard a formidable Noise  
 Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,  
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip;  
 I'm ready with th' infernal Whip,

255 That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,  
 To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.  
 Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,  
 And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;  
 But I par'd thy Renegado Back,

260 When th' hadst so great a Price at Stake:  
 Which now the Fates have order'd me  
 For Penance and Revenge to flay,

252 *Loud as, &c.*] A *Speaking Trumpe*, by which the  
 Voide may be heard at a very great Distant, very useful  
 at Sea.

Unless you presently make haste,  
Time is, Time was: And there it ceas'd.

265 With which, tho' startled, I confess,  
Yet the Horror of the thing was less  
Than th' other dismal Apprehension  
Of Interruption or Prevention.  
And therefore snatching up the Rod,

270 I laid upon my Back a Load;  
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,  
To make my Word and Honour good.  
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,  
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,

275 I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,  
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,  
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,  
And chaste contemplative Bardashing:  
When facing hastily about,

280 To stand upon my Guard and Scout,  
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,  
And th' Under-Witch, his *Caliban*,  
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
That on my outward Quarters storm'd.

285 In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,  
And gave the Hellish Rage a stop;  
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell  
Courageously on *Sidrophel*:  
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,

290 Began to roar aloud and tear;  
When I as furiously press'd on,  
My Weapon down his Throat to run,  
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,  
And turn'd himself into a Goose,

276 *As if th' had, &c.]* This alludes to some abject Letchers, who used to be disciplin'd with *amorous Lashes* by their *Mistresses*.

Div'd

295 Div'd under Water in a Pond,  
To hide himself from being found.  
In vain I sought him; but as soon  
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,

300 His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage.  
But bravely scorning to defile  
My Sword with feeble Blood and viles;  
I judg'd it better from a Quick-  
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,

305 With which I furiously laid on;  
Till in a harsh and doleful Tone  
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:  
I am too great a Sufferer,  
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,

310 But conjur'd into a worse Caprich:  
Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,  
Old Houses in the Night to haunt,  
For Opportunities t' improve  
Designs of Thievery or Love;

315 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,  
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,  
Kill Pigs and Geese with pouder'd Glass,  
And make it for Inchantment pass;  
With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,

320 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper;  
Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry  
Commit phantaſtical Advowtry;  
Bewitch Hermetick-men to run  
Stark staring mad with *Manicon*;

323 Bewitch Hermetick-Men, &c.] *Hermes Trismegistus*,  
an *Egyptian* Philosopher, and said to have liv'd *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the Reign of *Ninus*, after *Moses*. He was a wonderful Philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the Creator of all things; and was the Author of several  
most

325 Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*

Can raise 'em Mountains in *Potosi*;

And sillier than the antique Fools,

Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals:

Seek out for Plants with Signatures,

330 To quack of universal Cures;

With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,

Make People on their Heads to pass:

And mighty Heaps of Coin increase,

Reflected from a single Piece:

335 To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches

Incline perpetually to Witches;

And keep me in continual Fears,

And Danger of my Neck and Ears:

When less Delinquents have been scourg'd,

340 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,

Which others for Cravats have worn

About their Necks, and took a Turn.

I pity'd the sad Punishment

The wretched *Caitiff* underwent,

345 And held my drubbing of his Bones

Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;

For Knights are bound to feel no Blows

From paltry and unequal Foes,

Who when they flay, and cut to pieces,

350 Do all with civillest Addresses:

Their Horses never give a Blow,

But when they make a Leg and Bow.

most excellent and useful Inventions; but those *Hermetic* *Men* here mention'd, tho' the pretended *Sectators* of this great Man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of *Enthusiasts*, who make a Hodge-podge of *Religion* and *Philosophy*, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every considering Person's Contempt.

326 *Potosi.* *Potosi* is a City of *Peru*, the Mountains whereof afford great Quantities of the finest Silver in all the *Indies*.

there-

I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him  
 About the Witch with many a Question.

355 Quoth he, For many Years he drove  
 A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,  
 Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust,  
 Of feeble Speculative Lust;  
 Procurer to th' Extravagancy

360 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,  
 By those the Devil had forsook,  
 As things below him, to provoke.  
 But b'ing a *Virtuoso*, able  
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

365 He held his Talent most *Adroit*  
 For any Mystical Exploit;  
 As others of his Tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their Prices Three to One.  
 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds

370 Of Cauldrons of plain downright Bawds,  
 But as an Elf (the Devil's *Valet*)  
 Is not so slight a Thing to get;  
 For those that do his Bus'nes best,  
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest;

375 Before so meriting a Person  
 Cou'd get a Grant, but in Reversion,  
 He serv'd two Prentiships, and longer,  
 I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-Monger.  
 For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost,

380 As soon as from the Body loos'd,  
 Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,  
 And is another Witch's Elf.  
 He after searching far and near,  
 At length found one in Lancashire,

385 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,  
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
 Since which h' has plaid a Thousand Feats,  
 And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:

Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes  
 390 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes;  
 Which he has vary'd more than Witches,  
 Or Pharaoh's Wizards cou'd their Switches;  
 And all with whom h' has had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.

395 Witnes my self, whom h' has abus'd,  
 And to this beastly Shape reduc'd,  
 By feeding me on Beans and Pease,  
 He crams in nasty Crevices,  
 And turns to Comforts by his Arts,

400 To make me relish for Disserts,  
 And one by one with Shame and Fear  
 Lick up the candy'd Provender.  
 Besides——— But as h' was running on,  
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,

405 The Lady stopt his full Career,  
 And told him now 'twas time to hear;  
 If half those things (*said she*) be true,  
 (They're all (*quoth he*) I swear by you.)  
 Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*

410 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell;  
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag  
 And Hackney of a Lapland Hag.  
 In quest of you came hither Post,  
 Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;

415 Who told me all you Swear and Say,  
 Quite contrary another way;  
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know  
 If you shou'd carry me or no;  
 And would have hir'd him and's Imps

420 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,  
 T' ingage the Devil on your side,  
 And steal (like *Proserpine*) your Bride.  
 But he disdaining to imbrace  
 So filthy a Design and base,

You

425 You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,  
 And drew upon him like a Russian ;  
 Surpris'd him mealy, unprepar'd,  
 Before h' had time to mount the Guard,  
 And left him dead upon the Ground,

430 With many a Bruise and desp'rate Wound :  
 Swore you had broke, and robb'd his House,  
 And stole his *Talismanique* Louse,  
 And all his New-found Old Inventions,  
 With flat Felonious Intentions,

435 Which he could bring out, where he had,  
 And what he bought them for, and paid :  
 His *Flea*, his *Morpion*, and *Panese*,  
 H' had gotten for his proper Ease,  
 And all in perfect Minutes made,

440 By th' ablest Artist of the Trade ;  
 Which (he cou'd prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been eaten up almost ;  
 And altogether might amount  
 To many Hundreds on account :

445 For which h' had got sufficient Warrant  
 To seize the Malefactors Errant,  
 Without Capacity of Bail,  
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail ;  
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,

450 To serve for Pendulums to Watches ;  
 Which modern Virtuoso's say,  
 Incline to Hanging every way.  
 Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
 That ere he went in quest of you,

455 He set a Figure to discover  
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;  
 And found it clear, that, to betray  
 Your selves and me, you fled this way ;  
 And that he was upon pursuit,

460 To take you somewhere hereabout.

He vow'd h' had had Intelligence  
Of all that past before and since :  
And found, that ere you came to him,  
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,

465 About a Cate of tender Conscience,  
Where both abounded in your own Sense ;  
Till *Ralph*, by his Light and Grace,  
Had clear'd all *Scruples* in the Cate ;  
And prov'd that you might swear and own  
470 Whatever's by the Wicked done.

For which, most basely to requite  
The Service of his Gift and Light,  
You strove to oblige him by main force,  
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours ;  
475 But that he stood upon his Guard,  
And all your Vapouring out-dar'd ;  
For which, between you both, the Fear  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight

480 Turn'd th' Outside of his Eyes to white,  
(*As Men of Inward Light are wont*  
*To turn their Opticks in upon't.*)  
He wonder'd how he came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do :

485 Held up his *Affidavit-Hand*,  
As if h' had been to be arraign'd :  
Cast tow'ards the Door a ghastly Look,  
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.

Madam, if but one Word be true

490 Of all the Wizard has told you,  
Or but one single Circumstance  
In all the Apocryphal Romance,  
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down  
This Vessel, that is all your own ;  
495 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover  
These Reliques of your constant Lover.

You

You have provided well, *quoth she*,  
 (I thank you) for your self and me;  
 And shewn your *Presbyterian* Wits  
 500 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.  
 A most compendious way and civil,  
 At once to cheat the World and Devil,  
 And *Heav'n* and *Hell*; your Selves, and Those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.

505 Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize,  
 That Trick (*said she*) will not pass twice;  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing

510 What you wou'd prove, than *downright Swearing*;  
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,  
 The Blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for Satisfaction  
 Of nicest Scruples in the Action.

515 And if you can produce those Knobs,  
 Although they're but the Witches Drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon Account,  
 As if your nat'r'l Self had don't.  
 Provided that they pass'd th' Opinion

520 Of able Juries of old Women,  
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts  
 For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam (*quo'h he*) your Love's a Million  
 To do is less than to be willing,

525 As I am, were it in my Power  
 T'obey, what you command and more.  
 But for performing what you bid,  
 I thank y'as much as if I did.  
 You know I ought to have a care

530 To keep my Wounds from taking Air.  
 For Wounds in those that are a'l Heart,  
 Are dangerous in any Part.

250. CANTO I. PART III.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels  
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels:

535 For still the longer we contend,

We are but farther off the End.

But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?

Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word

540 You past in Heaven on Record,

Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastinglly inroll'd.

And if 'tis counted Treason here

To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

545 *Quoth she*, There are no Bargains driv'ir,

Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,

And that's the Reason, as some guess,

There is no Heav'n in Marriages;

Two things that naturally pres'

550 Too narrowly, to be at ease.

Their Bus'ness there is only Love,

Which Marriage is not like t' improve.

Love, that's too gen'rous to abide

To be against its Nature ty'd:

555 For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,

It breaks loose when it is confin'd.

And like the Soul, its Harbourer,

Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,

Disdains against its Will to stay,

560 But struggles out, and flies away:

And therefore never can comply,

T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,

That binds the Female and the Male,

Where th' one is but the other's Bail,

565 Like Roman Goalers, when they slept,

Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.

Of which the true and faithfull'st Lover

Gives best Security, to suffer.

Marriage

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,  
570 That earries double in foul way ;  
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd :  
It shou'd so suddenly be tir'd :  
A Bargain at a venture made  
Between two Part'ners in a Trade ;  
575 (For what's inferr'd by T' have and T' hold,  
But something past away, and sold ?)  
That as it makes but one of two,  
Reduces all things else as low :  
And at the best is but a Mart  
580 Between the one and th' other Part,  
That on the Marriage-Day is paid  
Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid ;  
And all the rest of Better or Worse,  
Both are but Losers out of Purse.  
585 For when upon their ungot Heirs  
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
What blinder Bargain e're was driven,  
Or Wager laid at six and seven ;  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
590 Their Childrens Tenants ere they're born ?  
Beg one another Idiot  
To Guardians, ere they are bego :  
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
595 Tho' got b' implicite Generation,  
And general Club of all the Nation :  
For which she's fortify'd no less,  
Than all the Island, with four Seas :  
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,  
600 In ready Insolence and Pow'r :  
And makes him pass away, to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,

More wretched than an ancient Villain,  
 Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling ;

605 While all he does upon the By, —  
 She is not bound to justify,  
 Nor at her proper Cost and Charge  
 Maintain the Feats he does at large.  
 Such hideous Sots were those obedient

610 Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent ;  
 To give the Cheats the eldest Hand  
 In foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land ;  
 For which so many a legal Cuckold  
 Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd.

615 A Law that most unjustly yokes  
 All *Johns of Striles* to *Joans of Noaks*,  
 Without Distinction of Degree,  
 Condition, Age, or Quality ;  
 Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,

620 Nor valuable Consideration,  
 Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse  
 Of Judgment past for better or worse ;  
 Will not allow the Privileges  
 That Beggars challenge under Hedges,

625 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Horses  
 Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces ;  
 While nothing else but *Revs in Re*  
 Can set the proudest Wretches free ;  
 A Slavery beyond enduring,

630 But that 'tis of their own procuring :  
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,  
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;  
 So Men are by themselves betray'd,  
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,

603 *More wretched, &c.*] *Villainage* was an ancient Tenure, by which the Tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish Services for their Lords.

And

## PART III. CANTO I.

253

635 And run their Necks into a Noose,  
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.  
 As some whom Death wou'd not depart,  
 Have done the Feat themselves by Art.  
 Like *Indian* Widows, gone to Bed.

640 In flaming Curtains to the Dead :  
 And Men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the Sport.  
 Nor do the Ladies want Excuse  
 For all the Stratagems they use.

645 To gain th' Advantage of the Set,  
 And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.  
 For as the *Pythagorean*.Soul  
 Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
 And has a Smack of ev'ry one :

650 So Love does, and has ever done.  
 And therefore, tho' tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond.  
 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,  
 Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,

655 That after burns with Cold as much  
 As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the Touch ;  
 Melts in the Furnace of Desire,  
 Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire ;  
 And when his Heat of Fancy's over,

660 Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

639 *Like Indian Widows, &c.]* The *Indian* Women richly attir'd, are carried in a splendid and pompous Machine to the Funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceased Husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire ; and such as refuse, their Virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost Contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean, &c.]* It was the Opinion of *Pythagoras* and his Followers, that the Soul transmigrated (as they term'd it) into all the diverse Species of Animals ; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different Natures and Constitutions.

For

254. CANTO I. PART II.

For when he's with Love-Powder laden,  
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam;  
 The smalleſt Sparkle of an Eye  
 Gives Fire to his Artillery;

665 And off the loud Oaths go; but while  
 They're in the very Act recoil.  
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance:  
 Without a ſep'tate Maintenance:  
 And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,

670 Trust none again, till th' have made over;  
 Or if they do, before they marry,  
 The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry;  
 And ere they venture on a Stream,  
 Know how to ſize themſelves and them.

675 Whence witty 't Ladies always choose  
 To undertake the heaviest Goose.  
 For now the World is grown ſo wary,  
 That few of either Sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust on Tick t' Amours,

680 The Croſs and Pile for Bett'r or Worse:  
 A Mode that is held Honourable  
 As well as French, and Fashionable.  
 For when it falls out for the beſt,  
 Where both are incommoded leaſt;

685 In Soul and Body two unite,  
 To make up one Hermaphrodite:  
 Still Amorous, and Fond, and Billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,  
 Th' have more Puncilio's and Capriches

690 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,  
 More petulant Extravagances,  
 Than Poets make 'em in Romances,  
 Tho' when their Heroes ſpoſe their Dames,  
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames:

695 For then their late Attracts decline,  
 And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;

And:

And all their Caterwauling Tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous Piques :  
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd,  
 700 By th' Yellow Mantles of the Bride ;  
 For Jealousy is but a kind  
 Of Clap and Crineum of the Mind ;  
 The natural Effects of Love,  
 As other Flames and Aches prove :  
 705 But all the Mischief is, the Doubt  
 On whose Account they first broke out,  
 For tho' Chineſes go to Bed,  
 And lie-in in their Ladies stead,  
 And for the Pains they took before,  
 710 Are nurſ'd and pamper'd to do more ;  
 Our Green-Men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in Labour of a Clap ;  
 Both lay the Child to one another :  
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,  
 715 'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,  
 Or who imported the French Goods.  
 But Health and Sicknes b'ing all one,  
 Which both before engag'd to own,  
 And are not with their Bodies bound  
 720 To worship only when they're sound.  
 Both give and take their equal Shares  
 Of all they suffer by false Wares ;  
 A Fate no Lover can divert  
 With al his Caution, Wit, and Art.  
 725 For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At Women by Appearances ;

707 *For tho' Chineſes, &c.*] The *Chinese Men of Quality*, when their Wives are brought to Bed, are nurſ'd and tended with as much Care as Women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing Diet, in order to qualify them for future Services.

That

## 236: CANTO I. PART III.

That paint and patch their Imperfections  
Of intellectual Complexions :  
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes  
730 As artificial as their Faces ;  
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents  
And Mother Wits before their Gallants ;  
Until they're hamper'd in the Noose,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
735 When all the Flaws they strove to hide  
Are made unready, with the Bride,  
That with her Wedding Cloaths undresses  
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses :  
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her  
740 The Government from th' early Owner :  
Until the Wretch is glad to wave  
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;  
Find all his Having and his Holding,  
Reduc'd to eternal Noise and Scolding ;  
745 The Conjugal Perard, that tears  
Down all Portcullices of Ears,  
And makes the Volley of one Tongue  
For all their Leathern Shields too strong ;  
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,  
750 The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,  
Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,  
Like Sirens with their charming Notes,  
Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,  
Or those enchanting Murmurs made

751 *Transform them into Rams, &c.*] The Sirenes, according to the Poets, were three Sea Monsters, half Women and half Fish ; their Names were *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucosia*. Their usual Residence was about the Island of Sicily, where by the charming Melody of their Voices, they us'd to detain those that heard them, and then transform'd them into some sort of brute Animals.

By

755 By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,  
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

*Quoth he,* These Reasons are but Strains  
Of wanton, over-heated Brains.  
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink

760 Do rather wheedle with, than think.  
Man was not Man in *Paradise*,

Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his Bride,  
Carv'd from th'Original, his Side,

765 T' amend his natural Defects,  
And perfect his recruited Sex ;  
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen  
The Pains and Labour of Increasing,  
By changing them for other Cares,

770 As by his dry'd up Paps appears ;  
His Body, that stupendous Frame,  
Of all the World the Anagram,  
Is of two equal Parts compact,  
In Shape and Symmetry exact.

775 Of which the Left and Female Side  
Is to the manly Right a Bride,  
Both join'd together with such Art,  
That nothing else but Death can part.  
Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,

780 And Face, that all the World surprise.  
That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny ;  
Those ravishing and charming Graces,  
Are all made up of two half Faces,

785 That in a Mathematick Line,  
Like those in other Heavens, join,

755 *By th' Husband Mandrake, &c.*] Naturalists report, that if a *Male* and *Female Mandrake* lye near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring Noise.

Of which if either grew alone,  
 'Twould fright as much to look upon.  
 And so would that sweet Bud your Lip,  
 790 Without the other's Fellowship.  
 Our noblest Senses act by Pairs,  
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;  
 Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,  
 To wait upon the Soul design'd;  
 795 But those that serve the Body alone,  
 Are single, and confin'd to one.  
 The World is but two Parts, that meet,  
 And close at th' Equinoctial, fit;  
 And so are all the Works of Nature,  
 800 Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:  
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,  
 Or smallest Blade of Grafs, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care.  
 805 The only Method that she uses,  
 In all the Wonders she produces.  
 And those that take their Rules from her,  
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err.  
 For what lectures the Civil Life  
 810 But Pawns of Children, and a Wife?  
 That lye, like Hostages, at Stake,  
 To pay for all Men undertake;  
 To whom it is as necessary,  
 As to be born and breath, to marry.  
 815 So universal, all Mankind  
 In nothing else is of one Mind.  
 For in what stupid Age, or Nation,  
 Was Marriage ever out of Fashion;

797 *The World is but two Parts, &c.]* The Equinoctial di-  
 vides the Globe into North and South.

Unless.

Unless among the *Amazons*,  
 820 Or Cloister'd *Friars*, and Vestal *Nuns* ;  
 Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the *Freaks*  
 And loose *Excesses* of the *Sex*,  
 Prepost'rously wou'd have all *Women*  
 Turn'd up to all the *World* in common.  
 825 Tho' Men would find such mortal *Feuds*  
 In sharing of their *publick Goods*,  
 'Twou'd put them to more *Charge of Lives*,  
 Than they're supply'd with now by *Wives* ;  
 Until they gaze, and wear their *Cloaths*,  
 830 As *Beasts* do, of their native *Growth* :  
 For simple wearing of their *Horns*,  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend t'inherit,  
 Unless the *Marriage-deed* will bear it ?  
 835 Could claim no *Right* to *Land* or *Rents*,  
 But for our *Parents Settlements*.  
 Had been but younger Sons o' th' *Earth*,  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our *Birth*.  
 What *Honours*, or *Estates* of *Peers*  
 840 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their *Heirs* ;  
 And what *Security* maintains  
 Their *Right* and *Title*, but the *Banes* ?  
 What *Crowns* cou'd be *Hereditary*,  
 If greatest *Monarchs* did not marry,  
 845 And with their *Comforts* consummate  
 Their weightiest *Interests* of *State* ?

819 *Unless among the Amazons, &c* ] The *Amazons* were Women of *Samaria*, of heroick and great *Achievements* ; they suffer'd no Men to live among them ; but once every *Year* used to have *Conversation* with Men of the neighbouring *Cogneries*, by which if they had a *Male Child*, they presently either kill'd or crippled it ; but if a *Female*, they brought it up to the *Use of Arms*, and burnt off one *Breast*, leaving the other to fickle *Girls*.

For all th' Amours of Princes are  
 But Guarantees of Peace or War.  
 Or what but Marriage has a Charm,  
 850 The Rage of Empires to disarm.  
 Make Blood and Desolation cease,  
 And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,  
 When all their fierce Contests for Forage  
 Conclude in Articles of Marriage?

855 Nor does the genial Bed provide  
 Less for the Interests of the Bride;  
 Who else had not the least Pretence  
 T' as much as due Benevolence;  
 Cou'd no more Title take upon her

860 To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,  
 Than Ladies Errant, Unconfin'd,  
 And Feme-Covers t' all Mankind.  
 All Women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous Matron, and the Miss;

865 The *Nymphs* of chaste Diana's Train,  
 The same with those in *Lewkner's Lane*;  
 But for the Difference Marriage makes  
 'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.  
 Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,

870 The Sex's Paradise on Earth;  
 A Privilege so sacred held,  
 That none will to their Mothers yield;  
 But rather than not go before,  
 Abandon Heaven at the Door.

875 And if the indulgent Law allows  
 A greater Freedom to the Spouse;

865 *The Nymph of chaste Diana's, &c.*] Diana's *Nymphs*, all of them vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Observation of their Vow.

866 *Lewkner's Lane.*] Some Years ago swarm'd with notoriously lascivious and profligate Strumpets.

The Reason is, because the Wife  
 Runs greater Hazard of her Life ;  
 Is trusted with the Form and Matter

880 Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.  
 Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,  
 She frames the wond'rous Fabrick of :  
 Who therefore, in a freight, may freely  
 Demand the Clergy of her Belly,

885 And make it save her the same way,  
 It seldom misses to betray.  
 Unless both Parties wisely enter  
 Into the Liturgy-Indenture.  
 And tho' some Fits of small Contest

890 Sometimes fall out among the best ;  
 That is no more than every Lover  
 Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.  
 That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,  
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.

895 For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace  
 Is but between two Legs a Race,  
 In which both do their uttermost  
 To get before and win the Post ;  
 Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,

900 They're still as kind and constant Friends,  
 And to relieve their Weariness,  
 By turns give one another Eale :  
 So all those false Alarms of Strife,  
 Between the Husband and the Wife,

905 And little Quarrels, often prove  
 To be but new Recruits of Love :

877 *The Reason is, &c.*1 Demanding the Clergy of her Belly, which, for the Reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in Execute by those who take the Liberty to oblige themselves and Friends.

When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
 In Time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are their loudest Clamours more,  
 910 Than as they're relish'd, Sweet or Sour:  
 Like Musick, that proves bad or good,  
 According as 'tis understood.  
 In all Amours a Lover burns,  
 With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:  
 915 And Hearts have been as oft with sullen,  
 As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.  
 Then why should more bewitching Clamour  
 Some Lovers not as much enamour?  
 For Discords make the sweetest Airs,  
 920 And Curses are a kind of Prayers:  
 Too slight Alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by Marriage gain'd.  
 For nothing else has Pow'r to settle  
 Th' Interests of Love perpetual.  
 925 An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart  
 Become another's Counter-part,  
 And passes Fines on Faith and Love,  
 Inroll'd and register'd above,  
 To seal the slippery Knots of Vows,  
 930 Which nothing else but Death can loose.  
 And what Security's too strong,  
 To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,  
 That to its Friend is glad to pa's  
 It self away, and all it has;  
 935 And like an Anchorite gives over,  
 This World, for th' Heav'n of a Lover?  
 I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few,  
 Who take that Course, and find it true:  
 But Millions, whom the same does sentence  
 940 To Heav'n, by another way, Repentance.  
 Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,  
 The all they hit they turn to Lovers,

And all the weighty Consequents,  
Depend upon more blind Events,

945 Than Gamesters, when they play a Set  
With greatest Cunning at Picquet,  
Put out with Caution, but take in  
They know not what, Unsight, Unseen:  
For what do Lovers, when they're fast

950 In one another's Arms embrac'd,  
But strive to plunder and convey  
Each other, like a Prize, away?  
To change the Property of Selves,  
As Sucking Children are by Elves?

955 And if they use their Persons so,  
What will they to their Fortunes do?  
Their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims  
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.  
For when the Money's on the Book,

960 And, *All my Worldly Goods*—but spoke;  
(The Formal Livery and Seisin  
That puts a Lover in Possession)  
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,  
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.

965 To that their Faith is still made good,  
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.  
For when we once resign our Pow'rs,  
We have nothing left we can call ours;  
Our Money's now become the Miss,

970 Of all your Lives and Services;  
And we forsaken, and postpon'd,  
But Bawds to what before we own'd;  
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,  
So now hires others to supplant us,

975 Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,  
(As we had been) for new Amours.  
For what did ever Heirels yet  
By being born to Lordships get?

When

When the more Lady sh' is of Manors,

980 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,

Pays for their Projects and Designs,

And for her own Destruction fines;

And does but tempt them with her Riches;

To use her as the Devil does Witches;

985 Who takes it for a special Grace,

To be their Cully for a Space,

That, when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels

For ever may become his Vassals,

So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,

990 Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits;

Is bought and sold, like stollen Goods,

By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds,

Until they force her to convey,

And steal the Thief himself away.

995 These are the everlasting Fruits

Of all your passionate Love-Suits,

Th' Effects of all your am'rous Fancies,

To Portions and Inheritances;

Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition

1000 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;

To which you make Address and Courtship,

And with your Bodies strive to worship,

That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake

Of Love too, for the Mother's sake,

1005 For these you play at Purposes,

And love your Lovés with A's and B's:

For these at Besle and L'Ombre woo,

And play for Love and Money too:

Strive who shall be the ablest Man

1010 At right Gallanting of a Fan;

And who the most genteelly bred

At sucking of a Vizard Bead;

How best t' accost us in all Quarters,

T'our Quæstion and Command New Garters;

And

1015 And solidly discourse upon  
 All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con.*  
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,  
 But in the Art of Love is made.  
 And when you have more Debts to pay

1020 Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,  
 And no way possible to do't  
 But Love and Oaths, and restless Suit,  
 To us y' apply, to pay the Scores  
 Of all your cully'd, past Amours:

1025 Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,  
 And charge us with your Wounds and Pain;  
 Which others Influences long since  
 Have charm'd your Noses with and Shins;  
 For which the Surgeon is unpaid,

1030 And like to be, without our Aid.  
 Lord! What an am'rous thing is Want!  
 How Debts and Mortgages enchant!  
 What Graces must that Lady have,  
 That can from Execution save!

1035 What Charms, that can traverse Extent,  
 And null Decree and Exigent!  
 What Magical Attracts and Graces,  
 That can redeem from *Scire Facias*!  
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge;

1040 And from Contemps of Courts enlarge!  
 These are the highest Excellences  
 Of all your true or false Pretences.  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
 As much t' an Hostess *Dowager*,

1045 Grown fat and purly by Retale  
 Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;  
 And find her fitter for your Turn,  
 For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your Flames wou'd soon take Fire;

1050 Relent, and melt to your Desire,

And like a Candle in the Socket,  
 Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.  
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,  
 1055 Laid on in haste with such a Powder,  
 The Blows grew louder still and louder.  
 Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been  
 Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,  
 Expounding by his inward Light,  
 1060 Or rather more prophetick Fright,  
 To be the Wizard, come to search,  
 And take him napping in the Lurch,  
 Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout;  
 But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt:  
 1065 For Men will tremble, and turn paler,  
 With too much, or too little Valour.  
 His Heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a Passage through his Side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
 1070 But in a Fury to fly at 'em;  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a Cranny to creep out.  
 But she, who saw in what a taking  
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
 1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no Right  
 Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,  
 But to secure you out of Danger,  
 Will here my self stand Sentinel,  
 1080 To guard this Pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.  
 Women, you know, do seldom fail,  
 To make the stoutest Men turn tail;  
 And bravely scorn to turn their Backs  
 Upon the desp'ratest Attacks.

1085 At this the Knight grew resolute  
 As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknute* ;  
 His Fortitude began to rally,  
 And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.  
 But she besought him to convey

1090 His Courage rather out o' th' way,  
 And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,  
 Or fortify'd behind a Door :  
 That if the Enemy shou'd enter,  
 He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

1095 Mean while they knock'd against the Door,  
 As fierce as at the Gate before ;  
 Which made the Renegado Knight  
 Relapse again t' his former Fright.  
 He thought it desperate to stay

1100 Till th' Enemy had forc'd his Way,  
 But rather post himself, to serve  
 The Lady for a fresh Reserve.  
 His Duty was not to dispute,  
 But what sh' had order'd execute :

1105 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,  
 And therefore stoutly march'd away ;  
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
 Tho' in the Dark, and all alone.  
 Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,

1110 Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,  
 Had drawn him up before a Pass,  
 To stand upon his Guard, and face :  
 This he courageously invaded,  
 And having entred, *Barricado'd*.

1115 Inconc'd himself as formidable  
 As cou'd be underneath a Table ;

1086 *As Ironside or Hardiknute, &c.*] Two Famous and Valiant Princes of this Country, the one a *Saxon*, the other a *Dane*.

Where he lay down in Ambush close,  
 T' expe&t th' Arrival of his Foes,  
 Few Minutes he had lain perdue,

1120 To guard his desp'rate Avenue,  
 Before he heard a dreadful Shout,  
 As loud as putting to the Rout;  
 With which impatiently alarm'd,  
 He fancy'd th' Enemy had storm'd,

1125 And after entring, *Sidrophel*  
 Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.  
 He therefore sent out all his Senses,  
 To bring him in Intelligences;  
 Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,

1130 Mistake, for falling in a Trance;  
 But those that trade in *Geomancy*,  
 Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy:  
 In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,  
 And Things incredible reveal.

1135 Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,  
 And storm'd the Outworks of his Fortress,  
 And as another of the same  
 Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,  
 That in the same Cause had engag'd,

1140 And War with equal Conduct wag'd,  
 By vent'ring only but to thrust  
 His Head a Span beyond his Post,  
 B'a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*  
 Was dragg'd through a Window by the Ears;

1145 So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,  
 And by the other end pull'd out.

1131 But those that trade in *Geomancy*, &c.] *The Lapland Magi*. The *Laplanders* are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

Soon





15 And we have now no other way  
 Of passing all we do or say ;  
 Which when 'tis natural and true,  
 Will be believ'd b' a very few,  
 Beside the Danger of Offence,

20 The fatal Enemy of Sense.  
 Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,  
*Hypocrise*, to set up in ? —  
 Because it is the thriving'ft Calling,  
 The only Saints Bell that rings all in ;

25 In which all Churches are concern'd,  
 And is the easiest to be learn'd :  
 For no Degrees, unless th' employ't,  
 Can ever gain much or enjoy't.  
 A Gift that is not only able

30 To domineer among the Rabble,  
 But by the Laws empower'd to rout,  
 And awe the Greatest that stand out,  
 Which few hold forth against, for fear  
 Their Hands shou'd slip, and come too near,

35 For no Sin else among the Saints  
 Is taught so tenderly against.  
 What made thee break thy plighted Vows ?  
 That which makes others break a House,  
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before

40 Endure the Plague of being Poor.  
 Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks  
 Than all our doating Politicks,  
 That are grown old, and out of Fashion,  
 Compar'd with your *New Reformation* :

45 That we must come to School to you,  
 To learn your more Refin'd, and New..  
 Quoth he, If you will give me leave  
 To tell you what I now perceive,  
 You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,

50 If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

"Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,  
Because w' have let 'em out by th' Year.  
Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine  
What wond'rous things they will engage in:  
1255 That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell  
Were Angels all before they fell:  
So are you like to be agen,  
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men,  
*Quoth he*, I am resolv'd to be  
1260 Thy Scholar in this Mystery;  
And therefore first desire to know  
Some Principles on which you go,  
What makes a Knave a Child of God  
And one of us? — *A livelyhood*.  
1265 What renders beating out of Brains,  
And Murther, Godliness? — *Great Gains*.  
What's tender Conscience? — 'Tis a Botch  
That will not bear the gentlest Touch;  
But breaking out, dispatches more  
1270 Than th' Epidemical'lt Plague-Sore.  
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,  
And damn all others? — *To be paid*  
What's Orthodox and true believing  
Against a Conscience? — *A good Living*.  
1275 What makes Rebelling against Kings  
*A Good Old Cause*? — *Administrings*.  
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?  
*About two Hundred Pounds a Year*.  
And that which was prov'd true before,  
1280 Prove false again? — *Two Hundred more*.  
What makes the breaking of all Oaths  
A holy Duty? — *Food and Cloaths*.  
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? —  
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.  
1285 What makes a Church a Den of Thieves? —  
*A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves*.  
And

And what would serve, if those were gone,  
To make it Orthodox? — Our own.

What makes Morality a Crime,

229a The most notorious of the Time;  
Morality, which both the Saints  
And Wicked too cry out against?  
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within  
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:

2295 And therefore no true Saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:  
For Saints can need no Conscience,  
That with Morality dispense;  
As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted,

2300 In Nature onl', and not imputed;  
But why the Wicked should do so,  
We neither know, or care to do.

What's Liberty of Conscience,  
I' th' Natural and Genuine Sense?

2305 'Tis to restore, with more Security,  
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;  
And Christian Liberty reduce  
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.  
For a large Conscience is all one,

2310 And signifies the same with None.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,  
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;  
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,  
(Tho' he gives Name to our Old Nick,)

2315 But was below the least of these,  
That pass i' th' world for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light  
In th' Instant vanish'd out of sight;  
And left him in the Dark alone,

2320 With stinks of Brimstone and his own,

1321 *The Queen of Night, &c.]* The *Moon* influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies; and Persons distemper'd in Mind are called *Lunatics*.

1325 *And growing to thy Horse, &c.]* The *Centaurs* were a People of *Thessaly*, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them *Mongers*, half Men and half Horses.

1330 *The Queen of Night, whose large Command Rules all the Sea, and half the Land, And over moist and crazy Brains, In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns,*

1335 *Was now declining to the West, To go to Bed, and take her rest;*

1340 *When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows, Deny'd his Bones that soft Repose, Lay still expecting worse and more,*

1345 *Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor: And tho' he shut his Eyes as fast, As if h' had been to sleep his last, Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards, Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.*

1350 *And pricking up his Ears, to hark If he cou'd hear too in the Dark; Was first invaded with a Groan, And after in a feeble Tone, These trembling Words, *Unhappy Wretch,**

1355 *What hast thou gotten by this Fetch, Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade, The holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade? By sauntring still on some Adventure, And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,*

1360 *To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs, Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs;*

1365 *For still th' hast had the worst on't yet; As well in Conquest as Defeat.*

1321 *The Queen of Night, &c.]* The *Moon* influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies; and Persons distemper'd in Mind are called *Lunatics*.

1325 *And growing to thy Horse, &c.]* The *Centaurs* were a People of *Thessaly*, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them *Mongers*, half Men and half Horses.

Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,  
 1350 To rest the Body and the Mind;  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep;  
 The Knight, who heard the Words, explain'd,  
 As meant to him this Reprimand;

1355 Because the Character did hit  
 Point-blank upon his Case so fit;  
 Believe it was some drolling Spright  
 That staid upon the Guard that Night;  
 And one of those he had seen and felt  
 1360 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.  
 When, after a short Pause or Groan,  
 The doleful Spirit thus went on.  
 This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears  
 Pell-mell together by the Ears  
 1365 And after painful Bangs and Knocks,  
 To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;  
 And from the Pinnacle of Glory,  
 Fall headlong into Purgatory:  
 (Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,)

1370 That on my late Disasters rallies.)  
 Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,  
 By being more Heroick-minded;  
 And at a Riding handled worse,  
 With Treats more slovenly and coarse;  
 1375 Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars,  
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers;  
 And when th' hadst bravely won the Day,  
 Was fain to steal thy self away.  
 (I see, thought he, this shameless Elf:

1380 Wou'd fain steal me too from my self,  
 That impudently dares to own  
 What I have suffer'd for and done)  
 And now but vent'ring to betray,  
 Hast met with Vengeance the same Way.  
 Thought

1385 Thought he, how does the Devil know  
 What 'twas that I design'd to do?  
 His *Office of Intelligence*,  
 His *Oracles*, are ceas'd long since;  
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,

1390 But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.  
 This is some Pettifogging Fiend,  
 Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,  
 That undertakes to understand,  
 And juggles at the Second Hand;

1395 And now wou'd pass for *Spirit Po*,  
 And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.  
 I think I need not fear him for't;  
 These rallying Devils do no hurt.  
 With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,

1400 And hastily cry'd out, *What are?*  
 A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace  
 Has brought to this unhappy Place.  
 I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,  
 Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;

1405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee  
 Better than thou hast gueſ'd of me,  
 Thou art some paltry, black-guard Spright,  
 Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night;  
 That hast no Work to do in th' House,

1410 Nor Half-penny to drop in Shaes:  
 Without the raising of which Sum,  
 You dare not be so troublesome,  
 To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their Work to da.

1415 This is your Bus'ness, good *Pug-Robin*,  
 And your Diversion dull dry *Bobbing*.  
 T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,  
 And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.  
 Of which Conceit you are so proud,

1420 At ev'ry Jell to laugh aloud,

As now you wou'd have done by me,  
But that I bar'd your Raillery.

Sir, quo' the Voice, y' are no such Sophy,  
As you wou'd have the World judge of ye.

1425 If you design to weigh our Talents,  
P' th' Standard of your own false Ballance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you :  
We who have been the everlasting

1430 Companions of your Drubs and Basting,  
And never left you in Contest,  
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,  
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire,  
In all Adventures, as your Squire.

1435 Quoth he, That may be said as true  
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew.  
For none cou'd have betray'd us worse  
Than those Allies of ours and yours.  
But I have sent him for a Token

1440 To your Low Country Hogen-Mogen,  
To whose Infernal Shores I hope  
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.  
And if y' have been more just to me  
(As I am apt to think) than he,

1445 I am afraid it is as true,  
What th' ill-affected say of you.  
Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
By holding up your Cloven Paws.

Sir, quo' the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,

1450 We made and took the Covenant,

1423 Sir (quoth the Voice) &c.] Sophy is at present the Name of the Kings of Persia, not superadded as Pharaoh was to the Kings of Egypt; but the Name of the Family it self, and Religion of Hali, whose Descendants by Fatima, Mahomet's Daughter, took the Name of Sophy.

But that no more concerns the Cause,  
Than other Perjuries do the Laws,  
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,  
Wear wooden Peccadillo's fort.

1455 And that's the Reason Cov'naun's  
Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars,  
I see, quoth Hadibross, from whence  
These Scandals of the Saints commence,  
That are but natural Effects  
1460 Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,  
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads  
Span out o'th' Entrails of their Heads.

Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true  
And properly be said of you;

1465 Whole Talents may compare with either,  
Or both the other put together.  
For all the Independents do,  
Is only what you forc'd 'em to,  
You, who are not content alone  
1470 With Tricks to put the Devil down,  
But must have Armies rais'd, to back  
The Gospel-work you undertake:  
As if Artillery, and Edge-Tools,  
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.

1475 While he, poor Devil, has no Pow'r  
By force to run down and devour;  
Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence  
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;  
Is ty'd up only to Design,  
1480 T' intice, and tempt, and undermine:  
In which you all his Arts out-do,  
And prove your selves his Basters too.

1484 Wear wooden Peccadillo's, &c.1 Peccadillo's were  
Stiff Pieces that went about the Neck, and round about  
the Shoulders to pin the Band, worn by Persons nice in  
Dressing; but his wooden one is a Pillory.

Hence.

Hence 'tis Possessions do less Evil  
Than meer Temptations of the Devil;

1485 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,  
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon ;  
Because, unless they help the Elf,  
He can do little of himself;  
And therefore where he's best possess'd

1490 Acts most against his Interest;  
Surprises none but those wh' have Priests,  
To turn him out, and Exorcists,  
Supply with Spiritual Provision,  
And Magazines of Ammunition,

1495 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,  
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,,  
The Tools of working our Salvation  
By meer Mechanick Operation,  
With Holy Water, like a Sluice,,

1500 To overflow all Avenues.  
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd  
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,,  
He never offer'd to surprise,  
Altho' his falsest Enemies ;

1505 But is content to be their Drudge,  
And on their Errands gladly trudge,,  
For where are all your Forfeitures  
Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours ?  
Who have but Jailors of your Holes

1510 And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls ;  
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys  
T' your Mittimus Anathema's,  
And never boggle to restore  
The Members you deliver o'er .

1483 Hence 'tis Possessions, &c.] Criminals in their Indictments, are charged with *not having the Fear of God before their Eyes, but being led by the Insultigation of the Devil.*

1515 Upon Demand, with fairer Justice  
 Than all your covenanting Trustees ;  
 Unless to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs  
 And pass their Souls, as some demise

1520 The same Estate in Mortgage twice,  
 When to a legal *Utegation*  
 You turn your Excommunication,  
 And for a Groat unpaid that's due,  
 Distain on *Soul* and *Body* too.

1525 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil  
 State-Prudence, to cajole the Devil,  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourse  
 1530 Has pass'd between your Friends and ours ;  
 That as you trust us, in our way,  
 To raise your Members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own,  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,

1535 Or frightened with our Oratory,  
 To leap down headlong many a Story :  
 Have us'd all Means to propagate  
 Your mighty Interests of State,  
 Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further

1540 Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.  
 For if the Saints are nam'd from Flood,  
 We onl' have made that Title good.  
 And if it were but in our Power,  
 We should not scruple to do more,

1521 *When to a Legal Utegation, &c.*] When they return the Excommunication into the Chancery, there is filled out a Writ against the Person.

1524 *Distain on Soul, &c.*] Excommunication which deprives Men from being Members of the visible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

1545 And not be half a Soul behind  
Of all Dissenters of Mankind.

Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn  
To be ungrateful in Return  
Of all those kind good Offices,  
1550 I'll free you out of this Distress,

And set you down in Safety, where  
It is no time to tell you here.

The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :

1555 And if I leave you here till Day,  
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the *Spirit* grop'd about,  
To find th' Inchanted *Hero* out,  
And try'd with haste to lift him up ;

1560 But found his forlorn *Hope*, his *Crump*,  
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows  
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.  
He thought to drag him by the Heels,  
Like *Gresham* Cartis, with Legs for Wheels ;

1565 But Fear, that soonest cures thole Sores,  
In danger of Relap'st, to worse,  
Came in t' assist him with his Aid,  
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.  
No sooner was he fit to trudge,

1570 But both made ready to dislodge ;  
The *Spirit* hors'd him like a Sack,  
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back,  
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,  
With some few Rubs against the Wall.

1575 Where finding th' outer Postern lock'd,  
And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,  
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,  
And in a Moment gain'd the Pass ;  
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's

1580 Fore-quarters by th' Head and Shoulders ;

*End*

And cautiously began to scont,  
 To find their Fellow-Cattle out,  
 Nor was it half a Minute's quest,  
 Ere he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,  
 1585 Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,  
 But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,  
 Nor Pistols at the Saddle Bow,  
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 1590 And let the Night to steal away ;  
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
 Upon the *bars Ridge* bolt upright.  
 And groping out for *Ralph's* Jade,  
 He found the Saddle too was ftry'd,  
 1595 And in the Place a Lump of Soap,  
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;  
 And turning to the Gate the Rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on a main,  
 While *Hudibras* with equal haste,  
 1600 On both sides laid about as fast,  
 And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,  
 Or *Padders* to secure, a Neck,  
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
 And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhymes* ;  
 1605 To hold forth their declining State,  
 Which now comes near an even Rate.



## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Saints ingage in fierce Contests,  
About their Carnal Interests ;  
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,  
According to their Rates of Grace ;  
Their various Frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwel left them in a Storm :  
Till in th' Effigy of RUMPS, the Rabble  
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

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### CANTO II.

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**T**HE Learned write, *An Insett Breeze*  
Is but the mungrel Prince of Breez,  
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,  
And stings the Founders of his House ;

[*The Learned writes, &c.*] An *Insett Breeze*, Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Insects, which, some are of Opinion, are generated from viscous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a Cow's Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that from whence it received its Original.

From.

5 From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed  
 Of Vermin did ~~it~~ first proceed.  
 So, ere the Storm of War broke out,  
 Religion spawn'd a various Rour,  
 Of Petulant Capricious Sects,

10 The Maggots of corrupted Texts,  
 That first run all Religion down,  
 And after every Swarm its own.  
 For as the Persian *Magi* once  
 Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*

15 Who were incapable t' enjoy  
 That Empire any other way :  
 So *Presbyter* begot the other  
 Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,  
 Then bore them like the Devil's Dam,

20 Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.  
 And yet no nat'r'l Tie of Blood,  
 Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,  
 Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,  
 Get Quarter for each other's Beard.

25 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,  
 But only by the Ears engag'd :  
 Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,  
 And play together when they've none.  
 As by their truest Characters,

30 Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

<sup>15</sup> For as the Persian, &c.] The *Magi* were Priests and Philosophers amongst the *Perians*, intrusted with the Government both Civil and Ecclesiastick, much addicted to the Observation of the Stars. *Zoroaster* is reported to be their first Author: They had this Custom amongst them to preserve and continue their Families, by incestuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wise Men that came out of the *East* to worship our Saviour were some of these.

Rebellion now began, for lack  
Of Zeal and Plunder, to grow slack;  
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
And Providence b' out of Season:

35 For now there was no more to purchase  
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's;  
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.  
Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the Cause,

40 To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,  
That what by breaking them't had gain'd,  
By their Support might be maintain'd;  
Like thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lye,  
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*,

45 For *Presbyter* and *Independants*,  
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,  
Laid out their Apostolick Functions,  
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*;  
And all their precious Gifts and Graces

50 On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;  
At *Michael's Term* had many a Trial,  
Worse than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,  
Where thousands fell, in shapes of Fees,  
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

55 For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,  
They came to share their Dividends,  
And ev'ry Partner to possess  
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,  
In which the ablest Saint and best

60 Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,  
To pay their Money; and, instead  
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the Deed

51 At Michael's Term, &c. | St. Michael, an Archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistles, Verse 9.

He strait converted all his Gifts  
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,  
65 And settled all the other Shares  
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs* :  
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,  
Deliver'd up into his Hands,  
And past upon his Conscience,  
70 By *Pre-estail of Providence*,  
Impeach'd the rest for *Reprobates*,  
That had no Title to Estates,  
But by their Spiritual Attraints  
Degraded from the Right of *Saints*.  
75 This being reveal'd : They now begun  
With Law and Conscience to fall on :  
And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
As th' *Utter Barrister of Swanwick* ;  
Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold  
80 As Men with Sand-bags, did of old,  
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,  
Than all uniancty'd Trustees :  
Till he who had no more to show  
I' th' Cause, receiv'd the overthrow ;  
85 Or both Sides having had the Worst,  
They parted as they met at first.  
Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,  
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chous'd,  
Turn'd out, and Excommunicate  
90 From all Affairs of Church and State,  
Reform'd t' a *Reformado* Saint,  
And glad to turn Itinerant,

79 *And laid about, &c.*] *William Prynne* of *Lincoln's-Inn*,  
Esq; born at *Swanwick*, who titled himself *Utter Barrister*,  
a very warm Person, and voluminous Writer ; and after  
the Restoration, Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

PART III. CANTO II. 287

To strole and teach from Town to Town,  
And those he had taught up teach down,

95 And make those Ules serve agen  
Against the New-inlightned Men ;  
As fit as when at first they were  
Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;  
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,

100 As pat as *Popish* and *Predatick* ;  
And with as little Variation,  
To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.  
The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe  
To be the *Dev'l* that tempted *Eve*

105 With Knowledge, and does still invite  
The World to Mischief with *New Light*,  
Had store of Money in her Purse,  
When he took her for *bett'r* or *worse* ;  
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,

110 And fit to be turn'd out of Door,  
The *Independents* (whose first Station  
Was in the *Rear of Reformation*,  
A Mungrel Kind of *Church Dragoons*,  
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,

115 And in the Saddle of one Steed  
The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid :  
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,  
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Murther* : )  
No sooner got the start to larch

120 Both Disciplines, of *War* and *Church*,  
And Providence enough to run  
The Chief Commanders of 'em down,  
But carry'd on the War against  
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,

125 And in a while prevail'd so far,  
To win of them the Game of War,  
And be at Liberty once more,  
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,

130 T' unite their Factions with Alarms,

But all reduc'd and overcome,

Except their worst, *themselves as hosts,*

Wh' had compast all they Pray'd, and Swore,  
And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,

135 Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,

And all Things but their *Laws and Hates,*

But when they came to treat and transact,

And share the Spoil of all th' had ransackt,

To botch up what th' had torn and rent,

140 Religion and the Government,

They met no sooner, but prepar'd

To pull down all the War had spat'd;

Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish,*

*Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish,*

145 For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,

As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin,*

Both Parties join'd to do their best,

To damn the Publick Interest;

And herded only in Consults,

150 To put by one another's Bolts,

T' out-cant the *Babylonian Labourers,*

At all their Dialects of Jabberers,

And tug at both Ends of the Saw,

To tear down Government and Law.

155 For as two Cheats, that play one Game,

Are both defeated of their Aim;

So those who play a *Game of State,*

And only *Caril* in Debate,

146 *As Dutch Boors, &c.]* It is reported of the *Dutch Women,* that making so great use of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engendres a kind of ugly Monster which is called a *Sooterkin.*

151 *To out-cant the Babylonian, &c.]* At the Building of the Tower of *Babel,* when God made the Confusion of Languages.

Altho'

Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,  
 So The Publick Bus'ness is undone,  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to Ruin.

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 55 And own'd the Right they had paid down  
 So dearly for, *The Church and Crown,*)  
 Th' united constanter, and sided  
 The more, the more their Foes divided,  
 For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,  
 70 And by the Fate of War run down;  
 Their Duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,  
 For Loyalty is still the same  
 Whether it win or lose the Game;  
 75 True as the Dial to the Sun,  
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these Bretheren in Evil,  
 Their *Adversaries* and the Devil,  
 Began once more to shew them play,  
 80 And hopes, at least, to have a Day;  
 They rally'd in Parades of Woods,  
 And unfrequented Solitudes,  
 Conven'd at Midnight in out-houses,  
 To appoint *New-Rising Rendezvous*,  
 85 And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,  
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd;  
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,  
 But up another Party started,  
 And, as if Nature too in haste,  
 90 To furnish out Supplies as fast,  
 Before her time had turn'd Destruction  
 To a new and numerous Production;  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,

195 That, like the Christian Faith, increast  
 The more, the more they were supprest :  
 Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Transpersion*,  
*Proscription*, *Sale*, or *Confiscation*,  
 Nor all the desperate Events

200 Of former try'd Experiments,  
 Nor Wounds, cou'd terrify, nor *Mangling*,  
 To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,  
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,

205 From staking Life and Fortune down  
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown,  
 But kept the Title of their Cause  
 From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws :  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous *Usurpation*

210 Can ever settle on the Nation,  
 Until, in spight of Force and *Treason*,  
 They put their Loy'ty in Possession ;  
 And by their Constancy and Faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty Men of *Gash*.

215 Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,  
 Did *OLIVER* give up his *Reigns* ;  
 And was believ'd, as well by *Saints*,  
 As Mortal Men and *Miscreants*,  
 To founder in the *Stygian Ferry*.

220 Until he was retriev'd by *STERRY*,  
 Who in a false erroneous Dream,  
 Mistook the *New Jerusalem*,

215 *Toss'd in a furious Hurricane, &c.*] At Oliver's Death was a most furious Tempest, such as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This *Sterry* reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

Prophanely for th' *Apocryphal*  
 False *Heaven* at the *End o' th' Hell* ;  
 225 Whither it was decreed by Fate,  
 His precious Reliques to translate.  
 So *Romulus* was seen before  
 By'as *Orthodox* a *Senator* ;  
 From whose Divine Illumination  
 230 He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*  
 Succeeded, tho' a *Lame Vicegerent*,  
 Who first laid by the *Parliaments*,  
 The only *Crutch* on which *he* *leant* ;  
 235 And then sunk underneath the *State*,  
 That rode him above *Horseman's Weight*.  
 And now the Saints began their *Reign*,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,  
 240 To see an *Empire all of Kings*,

224 *False Heaven, &c.*] After the Restoration Oliver's Body was dug up, and his Head set up at the farther end of *Westminster-hall*, near which place there is an House of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of *Heaven*.

227 *So Romulus, &c.*] A *Roman Senator*, whose Name was *Procillus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made Oath before the *Senate*, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that *City*, promising to be Protector of it ; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the Name of *Quirinus* ; and he had his Temple on *Mount Quirinal*.

231 *Next his Son, &c.*] Oliver's eldest Son *Richard* was, by him before his Death declared Successor ; and, by Order of Privy Council, proclaimed *Lord Protector*, and received the Compliments of *Congratulation* and *Condolence*, at the same time, from the *Lord Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen* ; and Addresses were presented to him from all parts of the *Nation*, promising to stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at *Westminster*, which recognized him *Lord Protector* ; yet notwithstanding, *Fleetwood*, *Desborow*, and their Partisans, managed Affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian Awe*.  
*C. f. Justice, Government, and Law,*  
 And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*  
 Shou'd be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,

245 To edifie upon the Ruins  
 Of *John of Leyden's old Out-goings* ;  
 Who for a Weather cock hung up,  
 Upon their *Mother Church's Top*,  
 Was made a Type, by Providence,

250 Of all their Revelation since ;  
 And now fulfill'd by his Successors,  
 Who equally mistook their Measures :  
 For when they came to shape the *Model*,  
 Not one could fit another's Noddle ;

255 But found their Light and Gifts more wide  
 From Fadging, than th' *Unsanctify'd* ;  
 While ev'ry individual Brother  
 Strove Hand to Fist against another,  
 And still the maddest and most crackt,

260 Were found the busiest to Transact ;  
 For tho' most Hands dispatch apace,  
 And *make light Work* (the Proverb says ;)

245 *To edifie upon the Ruins, &c.] John of Leyden*, whose Name was *Buckfold*, was a *Butcher* of the same Place, but a crafty, eloquent and seditious Fellow, and one of those called *Anabaptists*: He went and set up at *Munster*, where, with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the same Faction, they spread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in Enthusiastical Raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing dismal *Woes* against all those that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533 they broke out into an open Insurrection, and seized the *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew so formidable that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their Persuasion to dwell in *Munster*; but at length he and his Associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at *Munster*, had his Flesh pull'd off by two Executioners with red hot Pincers for the space of an Hour, and then run thro' with a Sword.

Yet

Yet many different Intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary Effects;

265 And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,  
 As flowerest Insects have most Legs.  
 Some were for setting up a King.  
 But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless King Jesus: Others tamper'd

270 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;  
 Some for the *Rump*, and some more crafty,  
 For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;  
 Some for the *Gospel*, and *Massacres*  
 Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,

275 That I wore to any Human Regence,  
*Oaths of Supremacy* and *Allegiance*:  
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,  
 That vouch'd the *Bulls o' th' Covenant*.  
 Others for pulling down th' High-places

280 Of *Synods* and *Provincial Classes*,  
 That us'd to make such Hostile Inroads  
 Upon the *Saints*, like bloody *Nimrods*:  
 Some for fulfilling *Prophecies*,  
 And th' *Extirpation of Excise*;

285 And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*  
 Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:  
 Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,  
 And rectifying *Bakers Loaves*;  
 And some for finding out *Expedients*:

290 Against the *Slav'ry of Obedience*.  
 Some were for *Gospel Ministers*,  
 And some for *Red-coat Seculars*,  
 As Men most fit t' hold forth the *Word*,  
 And weild *the one and th' other's Sword*.

295 Some were for carrying on the *Work*  
 Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk*:  
 Some for engaging to suppreis  
*The Camisado of Surplices*,

That Gifts and Dispensations binder'd,  
 300 And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the beward*;  
 More proper for the cloudy Nighe  
 Of *Pocery*, than *Gospel-Lights*.  
 Others were for Abolishing  
 That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,  
 305 With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridgroom*  
 Is marry'd only to a *Thumb*;  
 (As wife as Ringing of a Pig,  
 That us'd to break up Ground and dig;)  
 The *Bride* to nothing but her *Will*,  
 310 That nulls the Alter-Marriage still.  
 Some were for th' utter Extirpation  
 Of *Linby Wolfy* in the Nation;  
 And some against all Idolizing  
 The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*,  
 315 Others, to make all things recant  
 The *Christian*, or *Surname* of Saint;  
 And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,  
 The *Holy Isle* to renounce.  
 Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Sons*,  
 320 And bringing down the Price of *Coals*;  
 Some for abolishing *Black-Pudding*,  
 And eating nothing with the Blood in;  
 To abrogate them Root and Branches;  
 While others were for eating *Haunches*  
 325 Of *Warriors*, and now and then  
 The *Flesh of Kings* and *Mighty Men*;  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret Ones*;  
 For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells  
 330 For Hollowing Carriers Packs and Bells;  
 Things that the *Legend* never heard of,  
 But made the Wicked sore afeard of.  
 The Quacks of Government, (who sat  
 At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,

And

335 And understood this wild Confusion  
 Of fatal Madness and Delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a Prodigy,  
 Portend Destruction to be nigh,)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 340 And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law ;  
 For one Rencounter at the Bar  
 Was worse than all they'd scap'd in War ;  
 And therefore met in Consultation,  
 To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation ;  
 345 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give but what to take ;  
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,  
 More wise than fumbling Arteries ;  
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,  
 350 And from the Grave recover —— Gain.  
 'Mong these there was a Politician,  
 With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,  
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the Whores of Babylon ;  
 355 So Politick, as if one Eye  
 Upon the other were a Spy :  
 That to trepan the one to think  
 The other Blind, both strove to blink :  
 And in his dark pragmatick Way  
 360 As busie as a Child at Play.  
 He had seen three Governments run down,  
 And had a Hand in ev'ry one ; /  
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
 But Barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
 365 For by *Trepanning* th' old to Ruin,  
 He made his Int'rest with the new one ;

351 'Mong these there was a Politician, &c.] This was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of Governments.

Plaid true and faithful, tho' against  
 His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
 For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion  
 370 Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Cameleon*,  
 By giving Aim to either side,  
 He never fail'd to save his Tide,  
 But got the Start of ev'ry State,  
 And at a Change ne'er came too late;  
 375 Cou'd turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,  
 As many ways as in a Lath,  
 By turning, wriggle, like a Screw  
 Int' highest Truth, and out for New.  
 For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
 380 Instead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,  
 And past upon the Government.  
 He play'd his Trick, and out he went:  
 But being out, and out of Hopes  
 To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,  
 385 Wou'd strive to raiſe himself upon  
 The publick Ruin, and his own.  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate Feats he took in Hand.  
 For when h' had got himself a Name  
 390 For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game;  
 Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze  
 To shew his Play at *Faſt and Loſe*;  
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook  
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.  
 395 So right his Judgment was cut fit,  
 And made a Tally to his Wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At Deeds of Darkneſs under Ground:  
 As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,  
 400 By Vermin Impotent and Blind.  
 By all these Arts, and many more,  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,

Our *State-Artificer* foresaw  
 Which way the World began to draw.

405 For as old *Sinners* have all Points  
 O' th' *Compass* in their Bones and Joints;  
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find  
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind,  
 And better than by *Napier's Bones*,

410 Feel in their own the Age of Moons.  
 So guilty *Sinners* in a State,  
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their Consciences feel Pain  
 Some Days before a Shower of Rain.

415 He therefore wisely cast about,  
 All ways he cou'd, *to insure his Throat*;  
 And hither came t' observe and smoak  
 What Courses other Riskers took:  
 And to the utmost do his best.

420 To save himself, and hang the rest.  
 To match this Saint, there was another,  
 As busie and perverse a Brother,  
 An Haberdasher of Small Wares  
 In Politicks and State-Affairs;

425 More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,  
 And better gifted to Rebel:  
 For when h' had taught his Tribe to 'spouse'  
 The *CAUSE*, aloft, upon one House,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in Order,

430 But try'd another, and went farther;

429 *And better than by Napier's Bones, &c.]* The famous Lord *Napier of Scotland*, the first Inventer of *Logarithms*, contrived also a Set of square Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of Ivory (which perform Arithmetical and Geometrical Calculations) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*

431 *To match this Saint, &c.]* The great Colonel *John Lilbourn*, whose Tryal is so remarkable, and well known at this Time.

So fullenly addisht still  
 To's only Principle, his *Will*,  
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
 Nor force of Argument cou'd move,  
 435 Nor Law, nor *Cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,  
 Cou'd render half a Grain less stubborn.  
 For he at any time wou'd hang,  
 For th' Opportunity t' *Harangue* :  
 And rather on a Gibbet dangle,  
 440 Than miss his dear Delight to *wrangle* :  
 In which his Parts were so accomplisht,  
 That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust ;  
 But still his Tongue ran on, the less  
 Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease,  
 445 And with its everlasting Clack  
 Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.  
 No sooner cou'd a Hint appear,  
 But up he started to picqueer,  
 And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,  
 450 When he engag'd in *Controversie*.  
 Not by the force of Carnal Reason,  
 But indefatigable Teazing ;  
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,  
 And Clamour more unanswerable.  
 455 For tho' his *Topics*, frail and weak,  
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak,  
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,  
 Against all desp'rate Assaults ;  
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense,  
 460 With greater Heat and Confidence.  
 As Bones of *Hectors*, when they differ,  
 The more they're *Cudgel'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.  
 Yet when his Profit moderated  
 The Fury of his Heat abated :  
 465 For nothing but his Interest  
 Could lay his Devil of Contest :

It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curse*,  
 T'espouse the CAUSE for Bett'r or Worse,  
 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,  
 470 And *Soul*, and *Body*, worship'd it:  
 But when he found the fullen *Trapes*,  
 Possest with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*;  
 The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Grecs*,  
 Not half so full of *Fadish Tricks*,  
 475 Tho' Squeamish in her outward Woman,  
 As Loose and Rampant as *Dol Common*;  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the Matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the *Obstinater*:  
 And still the skittisher and looser  
 480 Her Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.  
 For *Fools* are stubborn in their Way,  
 As *Coins* are harden'd by th' *Allay*;  
 And *Obstinacy*'s ne'er so stiff,  
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.  
 485 These Two, with Others, being met,  
 And close in Consultation set;  
 After a discontented Pause,  
 And not without sufficient Cause,  
 The Orator we nam'd of late;  
 490 Less troubled with the Pangs of State,  
 Than with his own Impatience,  
 To give himself first Audience,

473 *The Trojan Mare, &c.* | After the *Grecians* had spent ten Years in the Siege of *Troy* without the least Prospect of Success, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed Men; this they filled with the choicest of their Army, and then pretended to raise the Siege; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a Breach in the Walls of the City to bring in this fatal Plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed Heroes soon appeared, and, surprizing the City the rest entered in at the Breach.

After he had a while look'd wife,  
At last broke Silence, and the *Ice.*

495 *Quod te,* There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last Out-going's brought about,  
More than to see the Characters  
Of real Jealousies and Fears,  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
500 Scor'd upon every Member's Forehead:  
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of Weather,  
Feel Pangs and Aches of State turns,  
And Revolutions in their Corns;  
505 And, since our Workings-out are crost,  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost,  
**Was it to run away, we mean,**  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers  
510 Took Oaths, to run before all others;  
But, in their own Sense, only swore  
To strive to run away before;  
And now wou'd prove, that Words and Oath:  
Engage us to renounce them both?

515 'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,  
Between a Right and Mungrel Church,  
The PRESBYTER and INDEPENDENT,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
And 'twas made out to us the last  
520 Expedient, ——— (I mean *Marg'ret's Fast*)  
When Providence had been suborn'd,  
What Answer was to be return'd.  
Else why should Tumults fright us now;  
We have so many Times gone through,

520 (I mean Margaret's Fast) &c.] That Parliament  
used to have publick Fasts kept in St. Margaret's Church,  
Westminster, as is done to this present Time.

And

525 And understand as well to tame,  
As when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?  
Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,  
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd

530 With Drums and Rattles, like a Child,  
But never prov'd so prosperous,  
As when they were led on by us :  
For all our scouring of Religion  
Began with Tumults and Sedition ;

535 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion,  
Became strong Motives to Devotion ;  
(As Carnal Seamen, in a Storm,  
Turn pious Converts, and reform)  
When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,

540 Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,  
And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,  
Made Bills to pass the *Grand Committee* ;  
When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,  
Gave Chase to Rockets, and White Sleeves,

545 And made the *Church*, and *State*, and *Laws*,  
Submit t' *Old Ir'n*, and the *CAUSE*.  
And as we thriv'd by *Tumult* then,  
So we might better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,

550 To use them rightly in our need:  
*Tumults*, by which the Mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us ;  
The Hollow-hearted, Disaffected,  
And close Malignants are detected ;

555 Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,  
For Pledges to secure our own ;  
And freely sacrifice their Ears  
T' appease our Jalousies and Fears.  
And yet for all these Providences

560 W' are offer'd, if we had our Senses,

## 302 CANTO II. PART III.

We idly sit like stupid Blockheads,  
 Our Hands committed to our Pockets,  
 And nothing but our Tongues at large,  
 To get the Wretches a Discharge.

565 Like Men condemn'd to Thunder-Bolts,  
 Who, ere the Blow, become meer Dots:  
 Or Fools, besotted with their Crimes,  
 That know not how to shift betimes,  
 And neither have the Hearts to stay

570 Nor Wit, enough to run away;  
 Who, if they cou'd resolve on either,  
 Might stand (or fall at least) together,  
 No mean or trivial Solaces  
 To Partners in extreme Distress,

575 Who use to lessen their Despairs,  
 By parting them int' equal Shares;  
 As if the more there were to bear,  
 They felt the Weight the easier;  
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,

580 The more he took his Turn among.  
 But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
 If we had Courage left, or Wit;  
 Who, when our Fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest Course,

585 Have time to rally, and prepare  
 Our last and best Defence, *Despair*:  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats  
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest Straits,  
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,

590 By b'ing couragioufly out-brav'd;  
 As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd;  
 And Poisons by themselves expell'd;  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we shou'd be, *Men*;

595 And not so duly desperate,  
 To side against our selves with Fate:

As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of Breaking Covenants,  
 600 And setting up Exauns of Saituts,  
 That fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,  
 To be excus'd the Efficace.  
 For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,  
 That mount their Banks for Independent,  
 605 To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,  
 Or *St. Ignatius* at his Prayer.  
 By pure Geometry, and hate  
 Dependency on Church or State :  
 Disdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,  
 610 And since Obedience is better  
 (The *Scripture* says) than Sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on't will suffice ;  
 And scorn to have the moderat' st flint  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,  
 615 Or any Opinion, true or false,  
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Question.  
 Interpret all the Spleen reveals,  
 620 As *Whittington* explain'd the Bells ;  
 And bid themselves turn back agen  
 Lord May'r's of *New Jerusalem*.  
 But look so big and overgrown,  
 They scorn their Edifiers t'own,

605 *To hang like Mahomet, &c.*] It is reported of *Mahomet* the great Impostor, that having built a *Mosque*, the Roof whereof was Loadstone, and ordering his Corps, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Loadstone sooth attracted it near the Top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less fabulous is what the Legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some considerable time together.

Who

625 Who taught them all their Sprinkling Lessons,  
 Their Tones, and Sanctify'd Expressions;  
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a SAINT,  
 Like Charity on those that want;  
 And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots

630 T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes;  
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse  
 Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And Teach, the *House of Commons* way?

635 Where they had all their Gifted Phrases,  
 But from our CALAMIES and CASES?  
 Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,  
 Who had e'er heard of NYE or OWEN?  
 Their Dispensations had been stifted,

640 But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD.  
 And had they not begun the War,  
 Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are:  
 For SAINTS in Peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to Reprobate;

645 Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water,  
 In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter,  
 Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,  
 Without the Power of Sacrilege.  
 And tho' they've Tricks to cast their Sins,

650 As easie as Serpents do the Skins  
 That in a while grow out agen,  
 In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,  
 And from the most refin'd of Saints,  
 As naturally grow Miscreants,

655 As Barnacles turn Solan Geese  
 In th' Islands of the Orcades.

Their

650 As easy as Serpents, &c. 1 Naturalists, report, that Snakes, Serpents, &c cast their Skins every Year.

655 As Barnacles turn Solan Geese, &c. 1 It is said, that in the Islands of the Orcades in Scotland, there are Trees which

Their *Dispensation's* but a Ticket,  
 For their conforming to the Wicked;  
 With whom the greatest Difference

660 Lies more in Words and Shews than Sense :  
 For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate  
 Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;  
 So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,  
 Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well :

665 And, if the World has any Troth,  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest Harm,  
 Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the over-heated Sots

670 In Fevers still, like other Goats ;  
 For tho' the Whore bends Hereticks  
 With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;  
 Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;

675 Still setting off their Spiritual Goods,  
 With fiere and pertinacious Fewds.  
 For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And INDEPENDENTS to prof'e

680 The Doctrine of Dependences ;  
 Turns meek and Secret, sneaking ones,  
 To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones :  
 And not content with endless Quarrels  
 Against the Wicked, and their Morals,

which bear those *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the Water, receive Life, and become those Birds called *Solan Geese*.

663 *So he that keeps the Gates of Hell, &c.]* The Poets feign the Dog *Cerberus*, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

685 The Gibellines, for want of *Grief*,  
 Divert their Rage upon themselves,  
 For now the War is not between  
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,  
 But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood

690 Of one another's Brotherhood;  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To Liberty of Conscience,  
 Or Zealous Suff'ring for the Cause,  
 To gain one Groats-worth of Applause:-

695 For tho' endur'd with Resolution,  
 'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution,  
 Shall precious Saints and Secret ones  
 Break one another's outward Bones,  
 And eat the Flesh of Bretheren,

700 Instead of Kings and mighty Men?  
 When Fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater Elves?  
 When Bell's at Union with the *Dragon*,  
 And Baal-Peur Friends with *Dagon*;

705 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,  
 Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,  
 And not atone their fatal Wrath,  
 When common Danger threatens both?  
 Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,

710 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?  
 And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,  
 No Notice of the Danger take?  
 But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell  
 Can pacify Fanatick Zeal;

715 Who wou'd not guess there might be Hopes,  
 The Fear of Gallowes and Ropes,

685 *The Gibellines, &c.*] Two great Factions in *Italy*,  
 distinguish'd by those Names, which miserably distracted  
 and wasted it about the Year 1130.

Before their Eyes, might reconcile  
 Their Animosities a while?  
 At least until th' had a clear Stage,  
 720 And equal Freedom to engage,  
 Without the Danger of Surprise  
 By both our common Enemies?  
 This none but we alone cou'd doubt,  
 Who understand their Workings out;  
 725 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,  
 Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense.  
 As Spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r  
 Of Miracle cannot restore.  
 We, whom at first they set up under,  
 730 In Revelation only of Plunder,  
 Who since have had so many Trials  
 Of their encroaching Self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with Design  
 To Out-reform and Undermine;  
 735 Took all our Interests and Commands  
 Perfidiously out of our Hands;  
 Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,  
 Without the Motive Gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as Ministerial.  
 740 Like younger Sons of Father *Betial*.  
 And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong  
 Th' had done us, and the CAUSE so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The Work still, as we had begun:  
 745 But true and faithfully obey'd,  
 And neither Preach'd them Hurt, nor Pray'd;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,  
 Nor hang us like the *Cavaliers*;  
 Nor put them to the Charge of *Jails*,  
 750 To find us Pillories and *Cart-Tails*,  
 Or *Hang-man's Wages*, which the State  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;

Thar

That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps  
 Our Ears for keeping true Accomp's,  
 755 And burn our Vessels, like a New  
 Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for being true ;  
 But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,  
 Held for the CAUSE against all others.  
 Disdaining equally to yield,  
 760 One Syllable of what we held.  
 And tho' we differ now and then  
 'Bout outward Things and outward Men ;  
 Our inward Man and constant Frame  
 Of Spirit still were near the same.  
 765 And till they first began to Cant,  
 And sprinkle down the COVENANT,  
 We ne'er had Call in any Place,  
 Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free Grace* ;  
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually .

770 Against the Common Enemy.  
 Although it was our and their Opinion,  
 Each other's Church was but a *Rimmen*.  
 And yet for all this Gospel-Union,  
 And outward Shew of Church Communion,  
 775 They'll ne'er admit us to our Shares,  
 Of Ruling Church or State Affairs ;  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own Conditions of Repentance :  
 But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown,  
 780 We had so painfully Preach'd down :  
 And forc'd us, tho' against the Grain,  
 T' have Calls to teach it up again :  
 For 'twas but Justice to restore  
 The Wrongs we had receiv'd before :  
 785 And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay :  
 Who for the Right w' have done the Nation ;  
 Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,

And put our Vessels in a way,

790 Once more to come again in Play.  
 For if the turning of us out,  
 Has brought this Providence about ;  
 And that our only Suffering  
 Is able to bring in the King :

795 What would our Actions not have done,  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a Share  
 At least in carrying on th' Affair :  
 But whether that be so or not,

800 W' have done enough to have it thought ;  
 And that's as good as if w' had don't,  
 And easier past upon account :  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.

805 The World is naturally averse  
 To all the Truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows Nonsense and a Lye  
 With Greediness and Gluttony ;  
 And tho' it have the Pique, and long,

810 'Tis still for something in the Wrong :  
 As Women long, when they're with Child,  
 For Things extravagant and wild,  
 For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome ;  
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;

815 And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles  
 Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;  
 And what they're confidently told,  
 By no Sense else can be controul'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the Means,

820 Once more to hedge in Providence.  
 For as Relapses make Diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first Accesses ;  
 If we but get again in Pow'r,  
 Our Work is easier than before ;

And

825 And we more ready and expert  
 1' th' Mystery, to do our Part.  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first War to create, than make;  
 And when of Nothing 'twas begun,

830 Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on :  
 Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,  
 With Plots and Projects of our own :  
 And if we did such Feats at first,  
 What can we now we're better vers'd;

835 Who have a freer Latitude  
 Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd ?  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest Terms, our Discipline,  
 To which it was reveal'd long since,

840 We were ordain'd by Providence :  
 When three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,  
 The CAUSE's Primitive Confessors,  
 B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood  
 In just so many Years of Blood :

845 That multiply'd by Six, express'd  
 The perfect Number of the Beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the Men,  
 To bring this Work about agen :  
 And those who laid the first Foundation,

850 Compleat the thorow Reformation :  
 For who have Gifts to carry on  
 So great a Work, but we alone ?  
 What Churches have such able Pastors ?  
 And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters ?

855 Possess'd with absolute Dominions,  
 O'er Brethren's Purses and Opinions ?

841 *When three Saints Ears, &c.] Burton, Prysme and Bassetwick*, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factious, just at the Beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

And trusted with the double Keys  
 Of Heaven and their Ware-houses;  
 Who when the CAUSE is in Distress,  
 60 Can furnish out what Sums they please,  
 That Brooding lie in Bunker's Hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their Commands:  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:  
 65 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,  
 All other Heads of Cattle are;)  
 From th' Enemy of all Religions,  
 As well as high and low Conditions,  
 And share them, from blue Ribbands down  
 70 To all blue Aprons in the Town:  
 From Ladies hurried in Calleches,  
 With Cor'nets at their Footmens Breeches,  
 To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;  
 All Guts and Belly like a Crab.  
 75 Our Party's great and better ty'd  
 With Oaths, and Trade, than any fide:  
 Has one considerable Improvement,  
 To double fortifie the Cov'NANT:  
 I mean our Covenants, to purchafe  
 80 Delinquents Titles and the Churches:  
 That pass in Sale, from Hand to Hand,  
 Among our selves, for currant Land;  
 And Rise or Fall, like *Indian Actions*,  
 According to the Rate of Factions.  
 85 Our best Reserve for Reformation,  
 When New Out-goings give Occasion:  
 That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,  
 The COVENANT (their *Creed*) t' affert:  
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,  
 90 Will once more try th' Expedient:  
 Who can already muster Friends,  
 To serve for Members, to our Ends,

That

That represent no part o' th' Nation,  
But FISHER's FOLLY Congregation ;

895 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,  
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,  
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,  
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,  
Can order Matters under-hand,

900 To put all Business to a stand :  
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,  
And make 'em one another drive out ;  
Divert the Great and Necessary,  
With Trifles to contest and vary ;

905 And make the Nation represent,  
And serve for us in Parliament,  
Cut out more Work than can be done  
In *Plato's Year* ; but finish none,  
Unless it be the Bulls of LENTHAL,

910 That always past for Fundamental ;  
Cou'd set up Grandee 'gainst Grandee,  
To squander Time away, and bandy ;  
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges  
To one another's Privileges ;

915 And rather than compound the Quarrel,  
Engage, to th' inevitable Peril  
Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope  
And Consolation of our Hope :  
Who, tho' we do not play the Game,

920 Assist as much by giving Aim.  
Can introduce our Ancient Arts,  
For Heads of Factions t' act their Parts ;

894 But Fisher's Folly, &c.] Fisher's Folly was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.

907 Cut out more Work, &c.] *Plato's Year*, or the Grand Revolution of the intire Machine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

Know what a Leading Voice is worth,  
 A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth ;

925 How much a casting Voice comes to,  
 That turns up Trump of Ay, or No,  
 And by adjusting all at th' End,  
 Share ev'ry one his Dividend.  
 An Art that so much Study cost,

930 And now's in Danger to be lost,  
 Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the Courses that we took  
 To carry things by Hook or Crook :

935 And practis'd down from Forty Four,  
 Until they turn'd us out of Door :  
 Besides the Herds of *Boutefous*,  
 We set on Work without the House.  
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen

940 Kept Legislative Journey-men,  
 To bring them in Intelligence,  
 From all Points of the Rabble Sense;  
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses  
 With Politick Important Buzzes :

945 Set up Committees of Cabals,  
 To pack Designs without the Walls;  
 Examine, and draw up all News,  
 And fit it to our present Use.  
 Agree upon the Plot o' th' Farce,

950 And every one his Part rehearse.  
 Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay  
 What th' other Party's like to say :  
 What Repartees, and smart Reflections  
 Shall be return'd to all Objections :

955 And who shall break the Master-Jest,  
 And what, and how, upon the rest :  
 Help Pamphlets out, with false Editions,  
 Of proper Slanders and Seditions :

And Treason for a Token send,  
 960 By Letter to a Country Friend ;  
 Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,  
 That Men, like Burglary, commit :  
 Wit falser than a Padder's Face,  
 That all its Owner does, betrays ;  
 965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
 He's in his Calling to be seen.  
 Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth  
 To bring new Weeds of *Discord* forth.  
 Be sure to keep up *Congregations*,  
 970 In spight of Laws and Proclamations ;  
 For *Charlaisans* can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a Crowd :  
 And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for't ;  
 975 As long as Confessors are sure  
 Of double Pay for all th' endure ;  
 And what they earn in Persecution,  
 Are paid i' a Groat in *Contribution*.  
 Whence some TUB-HOLDERS FORTH have made  
 980 In *Powd'ring-Tubs* their Richest Trade ;  
 And, while they kept their Shops in Prison,  
 Have found their Prices strangely risen,  
 Disdain to own the least Regret,  
 For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;  
 985 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain  
 Our Title to do so again :  
 That needs not cost one drop of Sense,  
 But pertinacious IMPUDENCE.  
 Our Constancy t' our Principles,  
 990 In time will wear out all things else :  
 Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,  
 With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kisses ;  
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other Froths.

prevail'd

PART III. CANTO II. 315

995 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long  
 Before from World to World they fwung :  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as they Changlings liv'd, they dy'd.  
 This said, th' impatient States-monger

1000 Could now contain himself no longer ;  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques  
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks,  
 With smart Remarks, of Leering Faces,  
 And Annotations of Grimaces,

1005 After h' had ministred a Dose  
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus* to his Nose,  
 And powder'd th' Inside of his Skull,  
 Instead of th' Outer Jobbernal,  
 He shook it with a Scornful Look

1010 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :  
 In dressing a Calf's-Head, altho'  
 The Tongue and Brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;

1015 For who did ever play his Gambols,  
 With such insufferable Rambles ?  
 To make the bringing in the KING,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?  
 Which none could do, but those that swore

1020 T' as Point-blank Nonsense heretofore :  
 That to defend, was to invade,  
 And to Assassinate, to aid :  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a Doubt)

1025 No Pow'r is able to restore  
 And bring him in, but on your Score.  
 A spiritual Doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your Uses.  
 'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is said

1030 To cure the Wounds the Vermin made ;

## CANTO II. PART III.

And Weapons dress'd with Salves restore  
 And heal the Hurts they gave before:  
 But whether PRESBYTERIANS have  
 So much good Nature as the Salve,  
 1035 Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed, 'tis Pity you should miss  
 Th' Arrears of all your Services,  
 And for th' Eternal Obligation  
 1040 You have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation,  
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just Reward,  
 For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,  
 To rage just so far, but not further:  
 1045 And setting all the Land on Fire  
 To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:  
 For vent'ring to assasinate,  
 And cut the Throats of Church and State:  
 And not be allow'd the fittest Men  
 1050 To take the Charge of both again,  
 Especially that have the Grace  
 Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;  
 Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-Head,  
 1055 On those you painfully trepann'd,  
 And sprinkled in at second Hand;  
 As we have been, to share the Guilt  
 Of Christian Blood, Devoutly spilt;  
 For so our Ignorance was flamm'd  
 1060 To damn our Selves t' avoid being damn'd:  
 Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,  
 Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon  
 And win your Necks upon the Set,  
 As well as ours, who did but Bet:  
 1065 (For he had drawn your ears before,  
 And nick'd them on the self-same Score)

PART III. CANTO II.

317

We threw the Box and Dice away,  
Before y' had lost us at foul Play ;  
And brought you down to Rook and Lye;  
1070 And Fancy only, on the By,  
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,  
From Perching upoh lofty Poles ;  
And rescu'd all your outward Traitors  
From hanging up like *Aliigators* ;  
1075 For which ingenuously y' have shew'd  
Your Presbyterian Gratitude ;  
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one Rope behind.  
Those were your Motives to divide,  
1080 And scruple, on the other side,  
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,  
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse :  
To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
And face about for new again :  
1085 For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes ;  
Than Maggots when they turn to Flies :  
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls  
Are but Apocryphal, and False,  
To charge us with the Consequences  
1090 Of all your Native Insolencies ;  
That to your own Imperious Wills,  
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels ;  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for Precedent :  
1095 T' amend its Errors and Defects,  
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts ;  
Of which there is not any one,  
In all the Book, to sow upon ;  
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews  
1100 Held Christian Doctrine forth in Use ;  
As *Mabomet* (your Chief) began  
To mix them in the *Alcoran* ;

Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,  
And bended Elbows on the Cushion ;  
 1105 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,  
And gifted mortifying Groans ;  
Hail Lights where better Eyes were blind,  
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :  
Fill'd Bedlam with *Predestination*,  
 1110 And Knights-bridge with *Illumination* :  
Made Children, with your Tones, to run fast,  
As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lansford*.  
While Women, great with Child, miscarry'd  
For being to Malignants marry'd.  
 1115 Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,  
Whose Husbands are not for the Caufe ;  
And turn'd the Men to ten-horn'd Cattle  
Because they came not out to Battle :  
Made Taylor's Prentices turn Heroes,  
 1120 For Fear of being transform'd to *Merez* ;  
And rather forfeit their Indentures,  
Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.  
Could Transubstantiate, *Metamorphose*,  
And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like *Orpheus* :  
 1125 Inchant the King's and Church's Lands,  
T' obey and follow your Commands ;  
And settle on a new Freehold,  
As *Marcly-Hill* had done of Old.  
Cou'd turn the *Covenant*, and translate  
 1130 The *Gospel* into Spoons and Plate :  
Expound upon all Merchant Caffes,  
And open the intricatest Places :  
Could Catechize a Money Box ;  
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;  
 1135 Until the CAUSE became a *Damon*,  
And *Pythias* the wicked *Mammon*.  
And yet, in spite of all your Charms,  
To conjure LEGION up in Arms ;

And

### PART III. CANTO II.

319

And raise more Devils in the Rour,  
1140 Than e'er y' were able to cast out;  
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Tools,  
Bred up (ye say) in your own Schools;  
Who though but Gifted at your Feet,  
Have made it plain they have more Wit.  
1145 By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd,  
And held forth out of all Command:  
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, Out-done,  
And out reveal'd at CARRYINGS-ON.  
Of all your *Dispensations* Worin'd,  
1150 Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd;  
Ejected out of Church and State,  
And all things, but the Peoples Hate:  
And spirited out of the Enjoyments,  
Of precious, edifying Employments  
1155 By those who lodg'd their *Gifts* and *Graces*,  
Like better Bowlers, in your Places,  
All which you bore, with Resolution,  
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution;  
And though most righteously opprest,  
1160 Against your Wills, still acquiest:  
And never Humm'd and Hau'd *Sedition*,  
Nor snuffed *Treason*, nor Misprision.  
That is, because you never durst;  
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your work,  
1165 Alas! You were no longer able  
To raise your *Posse* of the RABBLE:  
One single Red-Coat Centinel  
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;  
And with his Squirt-fire, cou'd disperse  
1170 Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:  
We know too well those Tricks of yours,  
To leave it ever in your Powers:  
Or trust our Safeties, or undoings,  
To your Disposing of Out-goings:

1175 Or to your Ord'ring Providence,  
 One Farthings-worth of Consequence.  
 For had you Pow'r to undermine,  
 Or Wit to carry a Design,  
 Or Correspondence to treason,

1180 Inveigle, or betray one Man ;  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your Zeal to use the Means ;  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out :

1185 Brave Undertakers to restore,  
 That could not keep your selves in Pow'r ;  
 T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted Wit to keep your own.  
 'T is true, you have (for I'd be loth

1190 To wrong ye) done your Parts in both ;  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;  
 For 'twas your Zealous want of Sense,  
 And sanctify'd Impertinence ;

1195 Your carr'ing Bus'ness in a Huddle,  
 That forc'd our Rulers to New Model ;  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out ;  
 To Reformado, One and All,

1200 T' your Great *Croysado* General.  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r,  
 That sprung the Game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the Net :

1205 Your Spight to see the Churches Lands  
 Divided into other Hands,

1200 *T' your great Croysado General, &c.] General Fair*  
 who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of the  
 Drudgery for them.

And all your Sacrilegious Ventures  
 Laid out in Tickets and Debentures ;  
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,  
 1210 By under Churches in the Town ;  
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,  
 Nor th' INDEPENDENTS spreading Growths.  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true,  
 None bring him in so much as you :  
 1215 Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,  
 The Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots ;  
 That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,  
 Than all their own rash Politicks.  
 And this way you may claim a Share,  
 1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair :  
 Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh, and his Brick-Kilns loose,  
 And Flies and Mange, that set them free  
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery,  
 1225 Were likelier to do the Fear,  
 In an indif'rent Man's Conceit ;  
 For who e'er heard of *Reformation*,  
 Until your thorough *Reformation* ?  
 That is, the King's and Church's Lands :  
 1230 Were sequester'd int' other Hands :  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your Eyes were open'd to restore :  
 And when the Work was carrying on,  
 Who crost it but your selves alone ?  
 1235 As by a World-of Hints appears,  
 All plain, and extant, as your Ears.  
 But first, o'th' first : The Isle of Wight :  
 Will rise up if you shou'd deny't,  
 Where HENDERSON, and th' other Masses,  
 1240 Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases :

To pass for deep and learned Scholars ;  
 Alho' but Palty OB *and* SOLDERS :  
 As if th' unseasonable Fools  
 Had been a Coursing in the Schools ;

1245 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Anchor  
 O'th' COVENANT, and the CAUSE his Daughter ;  
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt  
 Of all the Blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion

1250 In Person like Sir PRIDE, or HUGHSON :  
 But only those who first begun  
 The Quarrel, were by him set on.  
 And who could those be but the SAINTS,  
 Those *Reformation* Termagants ?

1255 But ere this past, the Wise Debate  
 Spent so much Time, it grew too late ;  
 For OLIVER had gotten Ground,  
 T' inclose him with his Warriors round :  
 Had brought his Providence about,

1260 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.  
 Nor had the Uxbridge Bus'ness less  
 Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness ;  
 When from a Scoundrel HOLDER-FORTH,  
 The Scum, as well as Son o'th' Earth,

1265 Your mighty Senators took Law,  
 At his Command were forc'd t' withdraw ;  
 And sacrifice the Peace o'th' Nation,  
 To *Doctrine, Use, and Application.*  
 So when the SCOTS, your constant Cronies,

1270 Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies,

1241 *To pass for deep and learned Scholars, &c.* Two ridiculous Scribblers that were often pestering the World with Nonsense.

1250 *Like Sir Pride, &c.* The one a Brewer, the other a Shoemaker, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

Who

Who had so often, in your Aid,  
 So many way's been soundly paid :  
 Came in at last for better Ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty Friends ;

1275 You basely left them and the Church,  
 They train'd you up to, in the Lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians  
 To fall before, as true *Philistines*.  
 This shews what Utensils y' have been,

1280 To bring the King's Concernments in :  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you,  
 And if he take you into Trust  
 Will find you most exactly Just :

1285 Such as will punctually repay  
 With double Int'rest, and betray.  
 Not that I think those Pantomimes,  
 Who vary Action with the Times,  
 Are less ingenious in their Art,

1290 Than those who duly act one Part ;  
 Or those who turn from Side to Side,  
 More guilty than the Wind and Tide.  
 All Countries are a wise Man's Home,  
 And so are Governments to some,

1295 Who change them for the same Intreagues  
 That States-Men use in breaking Leagues :  
 While others in old Faiths and Troths,  
 Look odd, as in out-of-fashion'd Cloaths :  
 And nastier in an old Opinion,

1300 Than those who never shift their Linnen.  
 For *True* and *Faithful*'s sure to lose,  
 Which way soever the Game goes :  
 And whether Parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

1305 While *Power* *Usurp'd* like stol'n Delight,  
 Is more bewitching than the Right,

And

And when the Times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' have but Sense.

1310 To use the necessary Means,  
And not your usual Stratagems

On one another, Lights and Dreams.

To stand on Terms as positive

As if we did not take, but give :

1315 Set up the COVENANT on Crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,  
And dream of pulling Churches down,  
Before w' are sure to prop our own :

Your constant Method of Proceeding,

1320 Without the Carnal Means of Heeding :  
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,  
Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,

Unless we can get in again ;

1325 The only Way that's left us now,  
But all the Difficulty's How :  
'Tis true ! w' have Money, th' only Pow' :

That all Mankind falls down before :

Money, that, like the Word of Kings,

1330 Is the last Reason of all things :

And therefore need not doubt our Play

Has all Advantages that way :

As long as Men have Faith to sell,

And meet with those that can pay well ;

1335 Whose half starv'd Pride and Avarice,  
One Church and State will not suffice :  
T' expose to Sale ; besides the Wages

Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.

Nor is our Money less our own,

1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down ;  
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,

If we are brought in Play upon't :

Or but by casting Knaves, get in,  
What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?

1345 We know the Arts we us'd before,  
In Peace and War, and something more..  
And by th' unfortunate Events,  
Can mend our own Experiments..  
For when w' are taken into Trust,  
1350 How easy are the W<sup>ise</sup>est chous'd ?  
Who see but th' Outsides of our Feats,  
And not their secret Springs and Weights :  
And while th' are busie at their Ease,  
Can carry what Designs we please :.

1355 How easy is't to serve for Agents,  
To prosecute our own Engagements ?  
To keep the good GOOD OLD CAUSE on Foot,  
And prevent Power from taking Root ;  
Inflame them both with false Alarms

1360 Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms ;  
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide  
From healing up of Side to Side,  
Profess the passionat<sup>st</sup> Concerns,  
For both their Interests, by Turns,

1365 The only way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none ;  
( As Bowls run true by being made  
On Purpose false, and to be sway'd).  
For if we shou'd be true to either,

1370 'Twould turn us out of both together ;  
And therefore have no other Means,  
To stand upon our own Defence,  
But keeping up our Ancient Party  
In Vigour, Confident and Hearty :.

1375 To reconcile our late *Diff<sup>er</sup>ers*,  
Our Brethren, tho' by other Vectors,  
Unite them, and theirdift'rent Maggots,  
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.

And make them join against us close:

1380 As when they first began t' Espouse,  
Erect them into Separate,  
New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State;  
To join in Marriage and Commerce,  
And only 'mong themselves Converse,

1385 And all that are not of their Mind,  
Make Enemies to all Mankind:  
Take all Religions in, and stickle  
From *Conclave* down to *Covenants*;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,

1390 According to the Light in Being.  
Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conscience*,  
And Spiritual Mis-rule in one Sense:  
But in another quite contrary,  
All Dispensations chance to vary;

1395 All stand for, as the Times will bear it,  
As Contradictions of the Spirit:  
Protect their Emissaries, empow'r'd  
To preach Sedition and the Word:  
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,

1400 Release the Lab'ilers for the Cause;  
And turn the Persecution back  
On those that made the first Attack,  
To keep them equally in Awe,  
For breaking or maintaining Law:

1405 And when they have their Fits too soon,  
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon;  
Put off their Zeal t'a fitter Season,  
For sowing *Faction* in, and *Treason*;  
And kept them hooded, and their Churches,

1410 Like Hawks from beating on their Perches.  
That when the blessed Time shall come  
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,  
They may be ready to restore  
Their own *Fifth Monarchy* once more;

Mean

1415 Mean while be better Arm'd to Fence

Against Revolts of Providence :

By watching narrowly, and snapping

All blind Sides of it, as they happen :

For, if Success cou'd make us SAINTS

1420 Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants :

A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard

Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,

Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :

1425 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,

Before we have secur'd our Necks.

But do our Work, as out of Sight,

As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :

All License of the *People* own

1430 In Opposition to the *Crown*.

And for the *Crown* as fiercely side,

The Head and Body to divide.

The End of all we first design'd,

And all that yet remains behind :

1435 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,

On all Emergencies that happen ;

For 'tis as easy to supplant

Authority, as Men in Want :

As some of us, in Trust, have made,

1440 The one Hand with the other Trade ;

Gain'd vastly by their joint Endeavour,

The Right, a Thief, the Left, Receiver,

And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,

The other, by as fly, retail'd.

1445 For *Gain* has wonderful Effects,

T' improve the Factory of SECTS :

The Rule of Faith in all Professions,

And great *Dians* of th' *Ephesians* :

Whence turning of Religion's made

1450 The Means to turn and wind a Trade.

And

And tho' some change it for the worse;

They put themselves into a Course;

And draw in store of Customers,

To thrive the better in Commerce:

1455 For all Religions flock together,

Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Peather;

To nab the Itches of their Sects,

As Jades do one anothers Necks.

Hence 'tis HYPOCRISIE, as well,

1460 Will serve t' improve a Church, as ZEAL:

As Persecution, or Promotion,

Do equally advance Devotion..

Let Busanels, like ill Watches, go

Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:

1465 For things in order are put out

So easie, Ease it self will do't;

But when the Feat's design'd and meant,

What Miracle can bar the Event?

For 'tis more easie to betray,

1470 Than Ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions start,

The weighty'st Matters to divert :

Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,

And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle..

1475 But in Affairs of less import,

That neither do us Good nor Hurt,

And they receive as little by,

Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:

And seem as scrupulously just,

1480 To bait our Hooks for greater Trust:

But still be careful to cry down

All publick Actions, tho' our own:

The least Miscarriage aggravate

And charge it all upon the State;

1485 Express the horrid'st Detestation,

And pity the distracted Nation..

Tell Stories scandalous and false  
 I' th' proper Language of Cabals;  
 Where all a subtle States-man says,  
 1490 Is half in Words, and half in Face;  
 (As *Spaniards* talk in Dialogues,  
 Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)  
 Entrust it under Solemn Vows  
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,  
 1495 To be Retail'd again in Whispers,  
 For th' easie Credulous to disperse.  
 Thus far the States-Man—When a Shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out;  
 And strait another, all aghast,  
 1500 Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste:  
 Who star'd about, as pale as Death,  
 And for a while, *as out of Breath*;  
 Till having gathered up his Wits,  
 He thus began his Tale by fits:  
 1505 That Beastly RABBLE,—that came down  
 From all the Garrets—in the Town,  
 And Stalls, and Shop-boards,—in vast Swarms  
 With new chalk'd Bills,—and rusty Arms,  
 To cry the CAUSE—up, heretofore,  
 1510 And bawl the BISHOPS—out of Door;  
 Are now drawn up—in greater Shoals,  
 To Roast—and Broil us on the Coals,  
 And all the *Grandees*—of our Members  
 Are Carbonading—on the Embers;  
 1515 Knights, Citizens, and Burghers—  
 Held forth by RUMPS—of Pigs and Geese,

1505 *The Beastly Rabble that came down, &c.]* This is an accurate Description of the Mobs burning Rumps upon the Admission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump Parliament.

That

That serve for Characters—and Badges  
 To represent their Personages,  
 Each Bon-fire is a Funeral Pile,

1520 In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil,  
 And ev'ry Representative  
 Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive;  
 And 'tis a Miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd Incarnate.

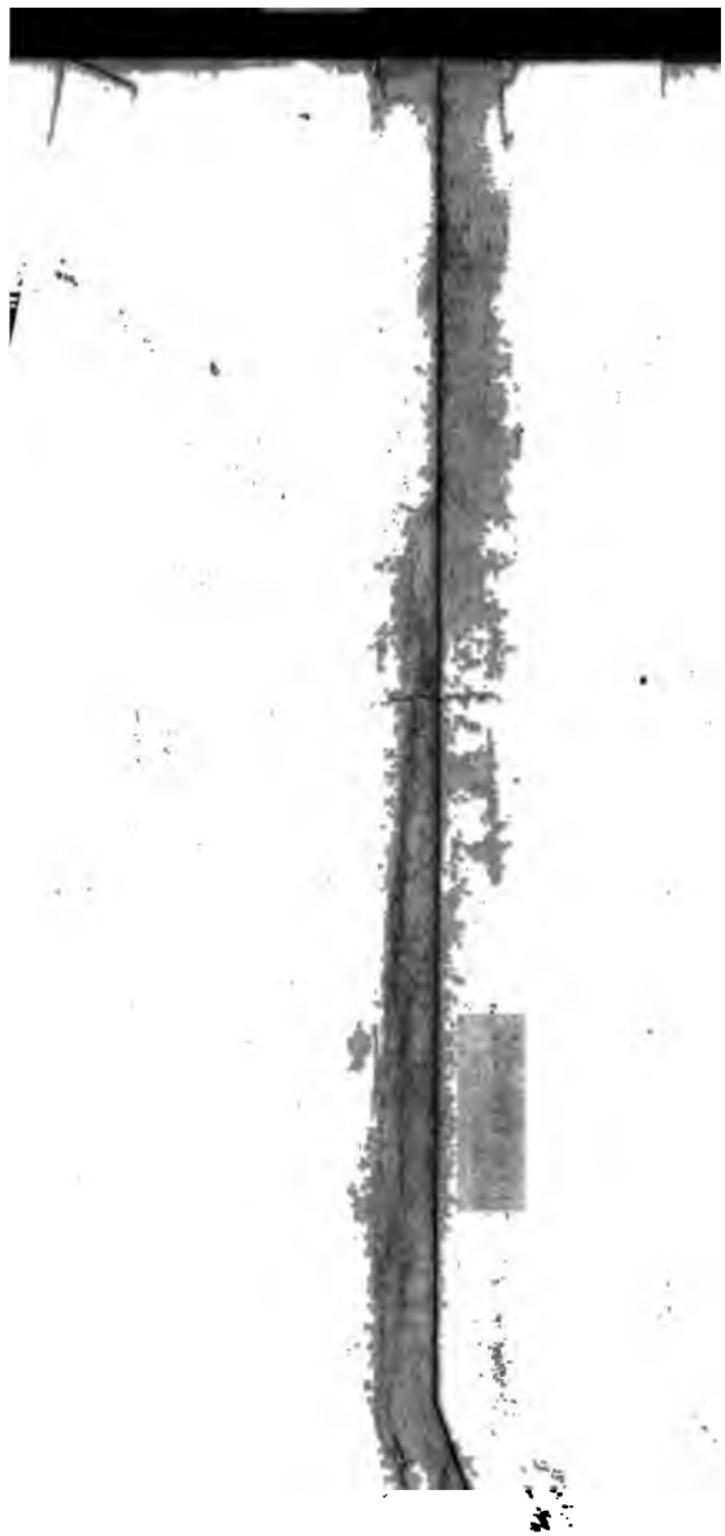
1525 For while we wrangle here and jar,  
 W' are Grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:  
 Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,  
 Hang in *Effigy*, for the Gallows.  
 Made up of *Rags* to personate  
 1530 Respective *Officers of State*;  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,  
 And while the Work is carrying on,  
 Be ready Listed under *Don*;

1535 That worthy Patriot, once the *Bellows*,  
 And *Tinder-Box* of all his *Fellows*;  
 The activ'st Member of the *Five*,  
 As well as the most *Primitive*;  
 Who, for his *Faithful Service* then,

1540 Is chosen for a *Fifth* agen;  
 (For since the *State* has made a *Quint*  
 Of *Generals*, he's Listed in't)  
 This Worthy, as the *World* will say,  
 Is paid in *Specie*, his own Way;

1545 For, moulded to the *Life* in *Clouts*,  
 Th' have pick'd from *Dung-hills* thereabout,  
 He's mounted on a *Hazel Bavin*,  
 A crop'd Malignant *Baker* gave him;

1534 Be ready listed under *Don*.] The *Hangman's Name* at that Time was *Don*.





And to the largest Bon-fire riding,

1550 They've roasted Cook already, and PRIDE in.

On whom, in Equipage and State,

His Scare-crow Fellow-Members waft;

And march in order, Two and Two,

As at Thanksgivingst' us'd to do :

1555 Each in a tatter'd *Talisman*,

Like Vermin in Effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)

Those RUMPS are but the Tail o' th' Beast,

Set up by *Popish* Engineers,

1560 As by the Crackers plainly appears;

For none but *Jesuits* have a Mission,

To preach the *Faith* with *Ammunition*,

And propagate the *Church* with *Powder*;

Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.

1565 Those Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,

That have the Charge of all her Stores:

Since first they fail'd in their Designs,

To take in Heav'n by Springing Mines,

And with unanswerable Barrels

1570 Of Gun-Powder, dispute their Quarrels:

Now take a Course more Practicable,

By laying Trains to fire the RABBLE.

And blow us up in th' open Streets,

Disguis'd in RUMPS, like *Sambenites*;

1550 They've roasted Cook already and PRIDE in,] Cook acted as Solicitor-General against King Charles the First at his Tryal; and afterwards receiv'd his just Reward for the same. *Pride*, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

1564 Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier,] *Ignatius Loyola*, the Founder of the Society of the *Jesuits*; was a Gentleman of *Biscay* in *Spain*, and bred a Soldier, was at *Pampelune* when it was besieged by the *French* in the Year 1521, and was so very Lame in both Feet, by the Damage he sustain'd there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

More

1575 More like to Ruin and Confound,  
 Than all their Doctrines under Ground.  
 Nor have they chosen RUMPS amiss,  
 For Symbols of State-Mysteries ;  
 Tho' some suppose, 'twas but to shew  
 1580 How much they scorn'd the SAINTS, the Few ;  
 Who 'cause they're wasted to the Stumps,  
 Are represented best by RUMPS.  
 But *Jesuits* have deeper Reaches  
 In all their Politick Far-fetches :  
 1585 And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,  
 Found out this Mystic Way to jeer us.  
 For, as the *Egyptians* us'd by Bees  
 To express their Anti-que *Ptolemies* ;  
 And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,  
 1590 Held forth Authority and Pow'r :  
 Because these subtle Animals  
 Bear all their Int'rest in their Tails ;  
 And when they're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well-order'd State :  
 1595 They thought all Governments were best  
 By Hieroglyphick RUMPS express'd.  
 For, as in Bodies Natural,  
 The RUMP's the Fundament of all ;  
 So, in a *Common-wealth*, or Realm,  
 1600 The Government is call'd the *Helm* :  
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the *Tail*,

1585 *And from their Coptick Priest, Kircherus,] Athan-*  
*fius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the *Egyptian**

*Mystical Learning.*

1587 *For, as th' *Egyptians* us'd by Bees, &c.]* The *Egyptians* represented their Kings (many of whose Names were *Ptolemy*) under the Hieroglyphick of a *Bee*, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting to the Wicked and Dissolute.

The *Tail*, which Birds and Fishes steer  
Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air ;  
1605 To whom the Rudder of the *RUMP* is  
The same thing with the Stern and *Compass*.  
This shews how perfectly the *RUMP*  
And *COMMON-WEALTH* in nature jump.  
For as a Fly that goes to *Bed*,  
1610 Rests with his *Tail* above his *Head* ;  
So in this *Mungrel State* of ours  
The *RABBLE* are the Supreme Powers ;  
That Hors'd us on their *Backs*, to show us  
A *Jadish Trick* at last, and Throw us.

1615 The Learned Rabbins of the *Jews*  
Write there's a *Bone*, which they call *Lusk*,  
I'th' *Rump* of *Man*, of such a *Virtue*,  
No *Force* in *Nature* can do hurt to ;  
And therefore at the last great *Day*,

1620 All th' other *Members* shall, they say,  
Spring out of this, as from a *Seed*  
All sorts of *Vegetals* proceed :  
From whence the Learned Sons of *Art*,  
*Os Sacrum*, justly style that Part.

1625 Then what can better represent,  
Than this *RUMP Bone*, the *Parliament*  
That after several rude *Ejections*,  
And as prodigious *Resurrections* ;  
With new *Reversions* of nine *Lives*,

1630 Starts up, and, like a *Cat*, revives ;  
But now, alas, they're all *expir'd*,  
And th' *House* as well as *Members* fir'd,  
Consum'd in *Kennels* by the *Rout*,  
With which they other *Fires* put out :

1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning *Distrels*,  
And *palty*, private *Wretchedness* ;  
Worse than the Devil to *Privation*,  
Beyond all *Hopes* of *Restauration* :

And

And parted like the Body and Soul,  
1640 From all Dominion and Controul.  
    We, who cou'd lately with a Lo  
    Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;  
    Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,  
    And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe  
1645 Before the Bluster of whose Huff  
    All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off ;  
    Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,  
    Down to the Foot-man and Valet :  
    Had more bent Knees than Chappel  
1650 And Prayers, than the Crowns of Ha  
    Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly  
    For Ruin's just as low as high ;  
    Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
    The Horror that attends our Fall :  
1655 For some of us have Scores more larg  
    Than Heads and Quarters can dischar  
    And others who, by restless Scraping  
    With publick Frauds, and private Ra  
    Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amai  
1660 Wou'd gladly lay down all at last :  
    And to be but undone, Entail  
    Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;  
    And bles the Devil to let them Farn  
    Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Term  
1665 This said, a near and louder Shout  
    Put all th' Assembly to the Rout :  
    Who now begun t' out run their Fea  
    As Horses do, from those they bear :  
    But crowded on with so much haste,  
1670 Until th' had block'd the Passage fast  
    And Barricado'd it with Haunches  
    Of Outward Men, and Bulks and P  
    That with their Shoulders strove to se  
    And rather save a crippled Piece

673 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,  
Than have them Grilled on the Embers:  
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,  
Of one another, on their Backs,  
The Van-Guard cou'd no longer bear

680 The Charges of the Forlorn Rear:  
But born down headlong by the Rout,  
Were trampled sorely under Foot.  
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
As th' horrid Cookery of the RABBLE:

685 And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,  
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,  
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply  
Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,  
And beat a *Tuscan* Running-Horse,

690 Whose Jockey-Rider is all Spurs.





## The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight,  
To quit th' incant'd Bow'r by Night :  
He plods to turn his Am'rous Suit  
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute :  
Repairs to Counsel, to advise  
'Bout managing the Enterprize :  
But first Resolves to try by Letter,  
And one more fair Address, to get her.*

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### CANTO III.

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**W**HO wou'd believe what strange Bugbears  
Mankind creates it self, of Fears,  
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,  
Equivocally, without Seed ;  
And have no possible Foundation,  
But meerly in th' Imagination :

And

And yet can do more dreadful Feats,  
 Than *Hags*, with all their *Imps* and *Teats*:  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.  
 For Fear does things so like a Witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which:  
 Sets up Communities of Senses,  
 To chop and change Intelligences;  
 As *Rosi-crucian Virtuoso's*  
 Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses*:  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by Fear;  
 That makes 'em in the Dark see *Visions*,  
 And hag themselves with *Apparitions*,  
 And when their Eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest Objects best.  
 Do things not contrary alone  
 To th' Course of Nature, but its own:  
 The Courage of the Bravest daunt,  
 And turn Pultroons as valiant;  
*For Men as Resolute appear*  
*With too much, as too little Fear*,  
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from Death by dying;  
 Or turn again to stand it out;  
 And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.

<sup>8</sup> *Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats.*] Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*, or *Familiar Spirits*, that are inploy'd in their diabolical Practices, and suck private *Teats* they have about them.

<sup>15</sup> *As Rosi-crucian Virtuoso's, &c.*] The *Rosi-crucians* were a Sect that appear'd in *Germany*, in the Beginning of the XVIIth Age. They are also call'd the *Enlightened, Immortal and Invisible*, they are a very *Ethusiastical* Sort of Men, and hold many *Wild and Extravagant* Opinions.

This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies, left perdue,  
 35 And haunted with Detachments, sent  
   From Marshal Legions Regiment,  
   Was by a Fiend, as Counterfeit,  
   Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat :  
   When nothing but Himself, and Fear,  
 40 Was both the *Imps* and *Conjuror* :  
   As by the Rules o' th' *Virtuous*,  
   It follows in due *Form of Poet*.  
   Disguis'd in all the Mask of Night,  
   We left our Champion on his Flight :  
 45 At *Blindman's Buff* to grope his way,  
   In equal *Fear of Night and Day* :  
   Who took his dark and desp'rare Course,  
   He knew no better than his Horse ;  
   And by an unknown Devil led,  
 50 (He knew as little whither) fled.  
   He never was in greater need,  
   Nor less Capacity of Speed.  
   Disabl'd, both in Man and Beast,  
   To fly and run away, *his best* ;  
 55 To keep the Enemy, and Fear,  
   From equal falling on his Rear.  
   And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd  
   The further and the nearer Side :  
   (As Seamen ride with all their Force,  
 60 And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse* ;  
   And when the Hackney fails most swift  
   Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)  
   So tho' he posted e'er so fast,  
   His Fear was greater than his *Horse* :

36 From Marshal Legions Regiment. 1 He us'd to press as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven for the Propagation of the good Old Cause.

65 For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,  
Believes 'tis always left behind.  
But when the Morn began t' appear,  
And shift s' *another Scene* his Fear;  
He found his new officious *Shade*,

70 That came so timely to his Aid,  
And forc'd him from the Foe t' escape,  
Had turn'd it self to *Ralph's Shape*;  
So like in *Person, Garb, and Pitch*,  
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which*;

75 For *Ralph* had no sooner told  
The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she convey'd him out of sight,  
To entertain th' approaching Knight.  
And while he gave himself Diversion,

80 To accommodate his *Beast* and *Person*;  
And put his *Beard* into a Posture,  
At best Advantage to accost her;  
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,  
(For his Reception) *aforesaid*:

85 But when the *Ceremony* was down,  
The *Lights put out*, and *Fairies gone*;  
And *Hudibras*, among the rest,  
Convey'd away, as *Ralph* guess'd:  
The wretched *Caitiff* all alone,

90 (As he believ'd began to moan,  
And tell his Story to himself;  
The Knight mistook him for an Elf:  
And did so still, till he began  
To scruple at *Ralph's Outward Man*;

95 And thought, because they oft agreed,  
T' appear in one another's stead,  
And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's Part*,  
With undistinguishable Art;  
They might have done so now perhaps,

100 And put on one another's Shapes;

And therefore to resolve the Doubt,  
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out;  
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite  
That took his Place and Shape to Night?

105 Some busie Independent Pug,  
Retainer to his Synagogue:  
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those  
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;  
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,  
110 Wh' has dragg'd your *Deship* out o'th' Mire,  
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,  
Wh' had turn'd y' int' a Beast, have freed you;  
And, tho' a Prisoner of War,  
Have brought you safe, where now you are;  
115 Which you wou'd gratefully repay,  
Your constant PRESBYTERIAN way...

That's stranger (*quo the Knights*) and stranger:  
Who gave thee notice of my Danger?

*Quoth he*, Th' infernal Conjuror

120 Purlo'd and took me Prisoner;  
And knowing you were hereabout,  
Brought me along, to find you out.  
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
Have noted all they said or did.

125 And tho' they lay to him the Pageant,  
I did not see him, nor his Agent;  
Who play'd the Sorceries out of sight,  
T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then?

130 Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,  
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,  
And that She-Devil *Jezebel*;  
That laugh'd and teh-he'd with Derision,  
To see them take your Deposition,

135 What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,  
That play'd the Devil t'examine me?

A rallying Weaver in the Town,  
 That did it in a Parson's Gown :  
 Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,  
 40 But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it :  
 In which you told them all your Feats,  
 Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,  
 Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked Truth of all the rest,  
 45 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,  
 That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.  
 All which they took in Black and White,  
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite.  
 What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 50 And none but thou and I alone,  
 To act the Devil, and forbear  
 To rid me of my *Hellish Fear* ?  
 Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,  
 And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,  
 55 To be by me prevail'd upon,  
 With any Motives of my own :  
 And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit :  
 The Devil, that is your constant Crony,  
 60 That only can prevail upon ye ;  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty Drubs confuting.  
 The Knight, who now began to find  
 Th' had left the Enemy behind ;  
 65 And saw no farther Harm remain,  
 But feeble Weariness and Pain ;  
 Perceiv'd by losing of their Way,  
 Th' had gain'd th' Advanyage of the Day :

145 *More plainly than the Reverend Writer, &c.*] A most reverend Prelate, A. B. of T. who sided with the disaffected Party.

And by declining of the Road,  
 170 They had by Chance their Rear made good,  
 He ventur'd to dismiss his *Fee*,  
 That parting's wont to *Rew* and *Tear*,  
 And give the desperat'ft Attack  
 To Danger still behind its Back.

175 For, having paus'd to recollect,  
 And on his past Success refle&t,  
 To examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how, he came to fly :  
 And when no Devil had appear'd,

180 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd,  
 It put him in so fierce a Rage,  
 He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
 Toss'd like a Foot-ball back again,  
 With *Shame*, and *Vengeance*, and *Disdain*.

185 *Quoth he*, It was thy Cowardise  
 That made me from this Leaguer rise ;  
 And when I had half reduc'd the Place,  
 To quit it infamously base,  
 Was better cover'd by the New

190 Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew :  
 To slight my new Acquaints, and run  
 Victoriously from Battels won.  
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost.

195 To make me put my self to flight,  
 And Conqu'ring, run away by *Night* ;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do.  
 To mount me in the dark by force,

200 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,  
 Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,  
 Without my Arms and Equipage ;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal Fight renew.

205 And, to preserve thy outward Man,

Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quo' Ralph, I did, 'tis true,

Not to preserve my self, but you,

You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,

210 Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs;

To mount two wheel'd Carroaches, worse

Than managing a Wooden Horse :

Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes by th' Ears,

Eras'd or Coup'd for Perjurers.

215 Who, tho' th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,

Had had no reason to complain;

But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsothe

To blame the Hand that paid your Ransom,

And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones

220 From unavoidable Battalions.

The Enemy was re-inforc'd,

And we disabled, and unhors'd,

Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;

And no way left but hasty Flight,

225 Which, tho' twas desperate in th' Attempt

Has given you Freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition

To reinforce the Expedition,

'Tis now unseasonable and vain,

230 To think of falling on again :

No Martial Project to surprise,

Can ever be attempted twice;

Nor cast Design serve afterwards,

As Gamesters tear their Losing-Cards.

235 Besides, our Bangs of Man and Beast

Are fit for nothing now but Rest,

And for a while will not be able

To rally, and prove serviceable;

And therefore I with reason chose

240 This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes,

To make an Hon'able Retreat ;  
 And wave a Total Sure Defeat ;  
 For those that Fly, may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.

244; Hence timely Running's no mean Part  
 Of Conduct in the Martial Art.  
 By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,  
 As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive ;  
 And Cannons conquer Armies, while  
 250 They seem to draw off and recoil.  
 'Tis held the Gallan't Course and Bravest,  
 To great Exploits, as well as Safest,  
 That spares th' Expence of Time and Pains,  
 And dangerous Beating out of Brains.

255; And in the end prevails as certain,  
 As those that never trust to Fortune,  
 To make their Fear do Execution  
 Beyond the stoutest Resolution ;  
 As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,

260 And, only trembling, overthrow.  
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,  
 That only sav'd a Citizen,  
 What Victory cou'd e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one wou'd save but one ?

265; Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means, when a Battel's won,  
 The War's as far from being done :  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,

270 Go halves, at least, i'th' Victory ;

261 *If the Ancients crown'd their bravest Men, &c.]* The Romans highly honour'd and nobly rewarded those Persons that were instrumental in the Preservation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battle or otherwise.

And

And sometimes, when the Loss is small,  
 And Danger great, they challenge All :  
 Print new Additions to their Feats,  
 And Emendations in Gazettes :

275 And when, for furious haste to run,  
 They durst not stay to fire a Gun,  
 Have don't with Bon-fires, and at home  
 Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.  
 To set the Rabble on a Flame,

280 And keep their Governors from Blame,  
 Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells :  
 And tho' reduc'd to that Extream,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;

285 Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,  
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie ;  
 And for their Beating, giving Thanks,  
 They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks,  
 For those who run from th' Enemij,

290 Engage them equally to fly ;  
 And when the Fight becomes a Chace,  
 Those win the Day, that win the Race ;  
 And that which wou'd not pass in Fights,  
 Has done the Feat with easie Flights.

295 Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign,  
 With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champagne*.  
 Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty,  
 With Brandy-wine and *Aqua vitæ* ;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome,

300 With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum ;  
 Whom th' uncontrol'd Decrees of Fate :  
 To Victory necessitate ;  
 With which, altho' they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return :

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305 Or else their Sultan Populaces  
 Still strangle all their routed Baffa's.  
 Quoth *Hadibras*, I understand  
 What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land;  
 And who those were that run away,

310 And yet gave out th' had won the Day :  
 Altho' the Rabble soun'd them fort,  
 O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.  
 'Tis true our Modern Way of War  
 Is grown more politick by far,

315 But not so resolute and bold,  
 Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.  
 For now they laugh at giving Battle,  
 Unles's it be to Herds of Cattle :  
 Or fighting Convoys of Provision,

320 The whole Design o' th' Expedition,  
 And not with downright Blows to rout  
 The Enemy, but eat them out :  
 As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way.

325 To give Defiance to their Teeth,  
 And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,  
 And those atchieve the highest Renown,  
 That bring the other's Stomach down.  
 There's now no fear of Wounds or Maiming.

330 All dangers are reduc'd to Famine :  
 And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,  
 Surprise and Stratagem, and Mine ;  
 But have no need, nor Use of Courage,  
 Unless it be for Glory, or Forage :

305 *Or else their Sultan Populaces, &c.*] The Author compares the Arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable *Mah*, to the *Sultan* or *Grand Seignior*, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his Chief Commanders, call'd *Baffas*, if they prove unsuccessful in Battle.

For

335 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rear,  
 And forc'd with terrible Resistance.

340 To keep hereafter at a Distance,  
 To pick out Ground t' encamp upon,  
 Where store of largest Rivers run,  
 That serve instead of Peaceful Barriers,  
 To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.

345 Where both from Side to Side may skip,  
 And only encounter at Bo-peep :  
 For Men are found the stouter-hearted,  
 The certainer they're to be parted;  
 And therefore post themselves in Bogs.

350 As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs ;  
 And made their Mortal Enemy,  
 The *Water-Rat*, their strict Ally.  
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ?  
 But who bears Hunger best and Cold ?

355 And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
 Who longest can hold out at Starving :  
 And he that routs most Pigs and Cows, is  
 The formidablest Man at Prowess.  
 So th' Emperor *Caligula*,

360 That triumph'd o'er the *British Sea* ;  
 Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,  
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirassiers ;  
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,  
 With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muscles ;

365 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,  
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops ;

350 As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs ] Homer wrote a Poem of the War between the Mice and the Frogs.

Not like their ancient Way of War  
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr :  
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,  
 370 More bravely eat his Captives up ;  
 And left all war, by his Example,  
 Reduc'd to vi&t'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,  
 375 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd Course ;  
 To hope, by Stratagem, to woo her,  
 Or waging Battle to subdue her,  
 Tho' some have done it in Romances,

380 And bang'd them int' amorous Fancies ;  
 As those who won the *Amazons*,  
 By wanton drubbing of their Bones :  
 And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride  
 By courting of her Back and Side.

385 But since these Times and Feats are over,  
 They are not for a Modern Lover :  
 When Mistresses are too crois-grain'd  
 By such Addresses to be gain'd ;  
 And if they were, won'd have it out,

390 With many other kind of Bout ;  
 Therefore I hold no Course 'sinfesible,'  
 As this of Force to win the *Jezebel* ;  
 To storm her Heart, by th' Antique Charms  
 Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms ;

395 But rather strive by Law to win her,  
 And try the Title you have in her.  
 Your Case is clear, you have her Word,  
 And me to witness the Accord ;

383 *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride, &c.*] A Story is  
 Tasso, an Italian Poet, of a Hero that gain'd his Mistress by  
 conquering her Party.

Besides two more of her Retinue,  
400 To testify what pass'd between you;  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,  
405 And Bills upon Record been found,  
That forc'd the Ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the Matter,  
Is all the Business you look after:  
Besides, Encounters at the Bar;  
410 Are braver now, than those in War;  
In which the Law does Execution,  
With less Disorder and Confusion:  
Has more of Honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the New way, but the Old;  
415 When those the Pen had drawn together  
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,  
And winged Arrows kill'd at dead,  
Nay, more than Bullets now of Lead:  
So all the Combats now, as then,  
420 Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;  
That does the Fear, with braver Vigours,  
In Words at length, as well as Figures.  
Is Judge of all the World performs  
In voluntary Feats of Arms.  
425 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right;  
For whether you prevail or lose,  
All must betry'd there in the Close,  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,  
430 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.  
The Law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo;  
That makes the most perfidious Lover,  
A Lady, that's as false, recover:

End

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435 And if it judge upon your side,  
 Will soon extend her for your Bride ;  
 And put her Person, Goods or Lands,  
 Or which you like best, int' your Hands.  
 For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,

440 And manag'd by the ablest Sages ;  
 Who, tho' their Busines at the Bar  
 Be but a kind of Civil War  
 In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,  
 Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans,

445 They never manage the Contest,  
 T' impair their publick Interest ;  
 Or by their Controversies lessen  
 The Dignity of their Profession :  
 Not like us Brethren, who divide

450 Our Common-wealth, the *Cause* and *Side* ;  
 And tho' w' are all as near of Kindred,  
 As th' outward Man is to the Inward :  
 We agree in nothing but to wrangle  
 About the slightest fingle-fangle.

455 While Lawyers have more sober Sense,  
 Than t' argue at their own Expence,  
 But make their best Advantages  
 Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiss* :  
 And out of Foreign Controversies,

460 By aiding both sides, fill their Purfes ;  
 But have no Int'rest in the Cause  
 For which th' engage, and wage the Laws ;  
 Nor further Prospect than their Pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the Day.

465 And tho' abounded in all Ages,  
 With sundry learned Clerks and Sages ;  
 Tho' all their Busines be Dispute,  
 Which way they canvas ev'ry Suit ;  
 Th' have no Disputes about their Art,

470 Nor in Polemicks controvert :

While

## PART III: CANTO III.

351

While all Professions else are found,  
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound;  
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,  
 Philosophers, Mathematicians;

475 The *Galenists* and *Paracelsian*,  
 Condemn the way each other deal in;  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;  
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,

480 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;  
 And Heralds stickle who got who,  
 So many Hundred Years ago,  
 But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,  
 T' expose their Trade to Disputation;

485 Or make the busie Rabble Judges  
 Of all their secret Piques and Grudges;  
 In which whoever wins the Day,  
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.  
 Besides, no Mountebank, nor Cheats,

490 Dare undertake to do their Feats;  
 When in all other Sciences  
 They swarm like Insects, and increase.  
 For what Bigot durst ever draw,  
 By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?

495 Or cou'd hold forth, by a Revelation,  
 An Answer to a Declaration?  
 For those that meddle with their Tools,  
 Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools.  
 And if you follow their Advice,

500 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies;  
 They'd write a Love-Letter in Chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye,  
 And so reduce her to b' your Wife,  
 Or make her weary of her Life.

505 The *Knight*, who us'd with *Tricks and Shifts*  
 To edifie by *Ralph's Gifts*,

But

But in appearance cry'd 'em down,  
To made them better seem his own,  
(All Plagiary's Constant Course

510 Of sinking, when they take a Purse)  
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise :  
And after stubborn Contradiction,  
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,

515 And by Transition, fall upon  
The Resolution as his own.

*Quoth he, This Gambol thou advisest,*

Is of all others the unwiseſt ;  
For if I think by Law to gain her,

520 There's nothing fillier nor vainer.  
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence ;  
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence :  
To act against my self, and Traverse  
My Suit and Title to her Favours.

525 And if she shou'd, which Heav'n forbids,  
O'erthrew me, as the Fidler did ;  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at Stake,  
He that with Injury is griev'd,

530 And goes to Law to be reliev'd,  
Is fillier than a sottish Chouse,  
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his House,  
Applies himself to Cunning Men,  
To help him to his Goods again ;

535 When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain.  
And yet I have no other way  
But is as difficult, to play.

For to reduce her by main Force,

540 Is now in vain ; by fair Means, worse :  
But worst of all, to give her over,  
Till she's as desperate to recover.

For bad Games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won.

545 And since I have no other Course;  
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;  
He that complies against his Will,  
Is of his own Opinion still;  
Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,  
550 For Reasons to himself best known :  
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
For *Sidropol* resolves to sue;  
Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably first with him,  
555 For I've receiv'd Advertisement,  
By times, enough of his Intent;  
And knowing, he that first complains,  
Th' Advantage of the Business gains;  
For Courts of justice understand  
560 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand :  
Who, what he pleases may aver,  
The other, nothing till he swear:  
Is freely admitted to all Grace,  
And Lawful Favour, by his Place :  
565 And for his bringing Custom in,  
Has all Advantages to win.  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky Opportunity,  
Will go to Council to advise  
570 Which way to encounter, or surprise,  
And after long Consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' Occasion,  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As Counsellor, and Justice too.  
575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.

577 *An old dull Sot, who told the Clock, &c.]* *Prideaux, a Justice of Peace, a very Pragmatical busie Person, in those Times, and a Mercenary and Cruel Magistrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Money, among many others.*

589 *And many a trusty Pimp and Croney, &c.]* *There was a Goal for puny Offenders.*

599 *Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays, &c.]* *He extorted Money from those that kept Shows.*

580 *An old dull Sot, who told the Clock  
For many Years at Bridewell-dock,  
At Westminster, and Hick's-Hall,*

581 *And Hiccins Duccins play'd in all;  
Where in all Governments and Times,  
H' had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By hindring Justice, or maintaining:*

582 *To many a Whore gave Prio'ty,  
And whipp'd; for want of Quarrel;  
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,  
For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent;  
And many a trusty Pimp and Croney*

583 *To Puddle-dock, for want of Money.  
Engag'd the Constable to seize  
All those that wou'd not break the Peace,  
Nor give him back his own foul Words,  
Tho' sometimes Commoners, or Lords,*

584 *And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,  
For being sober at ill Hours,  
That in the Morning he might Free,  
Or Bind 'em over for his Fee,  
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays,*

585 *For leave to practise, in their ways:  
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share  
With Headborough and Scavenger.  
And made the Dirt i' th' Streets compound,  
For taking up the publick Ground:*





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605 The *Kennel*, and the *King's High-way*,  
For being unmolested, Pay.

Let out the *Stocks*, and *Whipping-Post*,  
And *Cage*, to those that gave him most;  
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,

610 And for *False Weights* on *Chandlers*,  
Made *Victuallers* and *Vintners* fine  
For *Arbitrary Ale* and *Wine*.  
But was a kind and constant Friend  
To all that *Regularly* offend:

615 As *Residuary Bawds*,  
And *Brokers* that receiv'd *stol'n Goods*;  
That cheat in *Lawful Mysteries*,  
And pay *Church Duties*, and his *Fees*;  
But was implacable and awkward,

620 To all that *Interlop'd* and *Hawker'd*.  
To this brave Man, the Knight repairs

For *Counsel*, in his *Law Affairs*:  
And found him mounted, in his *Pew*,  
With *Books* and *Money* plac'd, for *Shew*,

625 Like *Nest-Eggs* to make *Clients* lay,  
And for his *false Opinion* pay:  
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,  
Put off his *Hat*, to put his *Case*:

Which he as proudly entertain'd,

630 As th' other courteously strain'd;  
And to assure him, 'twas not that  
He look'd for, bid him put on's *Hat*.

*Quoth he*, There is one *Sidrophel*,  
Whom I have engag'd—*Very well*.

635 And now he brags to have beaten me,  
*Better and better still*, quo' he.

And vows to flick me to the *Wall*,  
Where'er he meets me—*Best of all*.

'Tis true, the *Knave* has taken's *Oath*  
640 That I robb'd him—*Well done, in Troth*.

*When*

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When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,  
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;  
 Which was the Cause that made me bang him;  
 And take my Goods again—*Marry bang him.*

645 Now whether I shou'd before-band  
 Swear he robb'd me?—*I understand;*  
 Or bring my *Action of Conversion*  
 And *Trever* for my Goods?—*Ab Whoreson.*  
 Or if 'tis better to indite,

650 And bring him to his Tryal?—*Right.*  
 Prevent what he designs to do,  
 And swear for th' State against him?—*Thw*  
 Or whether he that is Defendant,  
 In this Case, has the better End on't;

655 Who putting in a new Cross-Bill,  
 May traverse th' Action?—*Better Bill.*  
 Then there's a Lady too,—*I marry,*  
 That's easily prov'd accessary.  
 A Widow, who, by solemn Vows,

660 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,  
 Combin'd with him to break her Word,  
 And has abetted all.—*Good Lord!*  
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel*,  
 To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*

665 Who put m' into a horrid Fear,  
 Fear of my Life,—*Make that appear.*  
 Made an Assault, with Fiends and Men,  
 Upon my Body—*Good' agen.*  
 And kept me in a deadly Fright,

670 And false Imprisonment all Night;  
 Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse,  
 And stole my Saddle.—*Worse and worse.*  
 And made me mount on the bare Ridge,  
 T' avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage.

675 Sir, quo' the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a Battery

As Heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest Man alive to claim.  
 For if they've us'd you as you say ;  
 680 Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy,  
 I wou'd it were my Case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe :  
 I wou'd so trounce her, and her Purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse ;  
 685 For Matrimony, and Hanging here  
 Both go by Destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and chuse,  
 As Crofs I win, and Pile you lose :  
 And if I durst, I wou'd advance  
 690 As much in ready Maintenance ;  
 As upon any Case I've known,  
 But we that practise dare not own.  
 The Law severely contrabands,  
 Our taking Business off Men's Hands ;  
 695 'Tis common Barratry, that bears  
 Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,  
 And crops them till there is no Leather,  
 To stick a Pin in, left of either ;  
 For whith, some do the Summer-fault,  
 700 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.  
 But you may swear at any rate,  
 Things not in Nature, for the State :  
 For all in Courts of Justice here  
 A Witness is not said to swear,  
 705 But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,  
 To forge whatever he affirns.  
 I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat——  
 For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,  
 710 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,  
 Like Charity ; else Right and Wrong  
 Cou'd never hold it out so long.

And

And, like blind Fortune, with a flight,  
 Convey Men's Interest, and Right,  
 715 From *Stiles's* Pocket, into *Nokes's*,  
 As easily as *Hocms Poems* :  
 Plays fast and loose, makes Men obnoxious,  
 And clear again, like *Hiccius Docciss*.  
 Then whether you wou'd take her Life,  
 720 Or but recover her for your Wife :  
 Or be content with what she has,  
 And let all other Matters pass,  
 The Business to the Law's all one,  
 The Proof is all it looks upon ;  
 725 And you can want no Witnesses,  
 To swear to any thing you please,  
 That hardly get their meer Expences  
 By th' Labour of their Consciences ;  
 Or letting out to hire their Ears  
 730 To Affidavit-Customers,  
 At inconsiderable Values,  
 To serve for Jury-Men, or Tallies,  
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,  
 Of Trustees and Administrators,  
 735 For that, *Quo' ho*, let me alone ;  
 W'have store of such ; and all our own,  
 Bred up and Tutor'd, by our Teachers,  
 The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.  
 That's well! *Quo' ho*, but I shew'd Guess,  
 740 By weighing of Advantages,  
 Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On *Bongey*, for a Water-Witch :

And

715 From *Stiles's* Pocket, into *Nokes's*, &c.] *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious Names made use of in Stating Cases of Law only.

742 On *Bongey* for a Water Witch: ] *Bongey* was a *Franciscan*, and liv'd towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular Ac-  
 quaintance

PART III. CANTO III. 359

And when y' have hang'd the Conjuror,  
Y' have time enough to deal with her.

745 In th' interim, spare for no Trepans,  
To draw her Neck into the Banes;  
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Bilets,  
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets,  
With Trains t' inveigle, and surprise,

750 Her heedless Answers and Replies:  
And if she miss the Mouſe-trap Lines,  
They'll serve for other By-Deſigns:  
And make an Artiſt understand,  
To Copy out her Seal or Hand;

755 Or find void Places in the Paper,  
To steal in something to entrap her,  
'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,  
Spite of her Heart, she has endow'd ye;  
Retain all sorts of Witneſſes,

760 That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees;  
Or walk the Round, with Knights, their Hosts  
About the cross-legg'd Knights, o' th' Posts;  
Or wait for Customers between,  
The Pillar Rows in *Lincolns-Inn*:

765 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,  
And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail  
T' expoſe to Sale all Sorts of Oaths,  
According to their Ears and Cloaths,  
Their only necessary Tools,

770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.

quaintance of Frier *Bacon's*: In that ignorant Age, every Thing that seem'd Extraordinary was reputed Magick, and so both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the Imputation of Studying the *Black-Art*. *Bongey* also publishing a Treatise of *Natural Magick*, confirm'd some well meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for *Bongey* was chosen Provincial of his Order, being a Person of most excellent *Parts* and *Piety*.

And

## 360 CANTO III. PART III.

And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys,  
I shal be ready at your Service.

I wou'd not give, quoth *Hudibras*,  
A Straw to understand a Case,

775 Without the admirable Skill,  
To wind and manage it at will:  
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,  
Against the Weather-gage of Laws;  
And ring the Changes upon Cases,

780 As plain as Notes upon Faces,  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee;  
I long to practise your Advice,  
And try the subtle Artifice;

785 To bait a Letter as you bid:  
As not long after thus he did,  
For having pump'd up all his Wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.



An



An Heroical  
E P I S T L E

OF

*Hudibras to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,  
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.  
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,  
As ever took degree in War,  
5 Or did his *Exercise in Battle*,  
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle*,  
For since I am deny'd Access  
To all my Earthly Happiness,  
Am fallen from the *Paradise*  
10 Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*;

Q

Lock

362 *An Heroical Epistle of PART II*

Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting Banishment,  
Where all the *Hopes* I had t' ~~have won~~  
Your *Hearts*, being dash'd, will break my own

15 Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your Doom, before you hear,  
You'll find, upon my just Defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.  
That once I made a *Vow* to you,

20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true,  
But not because it is unpaid,  
'Tis *Violated*, though delay'd.  
Or if it were, it is no Fault,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought;

25 To undergo the Loss of Ears,  
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurors*,  
For there's a Difference in the *Cause*,  
Between the Noble and the Base;  
Who always are observ'd t' have don't

30 Upon as different Account:  
The one for *great* and *weighty Cause*,  
To salve, in *Honour*, ugly Flaws.  
For none are like to do it sooner  
Than those wh' are nicest of their *Honour*,

35 The other for *base* Gain and *Pay*,  
*Forswear* and *Perjure* by the *Day*;  
And make th' Exposing and Retailing  
Their Souls and Consciences, a *Calling*.  
It is no *Scandal* or *Aspersion*,

40 Upon a *Great* and *Noble Person*,  
To say he naturally abhor'd  
Th' old fashion'd Trick, *To keep his Word*,  
Though 'tis *Perfidiousness* and *Shame*  
In meaner Men, to do the same,

45 For to be able to *Forget*,  
Is found more useful, to the *Great*,

Tha:

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 363

Than *Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,*  
To make 'em pass for wond'rous Wife.  
But though the *Law, on Perjurers*

50 Inflicts the *Forfeiture of Ears;*  
It is not *just, that does exempt*  
*The Guilty, and punish th' Innocent:*  
To make the Ears repair the Wrong  
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue;*

55 And when one Member is forsworn,  
Another to be cropt or torn.  
And if you shou'd, as you design,  
By Course of Law, recover mine,  
You're like, if you consider right,

60 To gain but little Honour by't.  
For he that for his Lady's sake  
Lays down his Life or Limbs at stake,  
Does not so much deferwe her Favour,  
As he that *pawns his Soul to have her.*

65 This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,  
Altho' you now disdain to own;  
But sentence, what you rather ought  
T' esteem *Good Service, than a Fault.*  
" Besides, *Oaths* are not bound to bear

70 " *That Literal Sense* the Words infer;  
" But, by the Practice of the Age,  
" Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.  
" And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,  
" Are found *Void, and of none Effect.*

75 " For no Man takes or keeps a *Vow,*  
" But just as he sees others do.  
" Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
" As not to yield and bow a little:  
" For as best-temper'd Blades are found,

80 " Before they break, to bend quite round.  
" So truest *Oaths* are still most tough,  
" And tho' they *bow, are breaking proof.*

364 *An Heroical Epistle of PART III.*

Then wherefore shou'd there not b' allow'd  
In Love a greater Latitude ?

85 For as the Law of Arms approves  
Always to Conquest, so shou'd Love's ;  
And not be ty'd to True or False,  
But make that justest that prevails ;  
For how can that which is above

90 All Empire, High and Mighty Love,  
Submit its great Prerogative,  
To any other Pow'r alive ?  
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place,  
Become the Subject of a Cate ?

95 The Fundamental Law of Nature  
Be over-rul'd by those made after ?  
Commit the Censure of its Cause  
To any but its own great Laws ?  
Love, that's the World's Preservative,

100 That keeps all Souls of things alive ?  
Controls the mighty Power of Fate,  
And gives Mankind a longer Date ;  
The Life of Nature, that restores,  
As fast as Time and Death devours ;

105 To whose Free-Gift the World does owe,  
Not only Earth, but Heaven too :  
For Love's the only Trade that's driv'n,  
The Interest of State in Heav'n,  
Which nothing but the Soul of Man

110 Is capable to entertain.  
For what can Earth produce, but Love,  
To represent the Joys above ?  
Or who but Lovers, can converse,  
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse ?

A.

113 Of who but Lovers can converse; &c.) Metaphysicians are of Opinion, that Angels and Souls departed, being

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 365

115 Address and compliment by Vision,  
Make Love, and court by Intuition ?  
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,  
As those Celestial Ministers ?  
Then how can any thing offend,  
120 In order to so great an End ?  
Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent,  
That for its own Supply was meant ?  
That merits, in a kind Mistake,  
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.  
125 Or if it did not, but the Cause  
Were left to th' Injury of Laws,  
What Tyranny can disapprove  
There shou'd be Equity in Love ?  
For Laws that are inanimate,  
130 And feel no Sense of Love, or Hate,  
That have no Passion of their own,  
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.  
135 But to have Power to forgive,  
Is Empire and Prerogative ;  
And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Gem,  
To grant a Pardon, than Condemn.  
Then since so few do what they ought,  
140 'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant Fault ;  
For why shou'd he who made Address,  
All humble ways, without Success ;  
And met with nothing in return,  
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

ing divested of all gross Matter, understand each other's Sentiments by *Intuition*, and consequently maintain a Sort of Conversation without the Organs of Speech.

121 *Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent, &c.*] In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of Heav'n, therefore it should not resent it as a Crime, to supply Store of Inhabitants for it.

366 *An Heroical Epistle of PART III*

145 Not strive by Wit to countermine,  
 And bravely carry his Design?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,  
 Blown up with *Philsters* of *Love Powder*;  
 And after *letting Blood and Purgings*,

150 Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*;  
 A'tarm'd with many a horrid Fright,  
 And claw'd by *Goblins* in the Night;  
 Insulted on, Revil'd, and Jeer'd,  
 With rude Invasion of his Beard;

155 And when your Sex was foully scandal'd  
 As foully by the Rabble handled;  
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,  
 And drub'd with mean and vulgar Blows;  
 And after all, to be debarr'd

160 So much as standing on his Guard;  
 When Horses being *spurr'd* and *prick'd*,  
 Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*?  
 Or why shou'd you, whose *Mother-Wits*  
 Are furnish'd with all Perquisites;

165 That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,  
 And *Nursing Babies*, that *Lie* in;  
 B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon  
 Our *Cully Sex*, and we use none?  
 We who have nothing but frail Vows

170 Against your Stratagems t' oppose;  
 Or Oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you *fly*,  
 And kill with a *Retreating Eye*:

173 *You wound like Parthians while you fly, &c.*] *Parthians* are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Perſia*: They were excellent *Horſemen*, and very exquifite at their *Bow*: and it is reported of them, that they generally flew upon their *Retreat* than they did in the *Engagement*.

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 367

175 Retire the more, the more we press,

To draw us into Ambushes.

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,

T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:

So Women to surprise us, spread

180 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,

Than their old Grand-mothers, the Piets:

And raise more Devils with their Looks,

Than Conjurers besuhtil Books.

185 Lay Trains of Amorous Intrigues,

In Towers, and Curls, and Perriwigs,

With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,

Than PHILIP NYE's Thanksgiving Beard.

Prepost'rously to entice, and gain

190 Those to adore 'em they disdain;

And only draw 'em in, to clog,

With idle Names, a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave;

T' his Mistress but the more a Slave,

195 And whatsoever she commands,

Becomes a Favour from her Hands;

Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,

Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her

200 T' Adventures, he wou'd else forbear;

Who, with his Honour, can withstand,

Since Force is greater than Command?

And when Necessity's obey'd,

Nothing can be unjust or bad:

205 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs

Of Love, our great Ally, and Yours,

188 Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.] One of the  
Assembly of Divines, very remarkable for the Singularity  
of his Beard.

368 *An Heroical Epistle of PART III;*

Join'd Forces not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood ;  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 210 Was in Obedience to your Will :  
 And all for Blame that can be due,  
 Falls to your Cruelty and you.  
 Nor are those Scandals I confess,  
 Against my Will and Interest,  
 215 More than is daily done of Course,  
 By all Men, when they're under Force.  
 Whence some, upon the Rack, confess  
 What sh' *Hangman*, and their *Prompeers* please,  
 Burare no sooner out of Pain,  
 220 Than they deny it all again.  
 But when the Devil turns Confessor,  
 Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure  
 To hear, or pardon, like the Founder,  
 Of *Lyars*, whom they all claim under,  
 225 And therefore, when I told him *none*,  
 I think it was the wiser done.  
 Nor am I without Precedent,  
 The first that on th' Adventure went ;  
 All Mankind ever did of Course,  
 230 And daily do the same, or worse.  
 For what *Romance* can shew a *Lover*,  
 That had a *Lady to recover*,  
 And did not steer a nearer Course,  
 To fall aboard in his Amours ?  
 235 And what at first was held a Crime,  
 Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.  
 To what a height did *Infant Rome*,  
 By Ravishing of Women, come ?

When

237 To what an height did *Infant Rome*, &c.] When *Rome* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Affylum*, or place of *Re-*

# PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 369

When Men upon their Spouses leiz'd,  
240 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd :  
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves, nor *Ly'd*,  
Nor in the Mind they were in, *Dy'd* :  
Nor took the Pains t' *address* and *sue*,  
Nor *plaid* the *Masquerade* to woo.

245 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents ;  
Nor juggled about Settlements :  
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Priest*,  
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to assist ;  
Nor Lawyers, to *join Land and Money*,

250 In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*,  
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,  
Till *Alimony*, or *Death them parts* :  
Nor wou'd endure to stay until  
Th' had got the very *Bride's* good Will,

255 But took a wife and shorter Course  
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force*.  
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,  
As they have often since, us Men ;  
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jigs*,

260 The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues.  
And when they had them at their Pleasure,  
Then talk'd of *Love and Flames*, at leisure,

*Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to ; by which Means it soon came to be very populous ; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine Shows, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravish'd them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an Offspring.

252 *Till Alimony, or Death them parts.*] *Alimony* is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

Foot.

370. *An Heroical Epistle of PART III.*

For after Matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but *Half a Year*,  
265 Deserves, for ev'ry *Minute*, *more*,  
Than *half a Year* of Love before :  
For which the Dames, in Contemplation  
Of that best way of Application,  
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,  
270 By *Suit*, or *Treasy*, to be won :  
And such as all Posterity  
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.  
For Women first were made for Men,  
Not Men for them. —— It follows then,  
275 That Men have Right to ev'ry one,  
And they no Freedom of their own :  
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,  
But they no Charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course :  
280 Soe'er we take to your *Amours*,  
Tho' by the indirectest way,  
'Tis no Injustice, nor *Foul Play*,  
And that you ought to take that Course,  
As we take you, *for better or worse* :  
285 And gratefully submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose.  
For why shou'd every Savage Beast,  
Exceed his great Lord's Interest ?  
Have freer Power than he, in *Grace* :  
290 And Nature, o'er the Creature has ?  
Because the Laws he since has made,  
Have cut off all the Power he had :  
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion  
That Nature gave him over Women ;  
295 When all his Pow'r will not extend,  
One *Law of Nature* to suspend :  
And but to offer to Repeal  
The smallest Cause, is to Rebel.

This.

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady: 371

This if Men rightly understood  
300 Their Privilege, they wou'd make good ;  
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives  
T' encroach on their Prerogatives,  
For which Sin they deserve to be  
Kept, as they are, in Slavery :  
305 And this, some Precious Gifted Teachers, . . .  
Unrev'rently reputed *Teachers*,  
And disobey'd in making Love,  
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,  
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,  
310 For that uncharitable Fault.  
But I forget my self, and rove  
Beyond th' Instructions of my Love.  
    Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame  
Th' Extravagancy of my *Flame*,  
315 Since 'tis too much, at once to shew  
Excess of Love and Temper too,  
All I have said that's *bad*, and *true*,  
Was never meant to aim *at you*;  
Who have so Sov'reign a Controul  
320 O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul* :  
That rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd loss of *Heav'n* too.  
Both with an equal Pow'r possest,  
To render all that serve you blest :  
325 But none like him, who's destin'd either  
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.  
And if you'll but this Fault release,  
(For so it must be since you please)  
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,  
330 Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,  
And expiate upon my Skin  
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.  
For 'tis but just, that I shou'd pay  
Th' accruing Penance for delay ;

which

372 *An Heroical Epistle of, &c. PART III.*

335 Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal Pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing *this Epistle*,  
Believ'd he'd brought her to his *Whistle* ;  
And read it like a jocund Lover,

340 With great applause to himself twice over;  
Subscrib'd his *Name*, but at a fit

And humble distance to his *Wis* :  
And dated it with wond'rous Art,

345 *Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart* ;  
*A smoaking Faggot* — and above,

Upon a Scroll — *I burn and weep*,  
And near it — *For her Ladyship* ;

*Of all her Sex most excellent*,

350 *These to her gentle Hands present*,  
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,  
With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the Letter.

355 But guessing that it might import,  
Tho' nothing else, at least her Sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a Smile and leering Flout :

Resolv'd to answer it in kind,

360 And thus perform'd what she design'd.



T H E



THE  
*LADY's Answer*  
 TO THE  
*KINGHIT.*

THAT you're a *Bess*, and turn'd to *Grass*,  
 Is no strange *News*, nor ever was;  
 At least to me, who once, you know,  
 Did from the *Pound Releas'd* you,  
 When both your *Sword* and *Spurs* were *wron*  
 In *Combat*, by an *Amazon*;  
 That *Sword* that did (like *Fate*) determine  
 Th' inevitable *Death* of *Vermine*;  
 And never dealt its *furious Blows*,  
 To But cut the *Throats* of *Pigs* or *Cows*;

By

374 *The Lady's Answer PART III*

By Trulla was, in *single Fight*,  
Disarm'd, and wrested from its *Knight*,  
Your Heels *Degraded* of your *Spurs*,  
And in the Stocks close *Prisoners* :

15 Where still they'd lain, in base *Restraint* ;  
If I, in *Pity* of your *Complaint*,  
Had not, on *Hon'ble Conditions*,  
Releas't 'em from the *worst* of *Prisons* ;  
And what *Return* that *Favour* met,

20 You cannot (though you wou'd) forget ;  
When being free, you strove t' evade  
The *Oaths* you had in *Prison* made :  
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd, and justify'd it :

25 And when y' had falsely broke one *Vow*,  
Absolv'd your self, by *breaking two* :  
For while you sneakingly submit,  
And beg for *Pardon* at our *Feet*,  
Discourag'd by your guilty *Fears*,

30 To hope for *Quarter* for your *Ears* ;  
And *doubting* 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as your *due*.  
Declare that *Treachery* and *Force*  
To deal with us, is th' only *Course*.

35 We have no *Title* nor *Pretence*  
To *Body*, *Soul*, or *Conscience* :  
But ought to fall to that *Man's* share,  
That claims us for his proper *Ware*.  
These are the *Motives*, which, t' induce

40 Or fright us into *Love*, you use :  
A pretty new Way of *Gallanting*,  
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting* ;  
Like sturdy *Beggars*, that intreat  
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.

45 But since you undertake to prove  
Your own *Propriety* in *Love*,

PART III. to the Knight.

375

As if we were but *Lawful Prize*  
In *War*, between two *Enemies* ;  
Or *Forfeitures*, which every *Lover*,  
50 That wou'd but sue for, might recover.

It is not hard to understand  
The *Mystery* of this bold *Demand* :  
That cannot at our *Persons* aim,  
But something capable of *Claim*.

55 'Tis not those *poultry Counterfeits*—  
*French Stones*, which in our *Eyes* you set,  
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire  
And set your *Am'rous Hearts* on *fire* :  
Nor can those *false St. Martin's Beads*,  
60 Which on our *Lips* you lay for *Reds*,  
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,  
Add *Fuel* to your *scorching Flames* ;  
But those *true Rubies* of the *Rock*,  
Which in our *Cabinets* we *lock*.

65 'Tis not those *Orient Pearls*, our *Teeth*,  
That you are so *transported* with ;  
But those we wear about our *Necks*,  
Produce those *Amorous Effects*.  
Nor is't those *Threads* of *Gold*, our *Hairy*  
70 *The Perriwigs* you *make us wear* ;  
But those bright *Guineas* in our *Chests*,  
That light the *Wild-fire* in your *Breasts*.  
These *Love-Tricks* I've been vers'd in so,  
That all their fly *Intrigues* I know,

75 And can unriddle, by their *Tones*,  
Their *Myslick Cabals*, and *Jargons* :  
Can tell what *Passions*, by their *Sounds*,  
Pine for the *Beauties* of my *Grounds* ;  
What *Raptures* fond and *amorous* ;  
80 O! th' *Charms*, and *Graces* of my *House* ;  
What *Ecstasie*, and *scorching Flames*,  
Burns for my *Money*, in my *Name* ;

What

376 *The Lady's Answer* PART III.

What from th' unnatural Desire, -  
To *Beasts* and *Cattle*, take its Fire ;  
85 What *reverend Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,  
Longs for a *Thousand Pounds a Year*,  
And languishing Transports are fond  
Of *Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond*.  
These are the Attracts which most Men fall  
90 Inamour'd, at first Sight, withal.  
To these th' Address with *Serenades* ;  
And Court with *Balls* and *Masquerades* :  
And yet, for all the yearning Pain  
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain ;  
95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
To *have, and t' hold, and to enjoy* ;  
That all *your Oaths and Labour* left,  
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Post*.  
This is not meant to disapprove  
100 Your Judgment in your Choice of *Love* ;  
Which is so wise, the greatest Part  
Of Mankind study't as an Art ;  
For *Love* shou'd, like a *Deodand*,  
Still fall to th' *Owner of the Land*.  
105 And where there's Substance for its Ground,  
Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
Than that which has the slighter Basis  
Of *Airy Virtue, Wit and Graces* :  
Which is of such thin Subtlety,  
110 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,  
And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again, *as nice away*.  
But *Love*, that its extraction owns  
From solid *Gold, and precious Stones* ;  
115 Must, like its shining Parents, prove  
*As Solid, and as Glorious Love*.  
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express  
Our *Charms, and Graces*, but by these :

For

For what are Lips, and Eyes and Teeth,  
 120 Which Beauty invades and conquers with;  
 But Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds,  
 With which, as Philters, Love Commands;  
 This is the Way all Parents prove,  
 In managing their Childrens Love;  
 125 That force 'em t'inter-marry and wed,  
 As if 'twere Burning of the Dead.  
 Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,  
 To join in Wedlock all they have;  
 And when the Settlement's in force,  
 130 Take all the rest, for Better, or Worse:  
 For Money has a power above  
 The Stars and Fase, to manage Love:  
 Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,  
 That never mis, are tipp'd with Gold,  
 135 And tho' some say, the Parents claims  
 To make Love in their Childrens Names,  
 Who Many times, at once Provide  
 The Nurse, the Husband and the Bride,  
 Feel Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flamus;  
 140 And woo, and contract, in their Names;  
 And as they Chriften, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their Goffips, answer for 'em:  
 Is not to give in Matrimony,  
 But sell and profite for Mony.  
 145 'Tis better than their own Betrothing,  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing.  
 And when th' are at their own Dilpole,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.

133 Whose Arrows learned Poets hold, &c.] The Poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of Arrows, the one tipp'd with Gold, and the other with Lead, the Golden always inspire and inflame Love in the Persons he wounds with them; but on the contrary, the Leaden create the utmost Ayerison and Hatred; with the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other *Daphne*, according to Ovid.

378 *The Lady's Answer PART I*

All this is right, but for the Course

150 You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,

'Tis so ridiculous, as soon

As told, 'tis never to be done,

No more than *Sextors can betray,*

That tell what Tricks they are to play.

155 *Marriage*, at best, is but a Vow;

Which all Men either *break*, or *bew*:

Then what will those forbear to do,

Who *perjure*, when they do but *wee*?

Such as beforehand *Swear and Lie*.

160 For *Earnest* of their Treachery:

And rather than a Crime confess,

With *greaser* strive to make it *less*;

Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence pass,

Maintain their Innocence to th'last;

165 And when their Crimes were made appear

As plain as Witnesses can swear;

Yet, when the Wretches come to die,

Will take upon their Death a Lie.

Nor are the Virtues, you confess'd.

170 T' your *Ghostly Father* as you gues'd,

So Slight, as to be justify'd.

By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.

As if you thought your Word wou'd pass,

Point-blank, on both Sides of a Case;

175 Or Credit were not to be lost,

B'a *brave Knight-Errant of the Post*,

That *eats*, perfidiously, his *Word*,

And *swears* his *Ears* thro' a two inch Board:

Can own the same thing, and disown;

180 And *perjure* Booty Pro and Con:

Can make the *Gospel* serve his Turn,

And help him out to be forsworn:

When 'tis laid *Hands* upon and kis'd,

To be *betray'd*, and sold like *Christ*.

### PART III. to the Knight.

379

185 These are the Virtues, in whose Name,  
A Right to all the World you claim  
And boldly challenge a Dominion,  
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all Women,  
Of whom, no less will satisfie,

190 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny  
Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,  
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,  
To govern such a numerous Crew,  
Who, one by one, now govern you :

195 For if you all were *Solomons*,  
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once,  
You'll find th' are able to subdue  
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.  
And if you are impos'd upon,

200 'Tis by your own Temptation done :  
That with your ignorance invite,  
And teach us how to use the Slight,  
For when we find y're still more taken,  
*With false Attracts of your own making.*

205 Swear that's a *Rock*, and that a *Stone*,  
Like *Soss*, to us that laid it on ;  
And what we did but slightly prime,  
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime ;  
You force us in our own Defences

210 To *Copy* *Beams* and *Influences* ;  
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,  
To draw *Attracts* upon our *Faces* ;  
And in compliance to your *Wit*,  
Your own false Jewels counterfeit,

215 For, by the Practice of those Arts,  
We gain a greater share of Hearts :  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest Pains and Study cost,  
For great Perfections are, like *Heav's*,

220 Too rich a Present, to be giv'n.

Ner

Nor are those *Master strokes of Beauty*  
 To be perform'd without *Hard Duty*.  
 Which when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple *Natural* excel.

225 How fair and sweet's the *Planted Rose*,  
 Beyond the *Wild* in *Hedges* grows ?  
 For without *Art*, the noblest Seeds  
 Of *Flowers* degenerate into *Weeds* :  
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground

230 And polish'd, looks a *Diamond* ;  
 Tho' *Paradise* were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without *Care*.  
 The whole *World*, without *Art* and *Dress*,  
 Wou'd be but one great *Wildernes* ;

235 And Mankind but a *Savage Herd*,  
 For all that *Nature* has conferr'd.  
 This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,  
 Leaves *Art* to *Polish* and *Refine*.  
 Tho' *Women* first were made for *Men*,

240 Yet *Men* were made for them agen :  
 For when (*out-twisted by his Wife*)  
 Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but for *Lis* ;  
 If *Women* had not interven'd,  
 How soon had Mankind had an *End* ;

245 And that it is in *Being* yet,  
 To us alone you are in *Debt*,  
 And where's your *Liberty* of *Choice*,  
 And our unnatural *No Voice* ?  
 Since all the *Privilege* you boast,

250 And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,  
 Is now our *Right* ; to whose *Creation*.  
 You owe your *Happy Restoration*,  
 And if we had not weighty *Causes*,  
 To not appear in making *Laws*,

255 We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,  
 And *shallow, formal Politicks*,

Force you our *Managements* t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
 260 T' advance your *high Prerogative*,  
 You basely, after all your *Braves*,  
 Submit, and own your selves our *Slaves*,  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publickly our *Int'refts* own ;  
 365 Like *Sots*, suppose we have no *Shares*.  
 In *ord'ring* *you*, and *your Affairs* :  
 When all your *Empire* and *Command*,  
 You have from us *at second Hand*,  
 As if a *Pilot*, that appears  
 270 To sit still only, while he steers,  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like every common *Mariner*,  
 Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*,  
 And did not guide the *Man of War*,  
 275 Nor we, because we don't appear  
 In *Councils*, do not govern there.  
 While, like the mighty *Prefter John*,  
 Whose Person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in *close Disguise*  
 280 From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes*,  
 W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does Men :  
 And in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,  
 Make *Emp'rors* at our Feet fall down.

277 *While like the mighty Prefter John, &c.]* *Prefter John*, an absolute *Prince*, Emperor of *Abyssinia*, or *Ethiopia*; one of them is reported to have had seventy Kings for his Vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his Permission.

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name,*  
 Our Right to Arms and Conduct claims ;  
 Who, tho' a Spinst<sup>r</sup>, yet was able  
 To serve France for a Grand Constable.  
 We make, and execute all Laws ;

290 *Can judge the Judge, and the Cause,*  
 Prescribe all Rules of Right and Wrong,  
 To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue.  
 'Gainst which the World has no Defence,  
 But our more pow'rful Eloquence.

295 *We manage Things of greatest Weight*  
 In all the World's Affairs of State,  
 And Ministers of War and Peace,  
 That sway all Nations how we please.  
 We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,

300 *Heretical and Orthodox,*

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name.]* *Joss of Arc*, call'd also the *Pucelle*, or Maid of *Orleans* ; She was born at the Town of *Damevieu* on the *Manse*, Daughter of *James d'Arc*, and *Isabella Roze*, was bread up a Shepherdess in the Country. At the Age of 18 or 10 She pretended to an express Commission from God to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then besieg'd by the *English*, and defended by *John Conte de Dennis*, and almost reduced to the last Extremity. She went to the Coronation of *Charles the VIIth*, when he was almost ruined. She knew that Prince in the midst of his Nobles, tho' meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity, and Members of Parliament openly declar'd that there was something supernatural in her Conduct. She sent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of *St. Katbarine de Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Cross* and *Flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the King in a very great surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it ; upon this he sent her with the Command of some Troops, with which she relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *English* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battle of *Pattai*, and recover'd *Champagne*. At last She was unfortunately taken Prisoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430. and try'd for a Witch, or Sorceress, condemn'd and burnt in *Rouen* Market-Place in May 1430.

And

And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*  
O' th' *Spirits, in all Conveniences*:  
By us is all *Commerce and Trade*  
*Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd*;

305 For nothing can go off so well,  
Nor bears that Price, *as what we sell*.  
We rule in ev'ry *Pullick Meeting*,  
And make Men do what we judge fitting:  
Are *Magistrates in all Great Towns*,

310 Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns*.  
We make the *Man of War strike sail*,  
And to our braver *Conduct veil*,  
And, when h' has chac'd his *Enemies*,  
Submit to us upon his *Knees*.

315 Is there an *Officer of State*,  
*Untimely rais'd, or Magistrate*,  
That's *Haughty and Imperious*?  
He's but a *Journeymen to us*.  
That as he gives us cause to do't,

320 Can *keep him in, or turn him out*:  
We are your *Guardians, that increase*,  
Or *waste your Fortunes how we please*;  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your *Matters, Ill or Well*.

325 'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
Whether your *Heirs shall be your own*,  
To whose *Integrity you must*,  
In spight of all your *Caution, trust*;  
And, 'less you *fly beyond the Seas*,

330 Can fit you with what *Heirs we please*:  
And force you t' *own 'em, tho' begotton*  
By *French Valets, or Irish Footmen*.  
Nor can the *rigorouseth Course*  
Prevail, unless to make us worse.

335 Who still, the harsher we are us'd,  
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;

End.

And scorn t' abate, for any Ills,  
 The least *Puntilie's* of our Wills.  
 Force does but whet our Wits t' apply  
 340 Arts, born with us, for Remedy ;  
 Which all your *Polisticks*, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat :  
 For when y' have try'd all sorts of *Ways*,  
 What Fools do we make of you in Plays ?  
 345 While all the Favours we afford,  
 Are but to gird you with the Sword,  
 To fight our Battles in our steeds,  
 And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads,  
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,  
 350 And fight at once with Fire and Water,  
 With Pirates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,  
 Our *Pride* and *Vanity* t' appease ;  
 Kill one another, and cut Throats,  
 For our good Graces, and best Thoughts ;  
 355 To do your Exercise for Honour,  
 And have your Brains beat out the sooner ;  
 Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known :  
 And still appear the more Industrious,  
 360 The more your Projects are Preposterous,  
 To square the Circle of the Arts :  
 And run stark mad to shew your Parts,  
 Expound the Oracle of Laws,  
 And turn them which way we see *Cause*.  
 365 Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,  
 And stand for us in all Engagements,  
 And these are all the *Mighty Powers*,  
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours.  
 And what in real Value's wanting,  
 370 Supply with Vapouring and Ranting :  
 Because your selves are terrify'd  
 And stoop to one another's *Pride* ;

Believe we have as little Wit  
 To be *out-heitor'd*, and submit:

375 By your *Example*, lose that Right  
 In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight* :
 And terrify'd into an *Awe*,  
 Pass on our selves a *Salique Law* :

Or, as some Nations use, give place,  
 380 And truckle to *your Mighty Race*,  
 Let Men usurp th' unjust *Dominion*,  
 As if they were the *better Women*.

378 *Pass on our selves a Salique Law*: ] The *Salique Law* is a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no *Female* shall inherit that Crown.

*F I N I S.*



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Sacred to the MEMORY of  
*Samuel Butler,*

Who was Born at *Strensham*, in the  
County of *Worcester*, 1612. and Dyed  
at *London*, 1680.

A Person of exquisite Learning, quick  
Wit, and sound Judgment.

Happy in the Productions of his Genius,  
Tho' not made so, by suitable Rewards.

The justly Celebrated Inventor of Bur-  
lesque Poetry in the *English Tongue*,

Wherein he pull'd off the Mask of our  
Hypocritical Pretenders to Re-  
formation,

And freely expos'd the Villanies of the  
Rebels of the State:

Of all Writers in his peculiar way,  
He was the Inimitable Original.

And left He, who in his Life-time,  
wanted almost Necessaries,

Shou'd now He is Dead, want a Monu-  
ment too,

It

It is at last supply'd, at the Expence of  
John Barber, Citizen of London,  
Who in the Year, 1721. placed this  
Marble here.

Near this Place lies Interred,  
The Body of Mr. *Samuel Butler*,

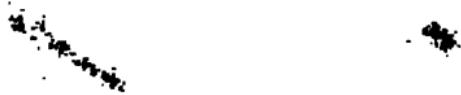
Author of *Hudibras*:

He was a whole Species of Poets in One;  
Admirable in a Manner:

In which no one else has been Tolerable;  
A Manner which begun and ended in Him,  
In which he knew no Guide,  
And has found no Followers.

*Nat. 1612. Ob. 1680.*





John  
Wm. C. C. C.  
John





